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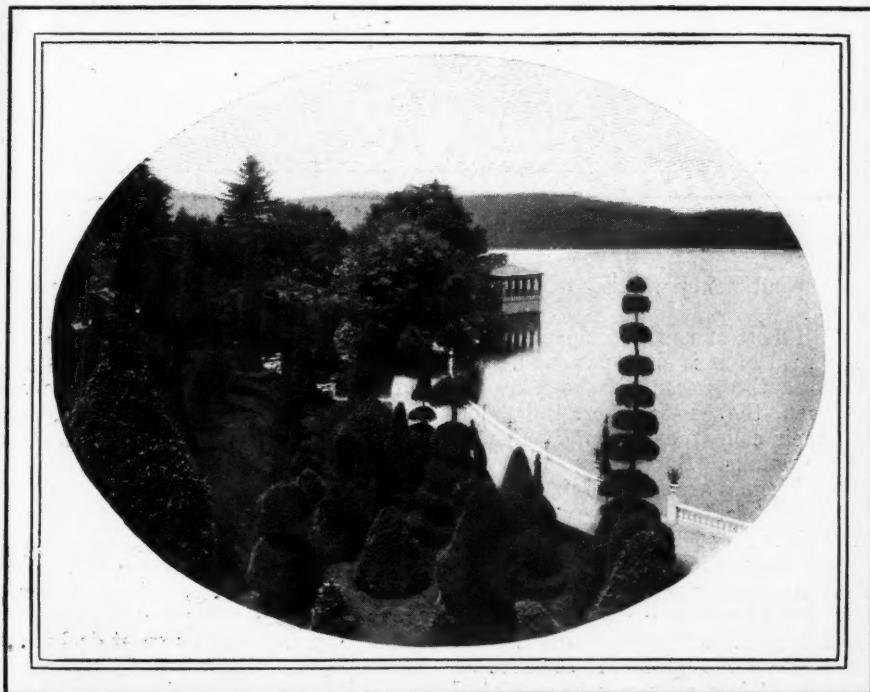
The Gardens of the Rich.

BY HARVEY SUTHERLAND.

HOW AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES HAVE FOUND A CONGENIAL OUTLET FOR THEIR WEALTH IN CREATING GREAT COUNTRY PLACES DECORATED WITH THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER'S FINEST AND MOST COSTLY WORK.

IT is one of nature's many contradictions that money should be flat—thus irresistibly suggesting the thrifty impulse to pile it up—and, at the same time, round, with a strong tendency to

roll away. Its disappearing quality is not changed by our present practise of having it mostly flat and square-cornered, as in bank-notes and checks; for whereas the round money is metallic



A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF THE FORMAL STYLE OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING—THE ITALIAN GARDEN OF THE HOLLIS HUNNEWELL ESTATE, WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

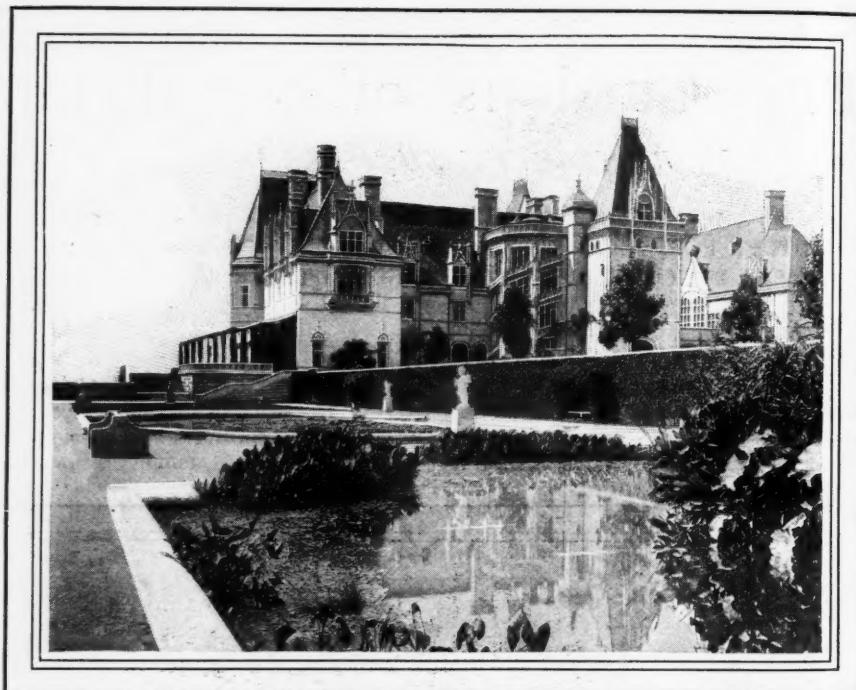
From a photograph by Stebbins, Boston.

and heavy, the new square money is of light and air-borne paper, and well adapted to take wing. But more than the physical constitution of money itself is the nature of society, which has passed a law, vague but compulsory, that one

to put out a dollar so that it will return, bell-wether to another dollar.

HOW THE RICH MAY SPEND THEIR MONEY.

How shall the rich man avoid the Scylla of mere vulgar display and yet



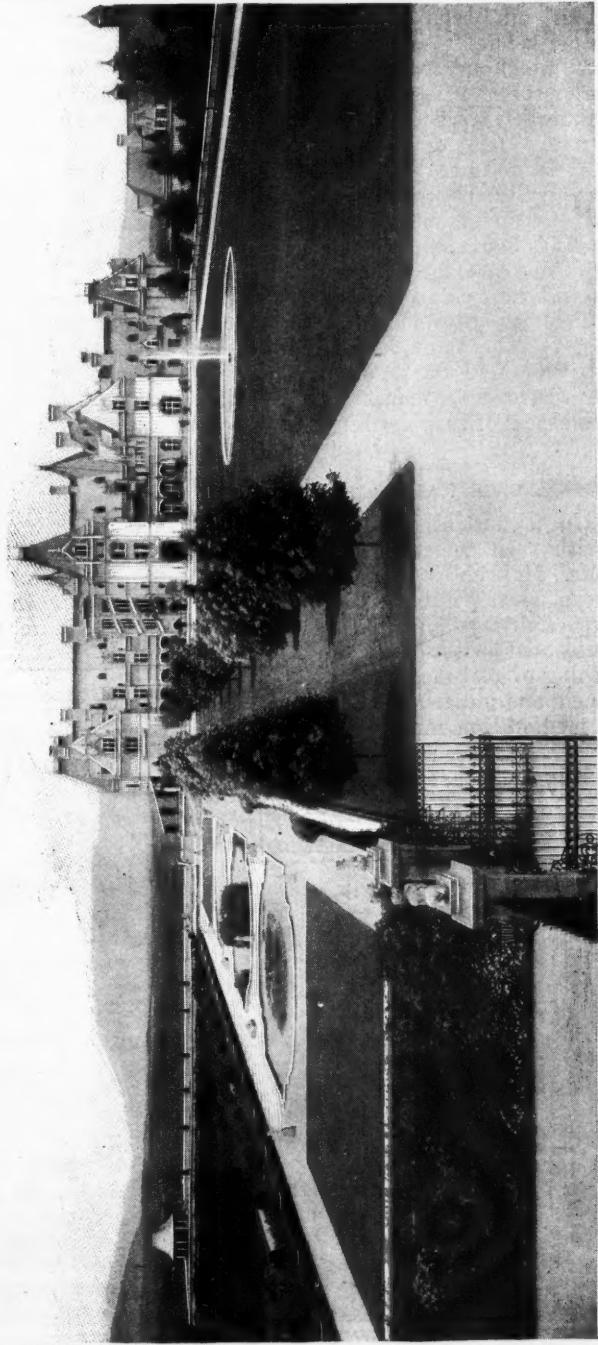
THE AQUATIC GARDENS AT BILTMORE, IN WHICH RARE WATER PLANTS ARE CULTIVATED.

From a copyrighted photograph by Ray, Asheville.

must spend money whether he needs to or not.

With most of us the problem of how to get rid of it is simple enough. The landlord, the grocer, the butcher, the milkman, the gas-collector, the tailor, and their colleagues, promptly arrange all the details. But among the classes whose incomes are so prodigious that it stuns the imagination to try to realize them, it is no such easy matter. Their daily bread can cost them but very little more than ours; it is the daily super-substantial bread of luxurious and more especially artistic appointments that must afford the outlet for so large an income. They may not offend good taste, like the humbler man; they may not, like the humbler man, plan only

keep out of the Charybdis of commercialism? How shall he spend his money and not do harm with it? Where is the supersubstantial bread that will not turn to ashes and bitterness? The nature of man supplies the answer. What would you do if you had a little more money than you had use for? Buy a pretty place in the country, say about three lots, with a tidy lawn in front, a good garden at back, a stable for a horse, but above all a pretty place. Perhaps you have been cutting out and saving plans and pictures of such places for years. Or, if you had a great deal more money than you had present use for—if you had millions coming to you every year—you would have a magnificent place in the country, with the grounds



THE LAWNS AND TERRACES OF BILTMORE, GEORGE W. VANDERBILT'S MANSION NEAR ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, THE MOST COSTLY AND MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY PLACE IN AMERICA.

From a photograph by Ray, Asheville.

laid out in the best possible taste by the most competent landscape architect that money could retain.

The mansion would be spacious beyond the mere prosaic needs of your own household, largely spacious, so that you should never feel cramped or crowded. It was no mere jest that *David Harum* is credited with uttering, when he said: "A little too much is just about right." It is a fundamental fact of our natures that there is pleasure in plenty. Look at Biltmore; look at the residence of Peter A. B. Widener, at Ashbourne; look at the home of John R. McLean in Cleveland Park, Washington, which was once a monastery. The very spaciousness of such dwellings is dignity.

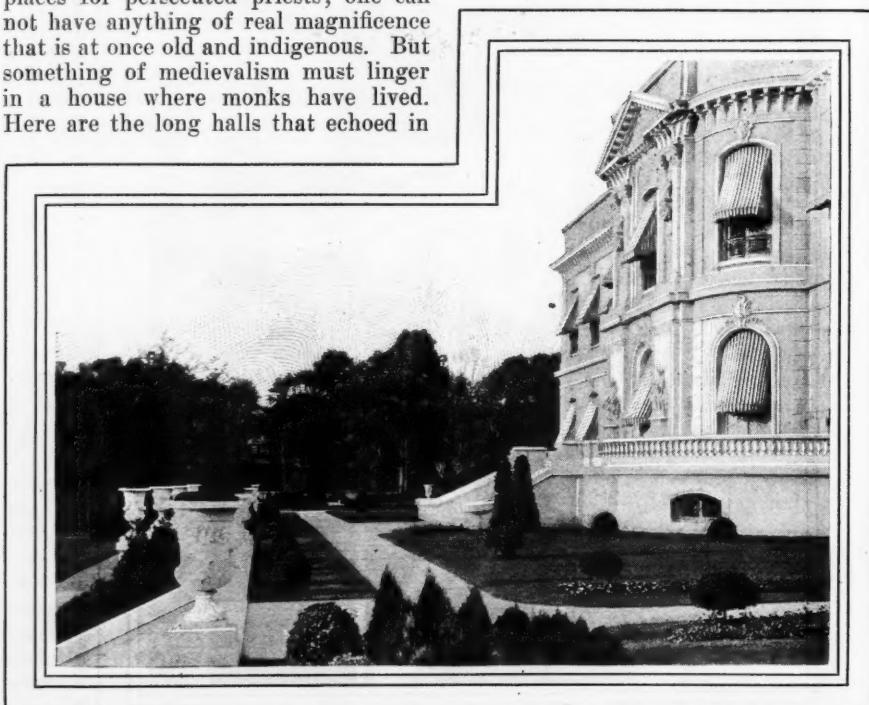
WHERE MONKS ONCE WALKED.

How delightful it must be to inhabit a structure with such romantic associations as Mr. McLean's! Here in America one can never point out one's ancestral secret stairways and hiding-places for persecuted priests; one can not have anything of real magnificence that is at once old and indigenous. But something of medievalism must linger in a house where monks have lived. Here are the long halls that echoed in

the gray dawn to the chanted rising-call, long-drawn and quavering with many a grace-note; "Benedicamus Domino!" Here is what was once the refectory, with only the droning of the reader heard at meals; and here is what was once the choir, whose beams and timbers, as the wood of a violin long played upon, must vibrate sonorously to the plain song, chanted by men's voices, at nocturns and lauds, vespers and compline. Splendid the water-tower, splendid the Gothic gates and the long miles of gray stone wall that make this estate a garden inclosed; but finer far, it seems to me, the delicate and ineradicable fragrance of old incense, and candles made of the pure wax of bees, which must cling to the very fabric of the house.

THE STRIFE OF ART AND NATURE.

Otherwise, magnificent residences are no very wondrous things. We see them to satiation walking up the stony valley of Fifth Avenue. More delightful to



THE GROUNDS OF A TYPICAL NEWPORT COTTAGE—TERRACE AND GARDEN OF THE BERWIND HOUSE.

From a photograph by Cooper, New York.



THE GATEWAY OF A FINE AMERICAN COUNTRY ESTATE—THE CARRIAGE ENTRANCE OF WILLIAM L. ELKINS' PLACE AT OGONTZ, PENNSYLVANIA.

From a photograph by Cooper, New York.

the eye a thousand times are the broad lawns, clipped to the pile of some rich velvet stuff, or the terraces comforting in their formality. Not natural? Certainly they are; whatever is, is natural. They are not naïve, not wild; but nothing that we really enjoy is genuinely wild. We pluck a wild rose. It fights us with its thorns. Conquered in spite of them, it takes revenge by languishing in our hand; its pretty petals drop away, and presently it is no longer pretty. We throw it away, saddened a little that our appreciation should have been so resented, and turn to the hothouse rose, long-stemmed, fragrant, and doubled to such an extent that it is childless. It has no other aim in life than to be beautiful for us. A living thing, to please us, must submit itself at least a little to our hand.

Let them rail who will at the clipped yews and cypresses of Italian gardens, the prim box hedges and the formal curving walks. What? Shall one let a tree grow where it will and how it will? Shall the hedge be thin and straggling, as it will be if not pruned almost cruelly? Are our pleasant paths the time-saving short-cut to the factory or the sauntering-places for the rare moment of calm and rest when soul and body alike are contented with the mere exercise of living?

IN AN ITALIAN GARDEN.

— I am not wholly pleased with those who would trim a tree to the similitude of a poultry-cock, or a windmill, or some such fantasy. They seem to sound the note of "Look at me!" so loud that it almost screams; but one pacing the

Italian gardens of Hollis Hunnewell at Wellesley, Massachusetts, or looking from the belvedere that juts out in the water, must admire the curious art that molds the living tree into quaint and not incongruous shapes. One feels a

luster in the sunlight. Or, if the scene were night, the moon shone full-orbed, and the warm, scented air bore on it the cool plashings of a fountain. I grant you that it is a cruel shock to one's finer sensibilities to drink the tepid

water that issues from the average fountain, and the art of tidily slaking one's thirst at a sparkling spring that bubbles up from the earth is one now almost wholly lost to man. Yet if one will but keep to the windward side of a fountain and its jetting spray, there is a spiritual thirst that is quenched by the mere sight of those crystal drops glittering in the sun, and of the dancing sands at the bottom of the spring reeling in the current that pours its little rill among the mint and sedges and marks its pathway through the meadow with a deeper green. Fountains and springs, they are dreams, pleasant dreams of other days.

FOUNTAINS AND WATER GARDENS.

Therefore it is that sculptures such as adorn the fountain at Georgian Court, where live the George Goulds, are purely idealistic—dream-pictures of a chariot drawn by plunging seahorses, striking the foamy water with their hoofs, a demigod for a charioteer, a Triton for a post-boy—pure beauty of form, with which the imagination is pleased, but which have no appeal to the serious and sober faculties.

Akin to fountains are aquatic gardens, such as those at Biltmore, whose waters, warmed to tropic suavity, nourish rare plants like the *Victoria Regia*—the largest blossom known to botany, whose great, flat leaves, rimmed at the edges like a cake-tin, will float a child upon the water; lótuses from Egypt and India, and all the pleasant-flowered lilies which transmute the common mud and water into the most ravishingly lovely things. Their alchemy is analogous to that by which sordid money, such as passes across a counter or drops into the brass-green palm of a street-car conductor, is turned to pictures and rich

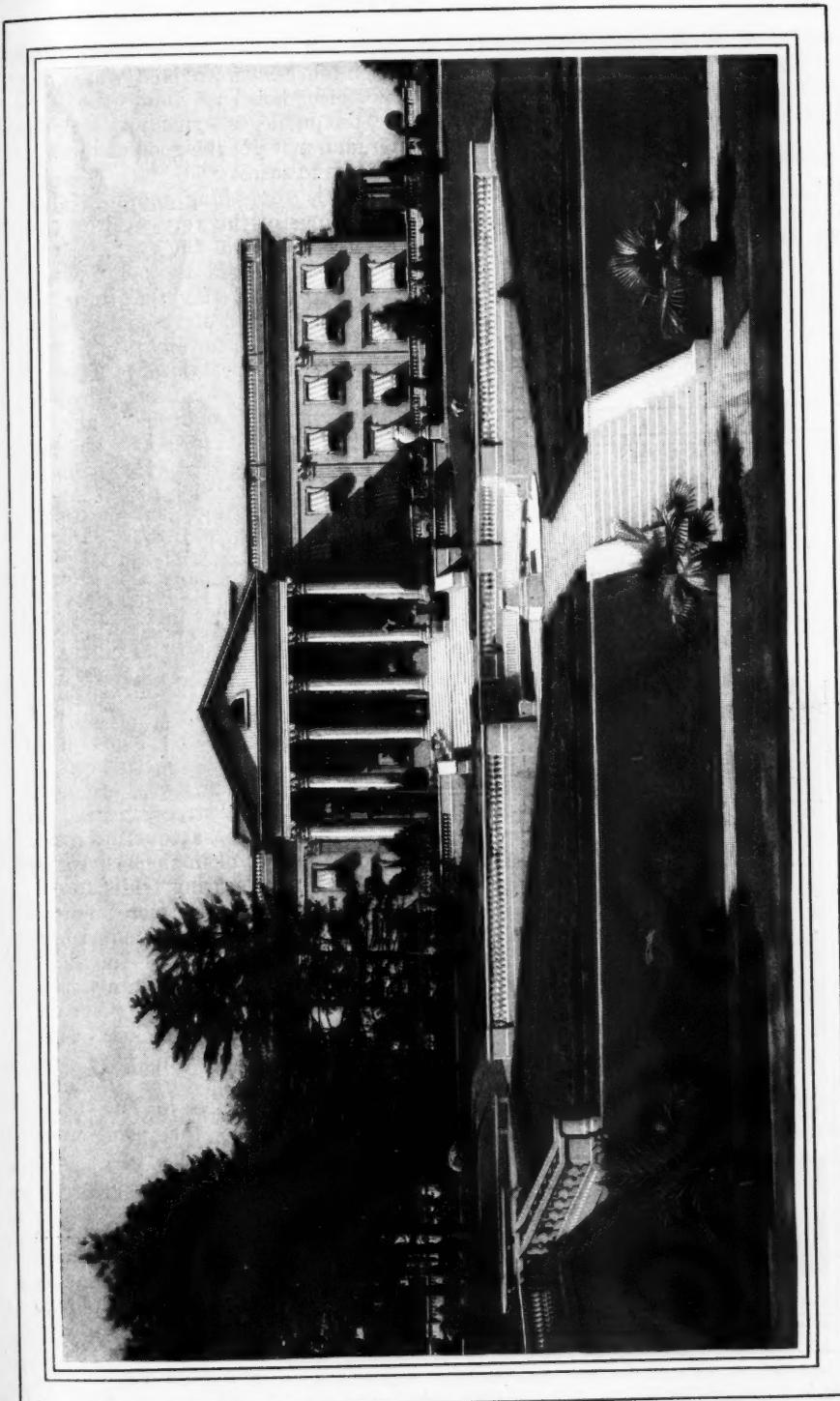


"HUNTSMAN AND DOGS"—ONE OF A NUMBER OF BRONZE FIGURES AND GROUPS WHICH COLONEL J. B. DUKE HAD MADE IN PARIS FOR HIS COUNTRY PLACE,
DUKE'S FARM, NEAR SOMERVILLE,
NEW JERSEY.

From a photograph by Harris, New York.

mingled sense of pleasure in man's mastery over living things, and a subtle impression that in a bygone age, long, long ago, one walked in such a garden. In that former incarnation one wore a jeweled dagger chafing on one's silk-clad thigh, and a lute slung by a ribbon from one's shoulder. In those days, one was young, well-shaped, and handsome, with large, melting eyes. One's name was Messer Baldassare. Baldassare? Or was it Tito? And she—

The terraces had marble steps and a carved stone balustrade on which vines crept. At the far end a peacock sat, his long tail drooping and the Persian colors of his plumage glinting metallic



THE ELABORATE TERRACES OF PETER A. B. WIDENER'S FINE COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT ASHBURNE, NEAR OGONTZ, PENNSYLVANIA.

From a Photograph by Cooper, New York.

jewels and sweet music, the alchemy that changes the shaggy hills of North Carolina into the modern Eden of a Biltmore.

THE VALUE OF FINE ESTATES.

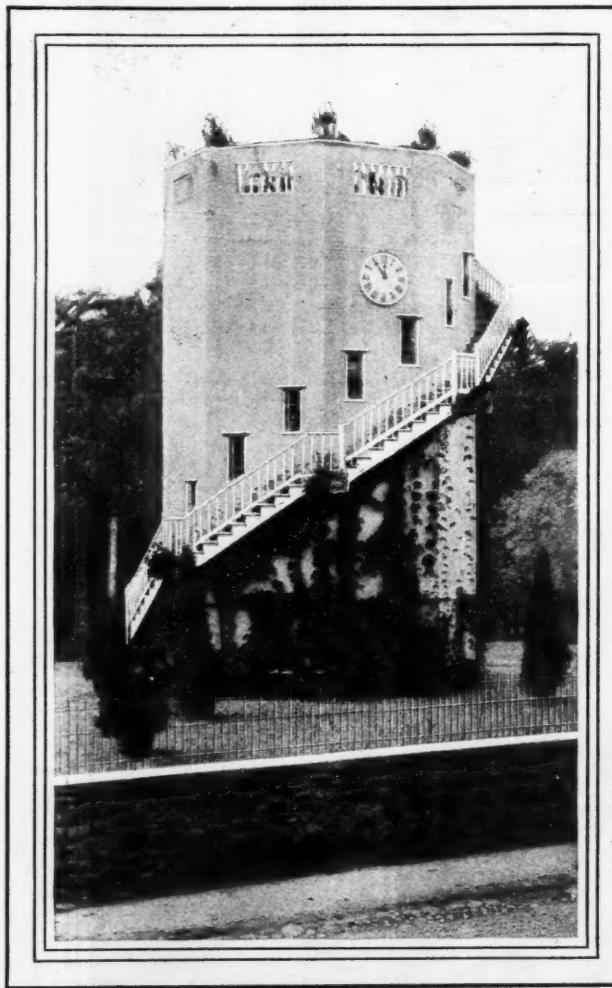
If one could find a fault with these magnificent constructions of the landscape architect—for he that builds with living trees and fertile loam is as truly an architect as he that builds with dead timbers and baked earth—it is that they are in places too remote and inaccessible for the inspection of the general

public, and are too often screened off by high fences. In England, where they know better how such things should be done, the public, as a rule, may look and enter, and may get the good of these incitements to success.

There is something more in these surroundings of the very wealthy than the mere delight of the eye; else were the sight of Central Park a thousand times more stimulating than it is. It is too vast a tract of the most costly ground in America for any man to hope to own the like for himself. There is

no reason why one should be ambitious so to do, for the raggedest vagrant has as good a right there, while he behaves himself, as the most energetic and astute. If all there was in these splendid estates was the delight they gave their owners, then to seed down rich soil to grass, and to cut that grass so short as to forbid a hay-crop; to plant only ornamental trees, instead of those equally beautiful in themselves but bearing fruit; to cultivate mere flowers instead of nourishing vegetables—in short, to break an alabaster box of spikenard, very precious, when it might have sold for three hundred pence to buy bread for the poor, were nothing less than mere folly and wanton waste.

To admit that it is waste, and to attempt to defend it by saying that it gives employ to men and puts money in circulation, will not hold water. The rich have no bags on bags of gold locked up



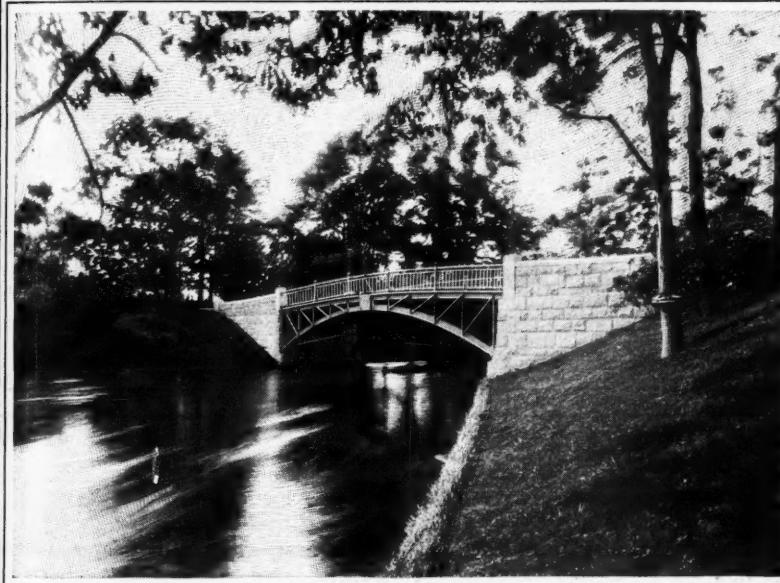
THE ORNAMENTAL WATER-TOWER AND OBSERVATORY IN THE GROUNDS OF JOHN R. MCLEAN'S RESIDENCE AT CLEVELAND PARK, NEAR WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Boteler, Washington.

and kept from general use. Perhaps they handle no more real coin than you or I. What belongs to them is already circulating as fast as it can roll or the wind can blow it. And where one man is employed now shaving a lawn, ten

us with their formal lines; whose fountains splash and tinkle in their marble bowls; whose pleached walks revive romantic dreams of other days; whose flowers gleam like living jewels.

"Do you like all this?" she asks



BRIDGING A RIVER FOR A PRIVATE DRIVEWAY—THE BRIDGE OVER THE CHARLES RIVER IN THE GROUNDS OF THE B. P. CHENEY PLACE, AT WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

From a photograph by Stebbins, Boston.

thousand could be put to work in a factory built with the money that an estate costs. No man would hire out to hammer sea-sand on the beach, and yet, from the strictly utilitarian view-point, that is an equally productive task with making mere prettiness.

The impulse to display one's wealth in a manner as tasteful and convincing as the possession of a beautiful estate is too universal, too thoroughly ingrained, to be looked at with a shaking head and a cynical "Ah, it's a queer world!"

LUXURY AS A STIMULUS TO AMBITION.

Nature takes us by the hand and points us to these great palaces, whose avenues are shaded by spreading oaks and elms; whose lawns blaze in the sun like emerald fires; whose terraces please

and bends a serious gaze upon us. "Do you covet this splendor? It is the diploma of practical ability, the reward of worldly success. Do some service that shall put your fellow-men a long way forward, and all this—yes, more than this—shall be yours. Be a useless idler and"—here her gaze turns to a black and threatening scowl—"that is what I'll give you," and she points us to the shabby dwellings of the unsuccessful, whose terrace is the gloomy staircase of the tenement-house, whose flower-garden is a shriveled geranium in a tin can, whose fountain is the faucet.

If you say you are too old to hope ever to have great riches, she shows you—or if she will not, I can—a man who at fifty was broken in health and pocket-book, who had no credit, but who had



A FOUNTAIN IN THE GROUNDS OF GEORGIAN COURT, GEORGE GOULD'S COUNTRY HOUSE AT LAKWOOD, NEW JERSEY—THE STATUARY WAS MODELED BY J. MASSEY RHIND, THE BASIN DESIGNED BY BUSH PRIOR.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1902, by John Williams, New York.

one good idea. That was ten years ago. To-day how beautiful to look upon are the spacious grounds that slope so gently from his residence to the sea-front, how charming is the view of misty headlands that enclose the purple bay!

Could any dole of bread to hungry poor, or any gift to college, or any free library, put into an ambitious youth the resolve to go ahead and be somebody like that constant advertisement of the fact that to succeed brings great rewards? I doubt it.

There are those who, more or less sincerely, despise material success. These urge the ambitious youth to set his affections on worthier things, on the acquisition of learning and artistic taste. A man with broken shoes in a hall bedroom with a mind for Schopenhauer, Michelangelo, and Richard Strauss, they hold to be a better man than he that owns Italian gardens and chooses for his reading "Bessie's Secret," for his picture "Can't You Talk?" and for his music "something quick and devilish."

At first sight, this seems a distinguished view to take. The whole world is mad after riches; to put the whole world in the wrong is magnificent. Only, the whole world has such an unpleasant way of being right most of the time. The unreasoning mob sees by instinct what the intellectuals wholly miss—that we are not here for our own pleasure, but for others' good; that a pretty taste in literature, art, and music is a treasure blessing only him that has it, while to own a beautiful estate presupposes (as a college degree presupposes learning) that a man has done a handsome service to the human race and has had wages in proportion. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant," is no mere brilliant antithesis, but a profound economic truth.

To covet for one's own these gardens of the rich is not merely a selfish thought for high-minded ones to put away, for it is essentially the aspiration: "That I might do some great thing to benefit the race!"

The God of Dimples.

THE STORY OF A LONG CHASE AND AN EXCITING PURSUIT.

BY MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

I.

FOR more than an hour a slender woman and a burly policeman, whose contour proclaimed a conscience to match his digestion, had been lurking in the thick shadows of Gum Cook Alley, in San Francisco's Chinatown. Their time, apparently, was valueless, their patience without limit.

Suddenly a Chinaman turned in at No. 10, giving the password to the lookout and glancing carelessly over his shoulder. Swift as a thought, the waiting pair attached themselves to the newcomer, like witches at the heel of *Tam o' Shanter*, and slipped through the door behind him.

For a moment they were not noticed, so dark was the stairway, so thick the dust and rubbish which muffled their light footfalls. But when they emerged into the gaslit circle of the landing, the silence changed to bedlam, and feet increased in shoes with deep, soft soles of felt scampered away in all directions like panic-stricken mice. Painted beauties who but a moment before had been sitting on stools before the wickets made for the roofs, for trap-doors, for any means of exit; and nothing could be seen but white-stockinged ankles and embroidered Chinese moccasins, vanishing as if by magic.

One of the girls, as if by accident, tripped and fell, jabbering angrily at herself the while for her stupidity. It was she who had occupied the third stool, and the woman and man who had come out of the shadows recognized her as the girl whom they sought. She was dimpled, with mottled pink cheeks and long, thick hair, and so was Kum Qui, as described to Miss Cameron, of the mission, by Ah Fong, the man who wished to marry the girl, and to whom she had confided her desire for escape.

What an actress she was, this untu-

tored daughter of some oriental Eve! She hung back, she protested, she wept, she beat off their detaining hands, so that she almost deceived Miss Cameron's practised eye, and completely misled the soft-hearted but hard-headed policeman, who declared that he'd none of it, since the girl was clearly of age and as clearly unwilling to go.

Miss Cameron pleaded with him.

"Only help me to take her," she begged, "and if she does not wish to stay, I'll send her back!"

And the bluecoat, knowing by long experience that the Scotswoman stood for absolute truth, helped, though against his better judgment.

Up through the dimly-lighted streets they went, trailed by a crowd streaked white and yellow like a marble cake—fully two hundred of them, and every man of them devoted to the pipe with the tiny bowl in which lie compressed the richest dreams of Araby. After urging the girl all the way, at the mission she suddenly proved the traditional value of a woman's "no." Springing from the grasp of the startled officer, she ran blithely up the steps, showed glittering teeth in a dazzling smile, and was the first to enter the portal of refuge. Whereupon the nonplussed policeman sat down on the steps, removed his helmet, wiped his steaming brow, and ejaculated:

"Wouldn't that beat the devil?"

And in such fashion Kum Qui, the beautiful, the much-desired, the extremely valuable, came to the mission.

When young ladies worth fifteen hundred dollars in gold are rudely wrenched from their owners, something generally happens, but in this case the stillness was deep and profound. The last word Miss Cameron had heard from Kum Qui's owner was the Chinese threat, flashed out between clenched teeth on the day of the rescue:

"If you go to hell, I'll drag you back by the hair, and if you go to heaven, I'll drag you down by the heels!"

He must have thought better of it, for he served no process, he sent no lawyers, he made no outcry. All was silent as the grave, and Kum Qui fell into the quiet mission ways, and thanked God for the peaceful routine of day and night. It seemed a far cry to the time when she had been a singing girl on a river boat in China, and had attracted the attention of a visiting highbinder, which was the cause of all her subsequent adventures.

It was Friday, and five o'clock in the afternoon, when Miss Cameron was called to the reception room to receive a little man whom she recognized as a country constable who had been there before. He had small, evil, gray eyes, and his nose was not set in the middle of his face. He had always been a harbinger of trouble.

"I'm after another of your girls," he said jocosely. "This one—Ah Gum."

He pulled a photograph from his pocket, and showed it to the keen-eyed superintendent. The picture was that of a girl who had been sent back to China, and Miss Cameron smiled inwardly as she thought that this one of her wards, at least, had escaped his clutches.

"Ah Gum is no longer in the home with me," she said quietly, handing back the picture.

"That so?" said the constable. "Why, a Chinaman told us he'd seen her at the window combing her hair only two days ago. No steamer has sailed since then. Of course I don't doubt your word, but the man who says he saw her is in the hall, and just for his satisfaction I'd be obliged if you'd call the girls up and satisfy this fellow that she isn't here. If she's gone, it can't hurt anything."

Her joy over the escape of the girl made Miss Cameron gracious, though she had no reason to love the man. She called the girls into the chapel-room. They filed in and gathered near the piano—thirty-five of them, laughing, healthy, rosy, hearty—jabbering like seminary girls on a lark and wondering what was wanted. Kum Qui alone was

nervous. As the last comer, she avoided scrutiny and turned her back to the visitors. Without an instant's hesitation, the Chinaman walked up to her and laid his hand on her arm.

"This is the girl," he said in Chinese.

"I arrest you, Kum Qui," said the constable.

"But that isn't the girl whose picture you showed me," gasped Miss Cameron.

In reply the little gray eyes lengthened into a slit and the crooked nose went into fine wrinkles.

"You remember I said last time I'd get even with you when you slipped that girl through the fence on me? You forgot to look at my warrant."

And there it was, the name spelled wrong, but legal and forbidding enough—a warrant for Kum Qui on a charge of stealing the garments and jewelry she wore at the time of her rescue.

"Fool, fool, fool that I am!" said Miss Cameron to herself; but even as she metaphorically dashed her head against the wall, she signaled with her eyes, and a small girl flew to do her bidding. In a moment the great outside door was securely locked, the key had disappeared, and the constable, the highbinder, and their captive were all prisoners of the mission. In vain the officer threatened and stormed. He could not climb out of the barred windows, and the heavy oak door was the only outlet.

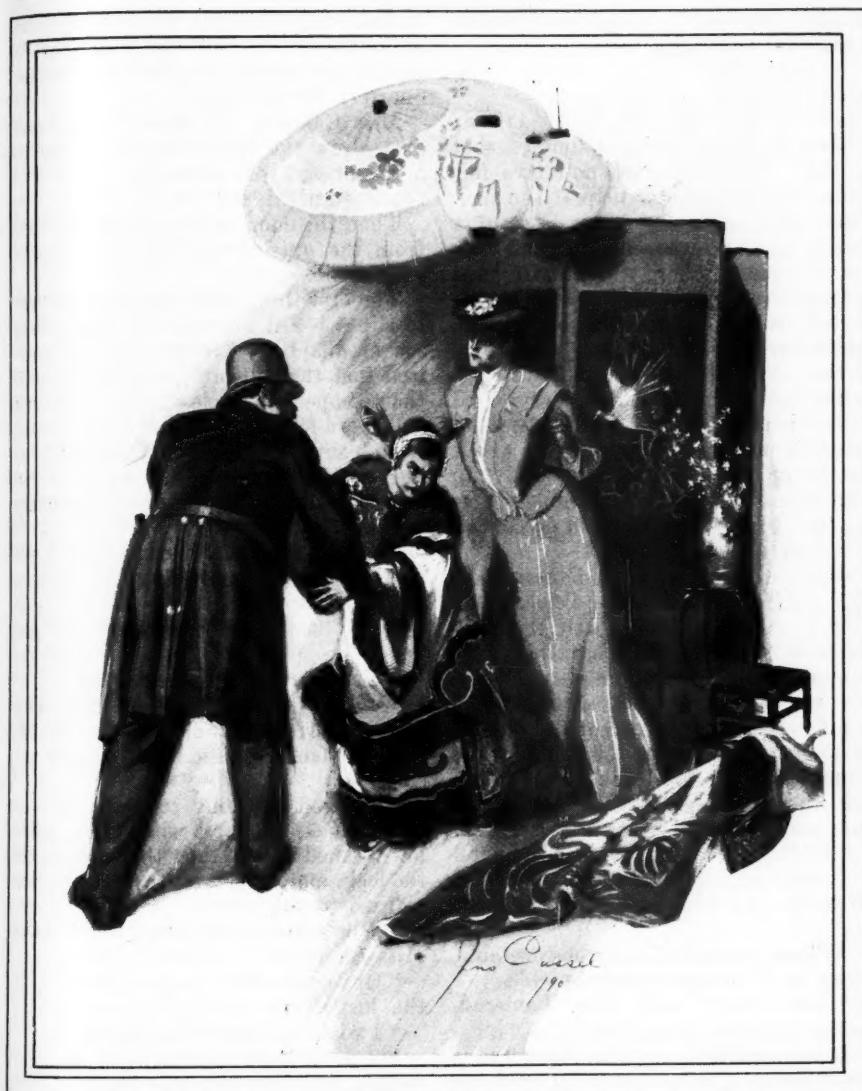
Miss Cameron had noted in her brief scrutiny that the warrant had been issued in a town a hundred miles away.

"I shall go with you," she said; "and I must have time to get the girl ready."

"The last train goes at six," growled the constable, "and we take it!"

While Kum Qui and Miss Cameron dressed, the interpreter was busy at the telephone, making frantic attempts to reach the attorney for the mission. But the hour had been well chosen; that worthy was somewhere between his office and his home, and the dinner hour, sure to prove a magnet to his lagging footsteps, was nearly an hour away.

Up-stairs, Kum Qui was convulsed with terror and distress. She clung to Miss Cameron's skirts; she begged her not to leave her; she reproached the missionary for having delivered her into



"ONLY HELP ME TO TAKE HER, AND IF SHE DOES NOT WISH TO STAY, I'LL SEND HER BACK!"

the hands of her enemies. The girl's wild cries were not half as bitter as Miss Cameron's self-reproaches for having walked so guilelessly into so obvious a trap.

On the train, an hour later, it was an oddly assorted quartet which brushed knees—the crooked-nosed constable, the highbinder with scraggly locks hanging from his round hat, the frightened Kum Qui, her cheeks more mottled than ever,

but not so pink; and the stern-faced missionary, with all the fires of her Covenanter ancestry smoldering in her eyes.

They did not travel a hundred miles, after all. At a half-way station the constable and his charge left the train. Of course the missionary followed, thinking with a leaden heart of her attorney hastening after her and overleaping her, so cleverly had this false scent been ar-

ranged. Decidedly, woman's wit was at a discount that day.

II.

MISS CAMERON did not know a soul in Palo Alto, and could not have left Kum Qui to summon help if she had. Their way led to the dingy office of a justice of the peace—a fenced-off corner of a store, where a light struggled through a smoky chimney, to be reflected from a fly-specked bit of tin, underneath which the official sat. The justice eyed Miss Cameron with cold suspicion—evidently this unexpected witness was unwelcome. Miss Cameron asked to have the case tried at once, but the judge put her off; and finally, to gain time, he went off to dinner, leaving the visitors in undisputed possession of his office.

Slowly the hours counted themselves off, eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock; then the constable went out, to come back in a half hour with the information that the justice would not be back, and that the best thing Miss Cameron could do would be to go to a hotel for the night, while Kum Qui, of course, must go to jail. But the Scottish wit which had been once caught napping was now awake.

"Either Kum Qui will go to the hotel with me," said Miss Cameron, "or I'll go to the jail with her. I'll not leave her."

"Please yourself," said the constable, "but she'll not go to any hotel."

"Very well," said Miss Cameron, rising. "Come, Kum Qui."

It was midnight now; the town was as quiet as the grave. But in spite of the hour and the pitchy darkness, the two women were conducted down back streets, stumbling over uneven sidewalks, wading through dust and sand, until they reached the little "calaboose." It stood in the middle of a vacant lot, and was so seldom in use that its door, which opened in, swung from a single hinge. The constable's lantern showed an interior so mean, so squalid, and so dirty, that the missionary's heart failed her as the faint gleam lighted up the inner room and disclosed the wooden bunk and blanket-covered straw. This

was the only place on which to sit, and undoubtedly had been the resting-place of the last tramp who had here found quarters for the night.

Miss Cameron sat down on her satchel, drew the trembling Kum Qui to her, and said very pointedly:

"Good night, Mr. Harris."

Then the door was dragged to, locked from the outside, and the two women were alone.

The first thing Miss Cameron did was to slip a board through the empty bolt socket, à la Davy Crockett, for she realized that the constable was not far off, that escape was useless, and that they had more to fear from the outside than from confinement. She believed that her enemies intended to separate her from her charge in some way, probably by force.

"Are you afraid?" whispered Kum Qui, as she held a sputtering match above her head.

"No," said the missionary. "Are you?"

"Yes, but I'll sit close to you."

And the slender body of the young Chinese girl pressed close to that of the Scotswoman, as if she would absorb her courage.

They had not long to wait. It was two o'clock, perhaps, when they heard low-pitched voices, then the scraping of the lock, and a push on the door, which refused to move.

"Who's there?" in the clear voice of Miss Cameron.

"Open the door," came the voice of the justice.

"I will not," said Miss Cameron.

Stout shoulders pushed with all their weight, but the door was firm. There was a retreat, then some heavy blows, and presently the door lurched in with a crash. In the opening, the two women could make out three figures—the justice, the constable, and the Chinese owner of Kum Qui. There was a dash for Kum Qui, and they dragged her, screaming, outside the jail, and attempted to swing the door in Miss Cameron's face. The missionary sprang after them, agile as a cat, and clung to her charge. But three pairs of arms were too much for her, and after a few moments of unequal contest, in which

one could not tell friend from foe, she found herself alone in the lot, frantically blowing her police whistle, while the wheels of a rapidly retreating vehicle ground away into silence over the gravel of the road. No answer came. The missionary was apparently the only person alive in a city of the dead.

The wheels were far beyond ear-shot now, and out on the lonely road at three o'clock in the morning a queer scene was being enacted. The justice, who had refused to try the case in his office, was willing enough here, and Kum Qui's owner was her attorney and the prosecuting witness as well. The prisoner was found guilty and fined five dollars for theft; the fine was promptly paid by her Chinese owner, and the girl was released. The justice returned to town with the constable, while the darkness swallowed Kum Qui as if she had never been.

III.

THE American people are long-suffering, but they love fair play; and next day Miss Cameron's story roused the sleepy town as it had never been roused before. People who cared not a whit for Chinese slave girls were angry that so lawless a thing could have happened at their very doors. Palo Alto bristled with indignation. The mass-meeting called to denounce squint-eyed justice was a rousing one, and the room was crowded to the last stuffy corner.

A week had passed, during which none of her friends had seen Kum Qui, though it was known that a brilliant young barrister had taken her case, and was to defend the justice of the peace at the mass-meeting.

Miss Cameron had not been trained for a public speaker. The presbyters of her father's time were not given to experience meetings, and the dictum of St. Paul as to the silence of women in



KUM QUI HAD REASON TO THANK THE GOD OF DIMPLES AND OF MOTTLED PINK CHEEKS.

the churches was rigidly enforced. But at the mass-meeting the missionary received the Pentecostal gift of tongues. Her cheeks were rosy with excitement, where usually they were pale; her gray eyes glittered; the gray lock in her dark hair trembled with magnetic vigor. Her words were winged and her tongue flame-tipped, and old friends who would never have recognized the quiet, self-contained woman in this brilliant fury thought that Joan of Arc must have impressed her hearers so.

Her story was appealingly told. She did not spare herself—she could never forgive herself for her single lapse from caution—but the story of her one night

in jail made the house rock with sympathy.

Her talk was followed by calls for the attorney who, it was suspected, had planned the clever coup, mingled with yells of "Coward!" "He's afraid to come!" "Let's tar and feather him!" and the like. Then there fell a deathly stillness, succeeded by a stir in the rear of the hall, as the attorney, his fair face whiter than usual, entered alone, walking up the aisle, his head high in the air, the perspiration streaming from his forehead. He reached the platform and tried to speak, but his tongue was stiff, and the Palo Alto college boys need not have yelled themselves hoarse in the effort to drown a voice that would not come. The student hisses and groans grew louder; the chairman shouted for order, thus increasing the tumult, and it was only when Miss Cameron requested that the man be heard that the noise diminished.

"I spent my student years at Ann Arbor," said the fair, pale young man, "and no man loves honor better than I—"

"Where's the girl?" shouted the crowd.

"I took this case through a misunderstanding," continued the attorney desperately. "The girl was held in the mission against her will. She wanted to go that night, and she wants to stay with us now—"

"Where's the girl?" came the insistent demand.

"She is under the protection of my sister, sleeps in her room at night, eats at our table, is treated as a member of our family, and is perfectly safe and sheltered and contented where she is."

"Produce the girl!" came the thunderous voice.

"If you demand it, I will produce her, providing the chairman gives me his word that no violence will be done, and agrees that she shall return to my custody. The courts must decide this—"

"Yes, but not at midnight," came the cry.

The chairman gave his word. At a signal the side door opened, and up to the platform walked the Chinese owner, leading Kum Qui by the hand. The girl did not raise her eyes. She did not look

at Miss Cameron. After more speeches and more tumultuous applause, the enthusiasm vented itself in idle resolutions, like a river that dies in the sand, and Kum Qui went back to the custody of her new friends.

But the grand jury had something to say, and in the overfulness of time Kum Qui was brought into court again. But she had been utterly cowed. The long tuition had not been wasted upon her; she testified obediently that she had left the mission willingly, and had accompanied her captors by her own desire.

All the time, down in the front of the little court-room, sat Miss Cameron, her eyes full of mischief and mystery. For she had a trump card up her sleeve, to use a very un-Presbyterian simile. Constable Harris wriggled in his seat, so sure was he that something uncomfortable was about to happen.

Dr. Gardner, the Federal official interpreter, was acting in this case, for he was popular with both sides. The little court-room was packed to the doors, and in the back of the room men and women stood on boxes to catch a view of the famous Chinese beauty with her mottled pink cheeks and her dimples which played hide-and-seek. Just at the close of the trial, when Heatherwood, her attorney, gay and much more debonair than on the night of the mass-meeting, was about to escort Kum Qui from the witness chair, Dr. Gardner, in the most commonplace voice imaginable, said:

"Kum Qui, when did you come to this country?"

"Just before the Omaha Fair."

"And you have *chack chee?*" (papers of entry).

"No," said Kum Qui innocently. "No," she reiterated, not seeing her attorney's signals, "no *chack chee?*"

Dr. Gardner rose from his seat, and laid his hand quietly on the girl's shoulder.

"I arrest you in the name of the United States government," he said.

Miss Cameron smiled quietly at Constable Harris. It wasn't the Christian-like thing to do, perhaps, but it was deliciously human, and the missionary was still young.

Kum Qui began to cry, while her law-

yer stormed. His sister had won the girl's changeable heart with presents and kindness, and was at that moment outside in her carriage, waiting for her pretty and docile charge.

But Dr. Gardner was adamantine. He would not permit Kum Qui to remain with the Heatherwoods. She must return to the mission, pending her deportation.

And so it came about that Kum Qui was a girl without an owner. Her Chinese proprietor had no right to her; the Heatherwoods could not shelter her; Miss Cameron could not detain her. She must return to her own country—to an uncle in Shanghai who did not want her. Her tears dropped constantly, and the dimples were too tired to play.

When the big ship dropped below the

horizon, Kum Qui's voluminous handkerchief was the last thing to be seen—a flag of distress put out by a bit of human flotsam as it was washed back to an unwelcome anchorage in Shanghai, where a Chinese girl's dimples and mottled pink cheeks are drugs in an overstocked market.

For how could Kum Qui know that Ah Fong, who had planned her rescue, but who had remained discreetly and characteristically in the background during his love's exciting adventures, was quietly arranging his affairs, and that almost her first visitor in Shanghai would be this complaisant but constant lover?

Kum Qui had reason, after all, to thank the god of girlhood—the god of dimples and of mottled pink cheeks.

THE VICTORY.

WITH steady step along the way
Of life's blind trail I fare ;
Though Poverty goes by my side
And signals Grief and Care,
'Tis not these three will hinder me ;
And Fear, he is not there !

He lurked within the wayside hedge
Before the first steep hill,
And sprang upon me unaware—
His clutch was fierce and chill !
He felled me ; then I rose again
And fought him with a will.

We locked and strained, we turned and swayed,
We grappled to the death,
And up the long hill, step by step,
We writhed with panting breath.
With snarling glee : " We near the Three,
My henchmen all !" he saith.

I gripped my fingers in his throat—
He spoke no more—I flung
The dead wretch from me, went my path
Sore wounded and unstrung,
And at the hill's steep crest, the Three
Upon my pathway hung.

The churl Fear lied ! No henchmen they
Of his, leagued to destroy ;
Guides, these, who know the rough-blazed trail,
And uncouth skill employ
To hew for me till I shall see
The battlements of Joy !

Grace H. Boutelle.

A Daughter of the States.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

JESSIE GOLDING, the daughter of a wealthy American, is a passenger on the Winona, chaperoned by her aunt, and bound for England, where she is to marry Lord Eastry, when she meets Murray West, who interests her, despite the fact that his somewhat unprepossessing appearance has made him known to the other passengers as the Rogue. In conversation with her, West cheerfully owns up to being a man "with a past," and then angers the girl by characterizing her approaching marriage as the selling of her birth-right for a castle and three generations of blackguardism. But later there is an accident on board the steamer, and West is instrumental in saving a number of lives; whereupon he is restored to favor. Among the other passengers are Herbert Laidlaw, a friend of West's, and Marx and Sedgwick, two gamblers, who inveigle Laidlaw into a game of poker and are despoiling him when Murray West, an old gambler himself, takes a hand and turns the tables on them. In revenge Marx threatens to tell Jessie Golding of West's connection with the death of her brother Lionel, which occurred during a fracas in the frontier town of Jackson City, but West defies him. Later Jessie herself tells Murray of her grief at her brother's death, and bitterly denounces his slayer.

V.

TWO conversations, momentous to the stories of two passengers upon the steamer Winona, are hereafter recorded. One is the conversation between Murray West and his friend Herbert Laidlaw, in their "inside" cabin upon the main deck; the other, the brief interview between one Richard Marx and Jessie Golding, a stranger to him, at the moment when a steward jangled his bell for lunch.

Let us take them in that order, and hear Murray West to begin with.

He had slept but a couple of hours since he left Jessie upon the deck. A little irritable for want of sleep, he returned to his cabin after breakfast began, to search it thoroughly for some object which he missed. Considerate usually for the feelings of others, he showed little consideration upon this particular morning, but rummaged here and there until his companion, the Lamb, started angrily from his pillow and asked him what the devil he was making such a noise about.

Murray answered the young fellow with a word which sent his head down upon the sheet again and brought an exclamation to his lips.

"I've lost the ring, Herbert."

"The ring! What ring?"

"His ring—you don't want me to name him."

"Am I never to hear anything but his name?"

"You are reaping, Herbert—but I must find the ring."

"Oh, confound it, let me sleep!"

He turned his face to the wall and drew the clothes over his head. Murray continued the search with a woman's diligence; he was not at all surprised when Laidlaw sat up again and asked him another question:

"What time is it?"

"Look at your watch."

"It's stopped. Say, my head's like a top. Won't you send me a brandy and soda?"

"Not a spoonful! Get up and breathe. Try the fresh air cure. Really, you are a dreadful child, Herbert."

"Perhaps so, perhaps not. We'll see in England. Have you got it, then?—the ring, I mean."

"No, I must have dropped it when the tank burst. It's awkward, too. I can't advertise it."

"You mean that she'd get to know? Well, let her. Who cares?"

Murray sat on his bunk and looked forward into space vacantly, as a man who dreams.

"I care," he said quietly.

"What, for a little Boston doll? No, not you, Murray. You're too clever."

"Men are never clever in their relations with women. The lesson dates from Adam, Herbert."

"Adam wasn't stone-broke, and he wasn't divorced."

"You are thinking of this man Eastry?"

"Of course I am."

"She'll never marry him, Herbert."

"Who says so?"

"I say so."

"Great Scott, no! And what's to become of me?"

"Oh, you'll find your land legs by that time. A man can't go on always as you are going on. I think England will do you good. I hope it will give you something to live for—self-respect, honor, self-command. Don't you see, Herbert, how very different your life might be?"

"Ha, you say so, old black gown!"

"But it is so."

"When you are with me——"

"A nurse is necessary when a man is sick. When he is well he goes out into the sunlight, and the very sight of her apron-strings is hateful to him. You'll work well enough without me in England."

"Perhaps, if the devil lets me get so far. But say, are you serious about Jessie Golding."

"Do I look like a love-lorn fool?"

"Not quite, but looks don't count when a man's that way. Suppose she gets to hear about Lionel?"

"I shall tell her myself at the proper time."

"Not about me! Good God, Murray. you wouldn't do that?"

"Oh, of course, tell her the whole story, so that we may both find ourselves in a police court. Yes, I'm the very man to do that."

"I know you're not, but she may hear, all the same. You won't advertise this ring? You wouldn't take such a risk!"

"I shall put a notice on the board and say that it may be returned to the purser. No one will know, then, and you may imagine that I shan't wear it again on the ship."

"That's right, it isn't safe; and say, can't I have just a thimbleful?"

"Yes, where's the water-bottle? I should drink about a pint if I were you."

He continued the search as if the

ring were of great concern. He would not have lost it, he told himself, for a hundred pounds.

An hour later the Bantam read a brief paper upon the public notice-board, and went from group to group about the deck asking every one if he or she had found a finger ring. When he came to the Rev. St. John Trew and to Jessie, he consented to take a chair and to speak of it.

"Somebody's lost a ring," he said. "I don't exactly know, but I think it must be our friend the Rogue."

"In which case it was probably stolen," said the Vicar cheerfully.

"Oh," said Jessie, "that's cheering! What sort of a ring is it, Mr. Bentham—a lady's?"

"He preserves a secrecy which is open to suspicion. I should not be surprised to hear that it had hearts crossed in pearls and turquoises."

"You don't know anything about it!" cried Jessie savagely. "I don't believe it's his ring at all."

"No more do I, though it's in his handwriting—I mean the notice on the board."

"A mean, cramped, hang-dog fist, I'll wager!" put in the Vicar.

"There was nothing mean, cramped, or hang-dog about what he did last night," persisted Jessie, angry in Murray's defense. "He was saving lives while you were snoring in your beds."

The Vicar coughed lightly and changed the subject.

"I hope I don't snore," he said unctuously. "Indeed, my dreams would be greatly disturbed if I thought so. We must really have a collection for these poor people, Miss Golding. The voyage threatens to prove quite an unlucky one. I humbly suggest that I should address our fellow-passengers in the saloon, and that the offertory be collected afterwards. We must do what we can—our religion teaches us that."

"I suppose you will head the list with a hundred pounds," exclaimed the Bantam, who had lofty views when other people's subscriptions were concerned.

The Vicar almost rose from his chair in alarm.

"A hundred pounds! God bless me, I don't think I have a hundred pounds

in the world, Mr. Bentham! No, no, it is not for the church to give—that is the cherished privilege of the laity. Each in his own sphere—the priest in the pulpit and the churchwarden in the aisle. The list should be offered first to others. Who am I to head it?"

"I'll give five hundred dollars," said Jessie, to relieve his embarrassment. "You can pay it for me, Mr. Bentham. I've got a purse, but I can't get it just this minute. When are you going to begin, Vicar? I'm sure you talk beautifully. Don't you remember you said so when you called yourself a rogue?"

The vicar beamed upon her.

"You must prepare a little platform for me," he said. "I don't suppose we can get any flowers, but those from the dinner tables will do. We might have singing afterwards, and then a little collection. I suppose it will be wise to get the captain's consent. Tell him, please, that I do not wish to push myself forward in any way, but if any word of mine—"

"Can catch the nimble dollar—but Aunt Eva says I must not say 'nimble dollar' when we get to Monkton Castle. Do you think it is very bad, Vicar?"

"It is not Shakespearian, certainly?"

"And is Lord Eastray Shakespearian?"

"Hum! I should say that he is rather a disciple of Rabelais; but, of course, the literary tastes of our aristocracy are not always easy to understand."

"Especially when they read the—what is it?—that pink paper with all the funny little stories in it, you know—what do they call it?"

"God bless me!" said the Vicar, betrayed beyond repair. "She means the *Pink 'Un*."

The Bantam laughed immoderately, and with an indelicacy which did not help a good man in his dilemma. It was about the hour for the morning glass of soda-water, and presently the two men made their excuses and went down, as the vicar said, to see what were the possibilities in the way of a platform and flowers. Jessie once told the Rev. St. John that the second word he ever spoke as a baby was "one word more." Certainly few remembered the occasion when an economy of words had troubled

him. Even before the temptation of the soda-water, he must hark back to the missing ring before he quitted her side.

"Be sure and find out who has had a ring stolen," he said gaily, as he buttoned his coat for the important business in hand. "We shall write a new Galineau together, you and I, before we have done, Miss Golding!"

"And put your portrait on the cover, just to let them know what dreadful things are inside!" cried Jessie spitefully.

Her bouts with the parson invariably ended in her victory. Perhaps it was because of her triumphs over him that she returned to his side again and again. Few of the people on the ship did not tire her. More than once she had left that "old dear" the publisher at the most exciting moment of a dissertation upon the latest German encyclopedia. The one lord whom they had shipped passed happy days exchanging masterpieces of wit with the Casino company. Jessie added new words to her dictionary while she listened to his lordship's classic tongue, and some of them puzzled her greatly.

"What is a blighter?" she asked the Bantam one day.

He answered vaguely that a "blighter" is a man who blights.

"Then I suppose you would call the Vicar a blighter?"

"Heaven forbid! It is a term of endearment common to golfers and other frivolous persons."

"Are those card players 'blighters'?"

"Whom do you mean—the Rogue?"

"No, the others—the man out of the wilderness—Richard Marx, I believe he is."

"I have not carefully considered the point. Are you interested in his abilities?"

"I? Why, no—as if I could be! He is interested in mine, though. Wherever I go, I find him waiting for me. Do you think he wants me to play cards?"

"An older game, Miss Golding. I'll ask him his intentions, if you like."

Henceforth the Bantam paid more attention to the Jew than he had been doing. It was quite evident, as Jessie

said, that Richard Marx watched her closely wherever she went; indeed, he shadowed her assiduously, and more than once made some effort to speak to her. His courage, however, appeared to desert him at the necessary moment, and it was not until the day when the notice about the missing ring added to the curiosities of the board upon the staircase that he took advantage of the Vicar's temporary absence from Jessie's side and dared a venture he had long intended.

She had observed him hovering about her for some time; but now of a sudden, when the men had gone below, he crossed the deck with short, shuffling strides and bent toward the girl until his black beard touched her pretty hat.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said, "did you say that some one has lost a ring?"

"Oh!" cried Jessie, startled. "I really don't know anything about it. Why do you ask me?"

"I thought I heard—you won't mind me, will you?—well, I thought I heard that gentleman with the red necktie—not the clergyman, but the other—I thought I heard him say some one had lost a ring. You'll think it a liberty, I suppose, but there it is. I've found a ring and he's lost one, and two and two make one, you see."

Jessie regarded him with open-eyed astonishment. She was not in the habit of dissembling either her affinities or her aversions, and this man was repulsive to her.

"Why don't you ask Mr. Bentham right now?" she exclaimed.

The Jew stooped yet more and showed her something bright in the hollow of his hand.

"Because—you won't think it a liberty, will you?—well, this ring that was lost, I believe you have seen it before."

He flashed it before her, and then let it fall into the lap of her dress. It was not a pretentious ring—nothing, in fact, but a broad band of gold set with a single turquoise. Jessie knew the ring well. Her eyes were dim when she looked at it.

"Yes," she said slowly; "I have seen that ring before, Mr. Marx."

"And you know the owner of it?"

"If I did——"

She stopped abruptly. Her cheeks flushed crimson. Now for the first time she knew the meaning of that message.

"Do you mean——" she asked.

"That the man who shot your brother is on board this ship. Yes, I mean that, Miss Golding."

He did not wait for her answer, but slouched away as he had come.

The Vicar of Sackville Street appeared suddenly at the stair-head, and, espying Jessie where he had left her, hastened to his seat with a joyous exclamation.

"Ha," he cried, "my good angel lingers, then!"

Jessie rose from her chair and walked away without uttering a single word. The Vicar stared after her in wounded astonishment.

"America has no respect for age or sex," he said dolefully.

VI.

VERY few of the Winona's passengers were upon her decks when the accident befell her; for it chanced that the Vicar of Sackville Street was then delivering an impassioned oration in the saloon, and many hung upon the words of so worthy a man. Give him his due, the Rev. St. John Trew knew how to appeal to an audience such as this. Jessie declared that if it had not been for the stewards carrying glasses about she might have believed herself in some fashionable up-town church. The great gilded dome of the saloon, the organ in the gallery, the upturned faces, the soft lights, above all the preacher's saintly face and his mellow periods, contributed to the impressions of a striking scene. And this was to say nothing of the flowers upon the platform. The Vicar certainly knew the precise tints which suited his pasty complexion.

"I don't go well with geraniums," he had said; and Jessie quite agreed with him.

His oration, we bear witness, was as eloquent as it was pathetic. He began in a pleasant, even jocular, vein. It was not good for man, he said, to bestir himself after dinner. The greatest minds gave up that pleasant hour to the club,

the theater, the home life—perhaps even to certain reflections upon the cook and the menu. He asked them to do none of these things. The dinner had been excellent. ("Hear, hear!" from the Bantam.) There would be many charming ladies ready to entertain them before the lights were out (applause from the lord of the Casino girls); but in the mean time he would urge his claim to their attention and their sympathy.

Changing his tone with an effective modulation, the Vicar reminded them that in the midst of life we are in death. Men and women had died yesterday under circumstances which must bring home to them the reality and the inevitableness of the eternal truths. What claim had they to the mercy which had been shown to them? Why were those taken and these left? Was it not that they might minister to the necessities of the weak and the helpless, unloose the purse-strings of their hearts, and take upon them those worldly burdens? The Vicar convinced himself that it was.

"We in our pleasures," he went on, "stand shoulder to shoulder with the awful mystery, but are unconscious of his presence and heedless of his warnings. Reflect but a moment, my friends," he said, "how Divine Providence is watching over us even while I speak to you. I do not know how many thousands of miles we are from the nearest land, but I do know that the great lonely sea is all about us, that its waters wash the faces of the unnumbered dead who have been its toll since the world began; and I ask what goodness of our Master keeps us from their fate? Why are we spared, how and for what does the light of the Divine Countenance still shine upon us? But one plank," said the Vicar, pointing dramatically to the floor beneath him—"but one plank between eternity and you who hear me! Is not that a dreadful thought? Are we wise to put it from us?"

He paused, catching an observation from the chief engineer, who took the opportunity to remark that the ship was double-bottomed and of good Sheffield steel; but the officer was called to the

engine-room before the speaker could remonstrate. Heaving a sigh of relief, the Vicar nerved himself for a final impassioned appeal. He was in the very throes of a touching harangue when every one became aware that the throb of the great pistons had ceased for the first time since the Winona steamed from New York harbor.

If this occurrence occasioned no alarm, it at least excited curiosity, and sent many shamelessly to the decks above. Sovereigns and bank-notes, it is true, were tossed into the silver salad-bowl which the chief steward had thoughtfully displayed on the crimson cloth before the platform; but few waited for the development of the "plank" motet; and even the Rev. St. John himself turned a little pale and began to hesitate for words. His flock had plainly become demoralized, and he himself was in no better case. The desire to know sent every one's thoughts to the decks above, and there the Vicar betook himself ultimately with no little pleasure.

"What is it, Bentham? What has happened?" he asked that well-groomed little man, as soon as he had breath to speak. The Bantam, grown important upon the occasion, addressed his answer to quite a numerous audience.

"Oh, it's just nothing—nothing at all. Don't you be alarmed, ladies; you take your cue from me. The what-do-you-call-it has broken, and the engineers are putting in another. We'll be running again in an hour—won't we, engineer?"

A young engineer, black and grimy, and carrying a spanner in his hand, laughed very rudely when the Bantam spoke.

"That's so," he said; "we've broken the propeller shaft, and the captain's getting a new one out of his waistcoat pocket. It's all right, ladies."

"There, I told you so," said the Bantam; "just a ten minutes' job. I say, girls, suppose we get up a dance? There's nothing like it if you don't want to bother—is there, Miss James?"

The Casino girl thus addressed declared that she doted upon waltzing, while the little man, for his part, hur-

ried from group to group, reassuring every one and leaving laughter behind him. Meanwhile, the Vicar, not a little nervous and very desirous of company, asked many for news of Jessie, and went wandering about the deck until he found her at last in the shadow of the wheel-house. He was not a little chagrined to discover that her companion was the Rogue.

"Why," he cried a little reproachfully, "weren't you at my meeting, then?"

"How can you be so ungrateful? Why, I was the first to cry, Vicar!"

"Dear me, dear me, of course; I remember now. You sat under the organ with Mr. Bentham—I thought there was a good deal of noise in that quarter of the room."

"Oh, yes, we were moved, you know. Some of the men had to send for cocktails to prevent breaking down altogether. Oh, why, Vicar, why do men want such a lot of keeping up? Is it because they are the stronger sex?"

Murray West ventured to join in unasked.

"It's not their fault," he said. "The first woman asked them to have something, and they've been on the lookout for it ever since."

The Vicar coughed his displeasure, and turned designedly to Jessie.

"I believe," he said, with the tone and authority of an expert, "that we have broken our propeller shaft. So far as I understand the circumstances, we must drift at the mercy of wind and tide, it may be for some hours. The situation is undoubtedly dangerous."

"Just as dangerous as a game of croquet in the dark," cried Murray, with a little laugh; and then he said: "I hope you've made your will, Vicar?"

"God bless me, do you really think there's any necessity for such an extreme measure? But you are only joking, surely!"

Murray leaned over the rail and watched the rolling swells. Weird rays of light from open portholes caught the foam caps and sprayed them with changing jewels as of aquamarine and the froth of emeralds. In the hollows of the waves the water was intensely dark and green and surging, and the

helpless steamer sugged to the Atlantic swell like some mighty log swept suddenly beyond human control.

Upon the deck itself men and women stood in little groups to discuss the trouble and laugh at it. An aureole of light from the great staircase showed the white shawls nestling about white necks, and the ashen faces of those who stood in the quivering beams. A girl's voice rang high and shrill in an interval of seas. The captain paced the bridge with the impatient step of one who suffers anxieties.

Murray West continued to watch the ebb and flow of the swell for some minutes before he answered the parson. His thoughts seemed to have passed from the ship to the far horizon which the moon's beams discovered. When he spoke he raised himself to his full height with a nervous gesture habitual to him.

"Joking? Oh, yes, it's quite a matter of joking. Listen to those hammers, vicar! They are wielded by the men who regard a broken shaft as the best fun possible. If you'll step along they'd be glad to have you read *Punch* to them. We can't drift about here for more than three days without some risk of running into something—humorous, isn't it?"

The Vicar's face blanched, though the dim light befriended him.

"Do you seriously say that this is an accident which cannot be repaired?"

"They'll tell you when they locate the mischief. What can be done at sea will be done by these Blue Star engineers, for a handier lot don't sail. They mended the shaft of the Manhattan, you remember, and brought her into Queenstown only five days late after just such a mess as this. It all depends where the shaft has broken. If the chief guesses rightly, though, the propeller itself has gone to the bottom."

The Rev. St. John did not understand three words of it; but the unorthodox account of their position alarmed him still further.

"Have we no sails, then?" he asked.

Murray shook his head and pointed to the stumpy masts of the Winona.

"What sails can you bend to those? Your pocket-handkerchief and my pa-

jamas, perhaps. Don't talk about sails if you wish to see London inside a month. Blue Star boats aren't built for sails; they're built for show passages and hustling millionaires. Shall I put you in the latter category, Vicar?"

"God bless me, what a man it is! You don't tell me, sir, that we shall drift about here until some passing ship comes to our help?"

"I do tell you that identical fact. If the propeller has gone, or if the engineers are unable to repair the shaft, we are as helpless as an empty barrel in a duck-pond. Our sister ship, the Wyoming, passed us yesterday. We may go a day and we may go five before help is found. I'm sorry for your flock if it is waiting for you, Vicar."

"My flock is in no hurry—it is the ladies I am thinking of. Consider the case of Miss Golding here. She is to be married on her arrival in London. We must all feel very sorry for her."

Jessie, who had been standing a few paces apart, heard her own name instantly and came nearer.

"Yes, it's tragic, isn't it? Not to be present at one's own wedding! Well, I suppose they'll call it American—but I can't swim there, can I, Vicar?"

The Vicar shuddered at the notion.

"We will hope for the best," he said suavely. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know!"

"Yes, fonder of some one else! Isn't it really tragic, Mr. West?"

"Nothing less than a calamity. I will tell the chief engineer, and he must work miracles. Here they are coming to see what is the matter with the propeller; I suppose they will clear us all out. Passengers are dreadfully in the way when there is any trouble on a ship. Let us help them by taking ourselves off. We could see everything from the upper deck."

Jessie assented willingly, and preceded Murray up the ladder to the high deck beneath the bridge. The Vicar, meanwhile, put himself, as he said, into the hands of Providence and the smoking-room steward, who brought him a brandy and soda and regaled him with horrible tales of stranded ships upon which the chaplains had been eaten by hungry and exasperated crews.

The scene upon the promenade deck became more animated every moment. When a number of engineers trooped aft to the poop, and there fitted up a powerful electric search-light, the drama of the night and its possible significance appalled the timid with a new suggestion.

The surging water about the steamer now glowed with a silver iridescence beautiful to see. Patches of light and shadow revealed or hid the anxious faces of the tireless engineers. Women, half masked by lace wraps and waterproofs, watched the work, and in their hearts prayed for its success. Everywhere upon the steamer, even among the hardiest of the crew, an air of busy alertness forbade questions or dictated impatient answers. All would be well in an hour or so, the seamen said. None knew that the Winona was making her last voyage, and that before three days had passed she would be at the bottom of that ocean she had crossed so often and defied so valiantly.

"It's a splendid night," said Murray, when he had followed Jessie to the upper deck, and had found her a seat whence she could watch the scene as upon the stage of a theater below. "This ability to do something material always appeals to me, perhaps because I am so helpless myself. Civilization makes us very dependent upon others. Adam, if you think of it, must have been quite a Robinson Crusoe in his way. He couldn't call a gardener in to tie up his French beans, and he certainly was not troubled with plumbers' bills. Look at those fellows down there—what fine specimens! And every man could make you something out of a bar of steel which I couldn't make if my life depended upon it. You especially ought to think well of them, Miss Golding. Their skill is turning your tragedy into an excellent comedy. They understand, perhaps, the importance of a woman being in time for her own wedding."

"Why do you call me a woman, Mr. West? Do I look so very old?"

"A general term. I regard you as already married."

"Thank you, and this is your wedding call?"

"Oh, no! I haven't the slightest desire to come to your house. When a woman—shall we continue to say a woman?—gathers up her skirts while a man goes by, she certainly does not wish to see him at her *soirées musicales*. I shall keep as far away from you as I can."

"That's polite of you! And do you really think I did gather up my skirts?"

"Charmingly—I haven't seen anything prettier for a long time. It reminded me of a picture in last year's Salon—'Mlle. Dédaigneuse.'"

"Tell me, how did you see last year's Salon?"

"In a dollar picture book in Jackson City."

"Jackson City! Why, you know Jackson City, then?"

"I lived there three years."

"Then you must have met my brother Lionel!"

Her face had grown serious at the question. For the first time since he had been acquainted with her, he could not meet her steadfast gaze.

"Yes," he said very slowly; "I knew your brother Lionel."

Jessie did not pursue the instant advantage which this response gave her.

"I want to tell you something," she said. "I'm sure it's right to tell you. I've been dreadfully troubled all day, and I must speak to some one about it. Please look at this ring. I think you have seen it before. It was my brother's ring. Mr. Marx, your friend, brought it to me this morning. He did not say that you lost it, but Mr. Bentham thinks you did. Will you please tell me the whole truth? We shall never understand each other until you do."

She had been fumbling in the bosom of her dress while she spoke. Having discovered what she wanted there, she put the ring which he had lost yesterday into his hand, and waited for his answer. His unusual perturbation in some way spoke for him already, but he made one last effort to avoid candor, and was not at all surprised at his failure.

"Miss Golding," he said, "will you trust me if I ask you to do so?"

"I am trusting you now."

"That ring is mine. It was given to me by your brother Lionel just before

he died. I was with him to the end. If he had lived, I think he would have told you that I was his friend. I can say no more. I have no right to say more, and it is only to you, his sister, that I would say as much. If you do not wish our ways to part, please let us leave it there. It is a very sad story, and I would have both of us forget it if we can. Sometimes, I think, our only duty to the dead is to forget everything but our love for them. I shall never part with your brother's ring, but I have already forgotten the day which gave it to me. I would have you help me to do that."

Jessie listened with grave astonishment.

"Why should I not speak of my brother?" she exclaimed at last. "I am sure that Lionel never did anything of which I should be ashamed. Why do you insinuate that he did?"

"I insinuate nothing; I am merely anticipating your questions. An unlucky chance and a scoundrel have put me at this disadvantage. I can't help it. I must hold my tongue."

"You should have done that to begin with. If you were the only man with Lionel when he died, you know how he died. My father and I have a right to hear that; we have a right to hear the name of his murderer."

"He was not murdered, believe me."

"It is for you to prove it to us."

"I fail to see any obligation."

Jessie uttered a low cry.

"You know the name of the man, and yet you keep it from us!"

"I shall always keep it from you."

"Then it is your own name—you, you! I shouldn't have been so blind! It was you; deny it if you can!"

"I do deny it. It was not I who shot Lionel Golding. Your suspicion is worthy of a woman. I think we might leave the matter there."

Jessie clenched her hands together and looked at him with blazing eyes.

"I don't believe you! I don't believe you are telling me the truth!"

A nervous smile crossed Murray's face.

"That is a question for your own discretion," he said. "You will scarcely expect me to argue the point."

"Then tell me who it was."

"I decline absolutely."

"Mr. West," she said, "I cannot force you, but one who has such a secret can never be my friend."

"Never is a word of infinite meaning. I must be patient, Miss Golding."

"It is not a question of patience, but of justice. Lionel was shot by a coward. I have the right to know the man's name."

"You will not hear it from me."

"Then friendship between us is impossible. I must decline your further acquaintance."

"As you will. I was prepared for that. Perhaps I should do as you are doing under the circumstances. It is a question each must answer for himself. Let me not intrude further upon your consideration. I wish you good-night. We will be strangers to-morrow if you wish it."

"Yes," she said, looking him full in the face; "I wish it."

Murray rose and lifted his cap to her. It was nearly midnight, but few upon the steamer slept. Searchlights flashing from the higher deck showed in their golden arcs a still sea destitute of ships. The engineers worked untiringly, and the clang of the hammers was like a message of hope heard clearly above the rhythm of the waters.

VII.

DAY broke menacingly, with a looming bank of cloud upon the western horizon and a blinding sun in a golden haze of uncertain light. Few had slept on board the Winona, nor could the utmost efforts of officers and crew quite recall that confidence with which even the timid now cross the great Atlantic Ocean. Something had happened, and the future days must differ from these which had passed so restfully and so quickly in the delight of speed and security.

Every one had to assure him or herself that the accident was a common one, and that many an ocean monster had coped with worse things successfully, but the remoter doubt remained, and even the hardiest globe trotter aboard dared not be entirely at his ease. Those

in the state-rooms enjoyed snatches of broken sleep denied to the less fortunate in the second class and the steerage. No longer did the rhythm of the propeller invite the lazy ear to rest and forget all else but sea-tuned harmonies. There was no measured rise and fall, no descent so facile into the Avernus of the hollows, no slow and dogged surmounting of the foaming heights; for the ship lay like a black hulk in the trough, and a beam of the morning light striking down upon her burnished brasses declared her heavy labors and mocked her helplessness.

Nevertheless, there was no immediate danger. The captain said so; the chief engineer repeated it; stewards went to state-rooms with the story; the doctor, the bustling, rubicund-jowled Frederick Cooper, told the steerage passengers as much, and threatened to dose the cowards with strychnine.

Murray West met the doctor shortly after six o'clock in the morning, and they took their first cup of coffee together before lighting their pipes and going for a constitutional on the promenade deck. Very few were up and about at this time, for daylight sent the fearful to their bunks, and the danger seemed less imminent while the sun shone. These two, however, discussed the situation very frankly, for both were old sailors, and were not afraid to speak.

"It's an ugly job, a very ugly job," said the doctor, between attacks upon an enormous briar pipe and unremitting attentions to his matchbox. "Old Ross, our skipper, is an obstinate man, sir, almost as obstinate—yes, sir, almost as obstinate as I am. He won't call in a second opinion until the patient's dead. I know him, and a rum old son of an honest sea-cook he is."

"You mean that he won't get help until the last moment?" remarked Murray quietly.

"And not then if he can save this fifty per cent, grab-the-lot company a single silver sixpence! He's Scotch, sir. When a Scotchman catches a hawser there's money at his end of it. I know the race! Man, I once tried to borrow a shilling in Edinburgh town, God help me!"

Murray laughed a little sardonically.

"There are no better seamen serving than the Scots," he suggested apologetically. "I would sooner be afloat with a Scotchman than with half the gilt-mouthed dandies who strut the bridges at Liverpool. If what the chief engineer says is so, the propeller's gone under and the shaft's hopeless. Ross will make no money keeping us fooling about here. He'll have to get in tow, and the sooner the better."

The doctor lit his pipe in the shelter of a cowl and made some general remarks suitable to the situation.

"Oh, trust Neil Ross to throw his money about," said he. "I can just see the silver dollars rolling! What, pay a strange hulk the salvage rate from here to Queenstown Harbor? He'd let you take his liver first. No, sir, we shall drift three days, and then he'll begin to think about it; we shall drift another three, and then he'll ask the chief officer's opinion. That's the man. Tell him that there are millionaires in a hurry in his best state suite, and he will name a comfortable climate to which they may betake themselves. You can't bustle him. He'll do what he thinks is his duty to his owners, though the stocks fall. That's what I've been saying in the steerage just now. We've a rough lot there, and directly they had the news they were ugly—talked about being penned up to drown like sheep, and other nonsense. It's odd, though, isn't it? The very poor always seem to care more for their lives than the very rich. Perhaps the rich man thinks his dollars will save him in the end. What, a hundred thousand pounder to die of common vulgar water, just like a poor devil who throws himself off Waterloo Bridge? He won't admit that Providence could think so little of him. He must be saved regardless of cost. The poor man knows that no one cares a twopenny damn about him—he looks after himself in consequence. I don't suppose any one is going to drown this trip, but it won't be quite a Hudson River picnic. Look at yonder sky. That, sir," said the doctor proudly—"that sky spells a hypodermic injection of morphia in the state-rooms. Perhaps it means revolvers in the steerage—I'll tell you when the wind comes."

He nodded his head like one greatly pleased with his own evil prophecies, and quite ready for an argument with those who differed from him. Murray, however, was in no mood for argument. The situation interested him greatly—the passengers afforded an engrossing and ever-changing study.

"People cross the Atlantic so often now that they never think of danger. Why should they?" he asked. "These big steamers are practically impregnable; we know that there is only a sheet of steel between us and eternity, but we tot up the chances and say it's a million to one upon our ship. Yet, if you come to think of it, the miracle is that accidents are not more frequent. Look at the boats we have spoken since we left New York. It's a highway of traffic, and just ten minutes' drowsiness on the bridge might work mischief that a man might be afraid to contemplate. Those poor souls crying and groaning in the steerage reckon up the case better than we do. They know that every passage is one big 'if.' They haven't their poker-table and their whiskies and sodas to put it out of their heads. Perhaps they think the boats are kept for the first class. I shouldn't wonder if they were."

The doctor hastened to contradict such a heresy as that.

"Wild talk, sir!" he cried. "There'll be no class on the Winona if it comes to the worst. Aye, sir, death is a fine old democrat. Maybe we've over-few boats for an ocean picnic; but I'll wait until it comes, sir, and by your leave I'll wash myself. Man, there'll be little water where you and I are going. Let's get a bath while we may."

He laughed hastily at his own joke, and turned to descend the companion by which they might reach the bathrooms. Here they met the parson, a wild figure in a bath-gown and a beaver, and their cheery tones greatly encouraged that good, if troubled, man.

"I am glad to see that it is such a fine day, doctor," the Vicar began.

His confidence was childlike; the merry doctor delighted in it.

"It'll blow door-mats just now, Vicar. Is your will made? Are you quite ready?"

"Ready for what? You don't mean to say—God bless me, you don't mean to imply that there is any fresh danger?"

"Safe as a balloon—every one of us. Why, man, you're not afraid? Let me tell you something, in confidence—mind, strict confidence. Bring nothing but flannel clothing when we take to the boats. It'll never do for the chaplain to take a chill—ounds, I should feel personally guilty!"

He brushed past and went his merry way to the bath-room. Every one he met felt better for his presence. The ship loved "Freddy," and there was not a man of the crew aboard who would not willingly have risked his life for him. The Vicar, however, thought him shallow; he told Murray as much.

"I don't approve of such levity in the face of peril and the divine displeasure. Dr. Cooper should think more seriously of the suffering souls on board this steamer."

"Are you speaking for yourself, Vicar?" was Murray's question.

"I am speaking for a great many who choose that I shall be their mouthpiece. It is very evident to me that the situation is most grave. I shall speak to the captain about it at the breakfast table. Many of us have important engagements in London—Miss Golding, for instance, is about to be married. I am sure that every effort should be made to avoid what must prove a lamentable delay."

Murray looked him through and through with piercing eyes which seemed to fathom the very depths of his imbecility.

"Oh, of course," he said. "The captain's just a bad lot. Tell him so and give him some hints. It would be most unfortunate if Miss Golding's wedding were postponed—her husband might have to pay for the breakfast, or owe for it, which is the fashion in his set. I should suggest that divers be sent down to fish up the missing propeller. It's no more than a mile or so to the bottom, I think, and they might catch a mermaid. Say, Vicar, what a chance for you—eh? A mermaid to lead the anthem on Sunday! She'd have to put her fin in the bag—or would it be her tail?

Well, I envy you. Let us go and drown our sorrows in the bath. We may as well die clean, though dirt used to make for holiness. Will you come?"

He turned to look back upon the top step of the companion, but the parson declined the invitation and went off in some alarm to any who would listen to his tale of woe. He was so entirely unselfish; it was not for himself, but for those dreadfully busy men, and for that poor Miss Golding. The Rev. St. John's heart swelled for Jessie. He seemed to imagine that the world would come to an end if she were not delivered into the arms of the amorous nobleman who pined for her in England.

Jessie, in her cabin, was quite unaware of this fatherly interest. She had passed a troubled night, but her trouble had no concern whatever with the accident or its possible consequences. She relied so absolutely upon the skill of the officers and the size and majesty of the steamer that the idea of a real calamity never entered her head. Her wakeful hours were the fruits of that chance encounter with a man whose personal magnetism she could not resist, resent it as she might. Murray West stood before her in imagination wherever she turned. She seemed to feel the gaze of his eloquent eyes even in the privacy of her cabin.

Nor did she believe that any common chance had thrown them together upon the Winona. Murray, she said, had been her brother Lionel's friend; he knew how her brother had died. She did not believe, never had believed, that his was the hand by which Lionel fell; but his secrecy piqued her pride, and the masterful habit of speech and act hurt the vanity of one who had been the spoiled child of self-will since her earliest years. Why was he not frank with her? What right had he to command her confidence and exact her obedience? She fretted at her own inability to win from him that servile homage which had followed her everywhere in New York.

Was she not the daughter of Bernard Golding, by whose leave men walked about the earth? This Murray West appeared to be unaware of it. He treated her as if her father were the possessor of a mere competence. She deter-

mined to put herself beyond his influence so soon as they touched at Liverpool; and reminding herself that she would have much to do when she was married, and that occupation would be good for her, she sat up in her bunk and awoke her Aunt Eva.

"Aunt, isn't it time to get up? Do look at your watch—mine hasn't any fingers."

Aunt Eva, the tip of whose nose alone appeared above the bed-clothes, indulged in a sustained grumble and turned angrily upon her left side. It made no difference to Jessie.

"You're not angry, are you, aunt? If I lie here any longer, I shall be looping the loop—oh, my, why do ships go up and down?"

Aunt Eva opened her eyes and snapped a response.

"Whatever are you doing, child? Go to bed again this instant. I'm sure it's not six o'clock yet."

"Then it ought to be," said Jessie decidedly. "There's nothing I hate so much as waking up in the middle of the night and finding it isn't breakfast time. When I live at Monkton Castle—oh, my poor head!—I shall have breakfast going all night. It won't matter then. Nothing will matter but diamonds and Buckingham Palace."

Aunt Eva sat up and brushed the scanty curls from her forehead.

"Oh, dear," she cried, "what a dreadful storm! How can you walk about, Jessie? I'm sure something has happened. I shall send for the captain and inquire."

Jessie drew a shapely stocking over an equally shapely foot, and continued her remarks upon matrimony.

"If Gerald's fond of the sea, I shall get a divorce," she said savagely. "It's all very well to talk about the ups and downs of life, but I'm not taking any. I feel just as if I could die to slow music and float away on a piece of seaweed. Aunt, will you have *pâté de foies gras* for breakfast, or what? Do you think you could take a little cream if I brought it? Don't mind troubling me."

Aunt Eva groaned aloud as a terrific sea hit the ship, and everything in the cabin went flying headlong toward the ceiling.

"Gracious me, is the ship sinking?"

"Perhaps they're letting down the anchor," said Jessie meekly.

"In the Atlantic Ocean, child? What nonsense!"

"Well, don't contradict, then. I was talking about my wedding."

"It will only be in the providence of the good God that you will be married at all, child."

"Then I shall turn Mormon—a little bit of man is better than no man at all. I don't mean to die an old maid, aunt, because I'm not fond of dogs."

Aunt Eva snorted and buried herself in the bed-clothes again.

"This marriage has turned your head, Jessie," she said.

"No, it hasn't; but if this goes on the ship will turn—my——"

She lapsed into a moody silence, dressing herself carelessly, and gaining prettiness by her dishabille. Anon, as the wind combined to rise and the steamer to roll more heavily in the trough of a rising sea, Jessie ventured to the deserted deck, and discovered the seamen already knotting the safety lines which would be so necessary later when the storm gathered force.

Not yet had the captain given the order for all passengers to remain below, but it was expected momentarily, and Jessie herself bore witness to the need of it directly she quitted the shelter of the great companion; for the gale almost lifted her from her feet, and but for strong arms clasped about her suddenly she must have suffered an injury. Her fear forbade her, for a moment, to force herself from that close embrace; but she trembled in spite of herself, and recognized a helplessness she would not readily confess.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried at last.

The Rogue released her, but still kept the fingers of his left hand upon her arm.

"Be careful," he said with a laugh. "You nearly went bundling into the parson's cabin. I don't think the reverend gentleman would have been quite prepared to receive you. Nasty morning, isn't it? There's worse to come."

Jessie looked at him from under heavy lids half covering laughing eyes which the weird light made violet.

"It's destiny!" she exclaimed petulantly.

"What, that you should knock at the parson's door?"

"No, that—well, you know, and I shan't tell you. Let me go, please!"

He released her instantly. The wind blew the hood of her cloak back from her face, and sent the flaxen curls rippling about her little ears. Away, as far as the eye could see, the great Atlantic rollers, each like a wall of jade which the sea foam balustraded, came on in an eternal procession, as if the good ship beckoned them to her destruction. Jessie could not stand against the anger of the gale. She was beaten backward into the arms which awaited her.

"You are determined to awake the parson, then?"

"Oh, do let me go, Mr. West! Help me down-stairs while there's anything left of me!"

"Certainly; shall it be as a stranger?"

She looked at him almost with tears in her eyes.

"What sent you into my life?" she asked. "Why is it always you when I call out?"

"Accident, plain accident. Just steady yourself by the rope there. That's better. We shall do very well now, as strangers, of course."

He helped her to the head of the great staircase, and there she lurched to one of the seats and sat heavily, the spray still upon her gown and her cheeks ruddy. Her intention to be silent, wilful, obstinate, melted away every moment at the Rogue's touch and the regard with which his eyes followed her.

"Oh," she said, with a wild endeavor to save appearances and such truant curls as could be captured, "what am I to do now? However am I to get back to my cabin?"

"Much better stay where you are; it's less conventional and more airy. Breakfast is not a meal to be appreciated on such a morning as this. I should recommend a cup of tea."

"Why, yes, but who's to bring it? If I could walk on the tight-wire—"

"Unnecessary, and not particularly becoming. I'll bring the tea."

He brought it, and she gulped it down thankfully. Everywhere on board the cry was for fruit and tea. Cabin stewards looked into the great saloon and declared that there were not twenty breakfasters. Jessie watched the seaman who came to close the steel shutters over the skylight of the staircase; and, hearing the captain's order that every port must be thus fended, she admitted her uneasiness.

"Is it as bad as that? Are we going to have a real storm?" she asked.

"Something very like it. The wind is almost due west—it should carry us toward the Irish coast, if that's any satisfaction to you."

"But it isn't. I don't want to go to Ireland; I want to go to London, to my fiancé."

"I sympathize from the very profundity of my heart."

"You don't—you're rather glad. Why aren't you honest about it?"

"No one is honest about a wedding. The parson who marries you, the bridegroom who declares that the bride is the only woman he ever loved, the bride who declares that she will be obedient, the old woman who gives you plated spoons and says they are silver—none of them is honest. I should be sorry to prove an exception. When I go to a wedding, being a man, I ask myself whom the bride loves. I am generally rather confident that it is not the bridegroom at the altar—at least, in fifty cases out of a hundred. In your case I should have no doubts whatever."

"You are very rude—"

"The rudest man you have ever known. Agreed. It is often rude to tell the truth. I know it, but truth is a woman, and should not be lied about. Will you have another cup of tea, or shall I leave you to your reflections?"

"I won't have any tea, and you may go away if you want to."

He stood up, and, taking the teacup from her, lifted his hat and turned to leave her.

"À bientôt!" he said, and added: "as strangers, of course."

"How I hate you!" said Jessie.

(To be continued.)

Be It Ever So Humble.

HOW GUY WATSON SECURED THE NECESSARY INGREDIENTS OF AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

JOHN PIERCE, the millionaire, who was making a great country seat near the village of Hale, did not buy the four acres of tangled woodland across the pike, simply because he did not need them. His own ideas as well as the plans of his landscape architect considered them superfluous.

Guy Watson bought the property because it was cheap and because it was picturesque, and furthermore because he believed that in the course of time the coming of the millionaire to Hale would have a decided effect upon real estate values, and would enable him to sell out at a profit.

At first Watson's bit of land was a mere speculation; but one Sunday afternoon he made a visit to it, and instead of spending a few minutes, as he had intended, he found evening drawing near before he got through with his explorations. As he stood on the turnpike and looked at his estate, a new gladness came upon him. It was his. He owned it. Of all the vast earth this part belonged to him. Of the millions and millions of acres of the world, four really, absolutely, and unquestionably were in his name. He felt bigger. He had a new relation to mankind. An interest he had never known before was his.

Watson had dabbled in sciences that did not actually belong to the engineering course, and so he began to examine his four acres from every point of view—including trees, insects, springs, rocks, soils, snakes, and all the objects that nature can put into a piece of rocky land that slopes somewhat abruptly, and that has springs near the top and marsh at the bottom. Then he began to use his holidays working upon the place, cutting out the useless things, and draining the marsh until he had a pretty little stream instead of a bog.

Without knowing it, he had fallen in love with his four acres. He walled in

the spring near the top of the land, and it seemed to him that no water on earth was so pure and sweet as that which bubbled from its depths.

One afternoon he had lingered in his paradise, which he named Hillcrest, until the sun began to go down. He started to town for his supper, but he could not help stopping on the top rail of the old fence. There he sat with his back to the road, peering through his beloved trees at the sky, and oblivious to everything but his estate. It was just at the top of the hill, and the rail on which he was sitting had known many years of hard weather.

Suddenly there was a break, and a finely built young man turned a back somersault down the decline that led to the road. The performance was a little irregular and erratic, but under the circumstances it was as graceful as could have been demanded by any reasonable person—even by the young woman who was approaching the brow of the hill from the direction of the village.

Watson had not heard the noise of the horse's hoofs; and small wonder, because they were treading in sand. He had quickly jumped up, and was about to rub his uninjured neck, when he saw the smiling face—and then he saw something not quite so pleasant. The splendid horse had taken another view of a young man falling off a fence and somersaulting down a hill, and had shied; the reins slipped from the young woman's grasp, and in an instant the animal had sprung forward, and she had fallen to the road.

Watson forgot all his aches and pains and ran to her quickly. He found her in a dead faint. He tried to bring her back to consciousness, summoning all the ready helps in cases of accident that he could recall; but her eyes refused to open. Without more ado, he took her in his big, strong arms and carried her

to his spring. There he took off his coat and spread it under her, and then he poured upon her face cupfuls of the cool water.

Presently the eyes opened. There was a deep breath, a sigh, a look of wonder—and consciousness was restored.

"Oh, yes, I remember!" she said. "But how did I get here?"

"You—ah—came," the young man replied, mentally congratulating himself upon the evasion.

"But you led me?"

"Oh, yes," he said.

"Then I fainted here at the spring?"

"You were unconscious here at the spring," said Watson, who would not lie, but who did not much mind playing with the truth.

"Thank you—thank you—very much. I feel quite myself now, and I must be going."

Watson helped her to rise. He realized her fine qualities—a form that was not too large or too small, a face strong, tender, and open; mouth, eyes, and nose all good, and hair that was lovely, though pitifully wet—altogether not a great beauty, but a very satisfactory sort of young woman.

"You are weak, and I shall be glad to escort you home."

"Oh, that is not at all necessary," she replied. "I am all right, and I know the way."

"I am the owner of this property," declared Watson with a smile which hid not a little pride, "and I have a right to see that my guest shall have a safe escort, even though it be myself. Besides, it is growing towards dusk."

"Oh, there is Peggy!" exclaimed the young woman, taking no time to answer Watson's observations.

"But you should not ride that horse after the experience you have just had," he protested.

"Not ride her?" she exclaimed incredulously. "Why, it was my fault that I fell. I was laughing at you and the broken rail, and the reins slipped from me. It wasn't Peggy's fault at all. Besides, if Peggy ever thinks I'm afraid of her, that will be the last of my control over her." They had reached the road. "What do you mean by throwing me?" This to the horse.

Peggy's eyes looked as if she wanted to say: "Because the young gentleman's queer actions scared me, miss."

"Kneel!"

Peggy obeyed.

The young woman extended her hand to Watson, saying, "I thank you for your very great kindness."

"And I beg your pardon for tumbling off that fence and causing all the trouble. I beg you to think that that is not my usual way of getting down hills."

She had seated herself calmly in the saddle, and was still laughing at Watson's remark, when she gave Peggy the command to rise. With more thanks, and with the final sight of a young man standing in the middle of the road with upraised hat, she cantered off.

Watson got to his boarding house in time for that section of supper whose geography lies just within the Arctic Circle.

"Did you hear the news?" asked the village gossip. "The Pierces have moved into their big house."

John Pierce's heart was as big as a bull movement in Wall Street, where he was a popular and active figure; so when he had finished his mansion, he sent out a general invitation to the villagers to inspect it, not only desiring the approval of his neighbors, but feeling that their good will would mean easier times for him in the future.

Watson was not among the many who went through curiosity. He had found a perfect site for just the kind of house he wanted—half way down his hill, with old trees around it, and a view that stretched far over the valley to the uplands miles away. Consequently, he had begun to study house plans, and to calculate what could be done with his surplus and his savings from his salary. The result was a compromise between a house and a bungalow, a simple affair that cost a great deal less than one of John Pierce's small stables.

And so he began. The spring gave him his water supply, the drainage problem was easy, and lumber was cheap. Labor could be hired; he inspected every bit of work that was done, and had it done his way. There gradually rose his own modest home, where he

might in the future find surcease from the world and from boarding houses.

Now the engineer at the head of John Pierce's elaborate scheme of landscape treatment was in the city, ill, and the workmen had come to a point in the designs which they could not understand. Mr. Pierce had heard of Watson, and at once called upon him to straighten out the difficulties. They were picking out the necessary drawings in Mr. Pierce's library when the young woman of the adventure came in.

"I have met Mr. Watson before," laughed Miss Pierce, when her father started to make the introductions, and Watson bowed and smiled.

"I hope you reached home safely," he said, but conversation between them was cut short by a question from the millionaire.

"You ride?" he asked Watson.

"Oh, yes, I spent five years engineering in the West."

"Then I'll order horses, and we'll ride over to that part of the farm and see what is the matter. Here, James, have my horse and the chestnut ready as soon as possible."

"And mine," added Miss Pierce.

Thus it began—or, rather, thus it continued. The three galloped to the point of the difficulty, and Watson straightened it out in short order.

"Well," declared Pierce, "it does beat thunder how much a little knowledge will do. But you came for the day, Mr. Watson, and we'll keep you anyhow."

"No," replied the young man. "My work's done, and I'll get back to the mills."

"Well, at least we'll take a canter around the place and have a bite before you go."

But just then came a servant riding rapidly to tell Mr. Pierce that he was wanted on the long distance telephone—for John Pierce never got away from Wall Street so long as he could carry a wire with him.

"Kate, I'll leave Mr. Watson to you," he shouted as he rode away.

So her name was Kate, and she was the daughter of John Pierce!

It was a day of days, and Kate Pierce's spirits were high and fine.

They swept away Watson's reserve like a breeze lifts a morning mist. Both were riding noble animals which seemed imbued with the general liveliness. Mile after mile was covered, and roads that seemed to lose themselves in beautiful woods led to new delights. They had worked around the larger hill, and there was a road homewards, rising and dipping on newly made grades. The horses had been going faster and faster, and when they struck a straight course they lengthened out for a spurt.

At the bottom was a turn, and the chestnut Watson was riding lost her feet and rolled. He jumped as quickly as possible, but one foot caught in the stirrup, and the horse's body fell upon it. Then, with a splendid effort, as if to make amends for the accident, the chestnut rose and began to run; but more swiftly than it takes to tell it, Kate Pierce had urged her horse to its side and had caught hold of the bridle. Otherwise poor Watson might have been dragged either to his death or to a long stay in a hospital.

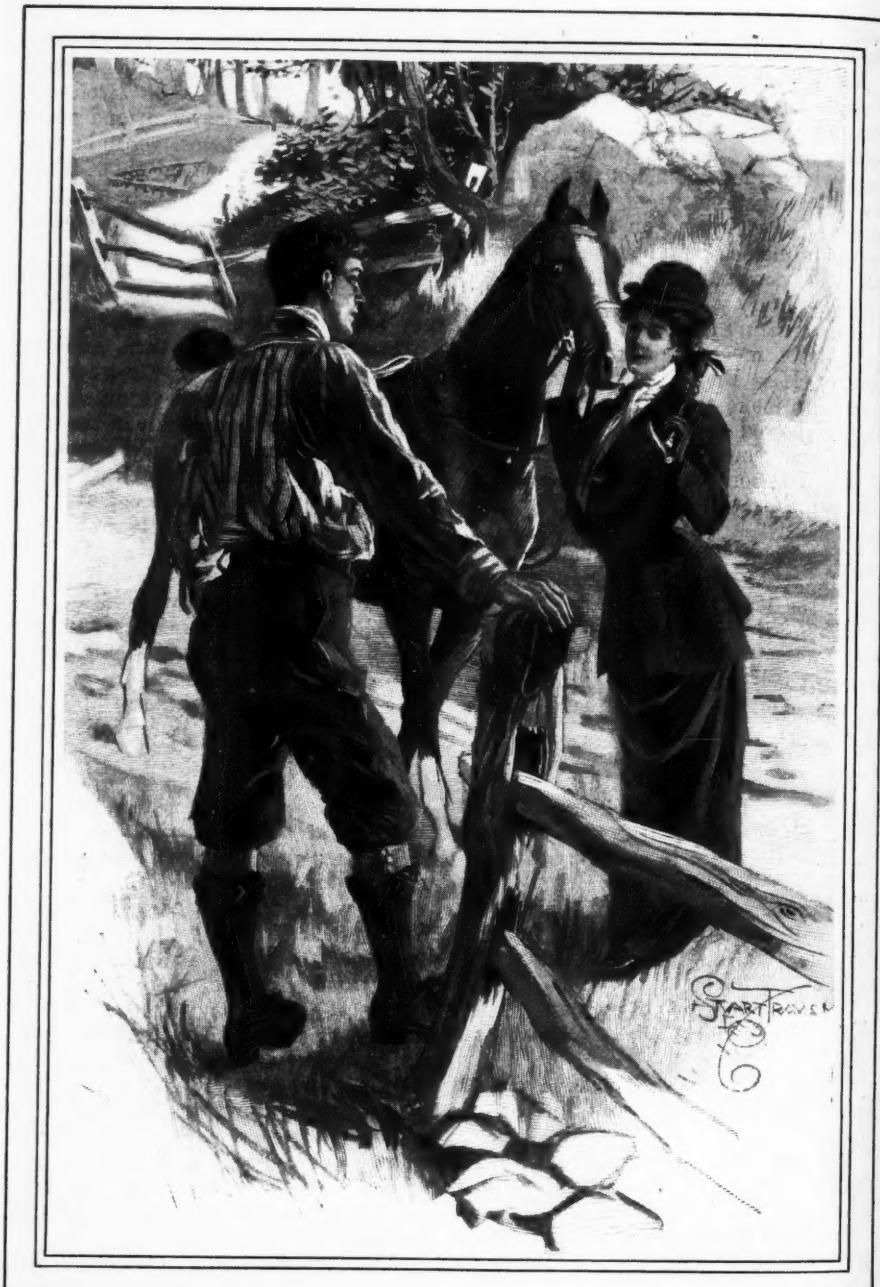
As he untangled himself he exclaimed: "That was beautifully done—beautifully!"

"Are you hurt?"

"I never saw it done better, and I've ridden wild horses on the plains," he added, and remounted without answering her question.

But when they reached the house Watson had to admit the truth. His limp told the story, and while he was not seriously injured, there was a very disagreeable twist in the foot. But he laughed at aid, and ate luncheon without betraying any of the emotions that the sharp twinges were giving him. The spell of the morning was still upon him, and his conversation won John Pierce, who recognized in him a man of matters as well as of manners. So Watson was pressed to call, and he did call, bringing his limp with him.

Then, after a while, he declined invitations, and his calls ceased, for Watson had reached the fork of the road. He argued it out with himself. He was perfectly safe in spending his affections upon his house. He was wasting time falling in love with Kate Pierce. So when he started forth he did not turn



"IF PEGGY EVER THINKS I'M AFRAID OF HER, THAT WILL BE THE LAST OF MY CONTROL OVER HER."

to the right, that led to the Pierce mansion, but went his quiet way to the left, where lay Hillcrest.

The Pierces were loath to let him off,

because society around Hale was scarce, and Watson was a good person to have at the table. Kate Pierce found in him the interest that appeals most to all

healthy women—manliness, and with it a feeling of comfort that makes conversation and its occasional silences natural and good. She had never thought of analyzing her heart and finding Watson's name written upon it, any more than she had of discovering that of all creatures, next to her father, the best beloved of her soul was her horse Peggy. So life went along, and Watson's house kept on going up.

Kate was riding one day when, without intent or expectation, she took the left of the fork. Presently she saw Watson limping along, and she reined in her animal and spoke. They prodded this way for the mile that stretched to Hillcrest.

She twitted him on his devotion to his little house, and said she was preparing to believe the village gossips who could not see why a young man should build a house just for himself. She asked about the supposititious bride.

"She is fair," said Watson with a smile. "She has glorious hair, a form molded by the gods, a face as tender as it is beautiful, a heart as brave as it is good, a soul as pure as it is holy, and she can cook."

"From what heaven will you bring this paragon?"

"Oh, I don't expect to bring her at all. She is as impossible for me as any other angel. And yet I have held her in my arms and soothed her lovely brow with my own unworthy hand."

"And you're going to live in your little house with your books and your ideal—for you know there isn't any such person as you describe?"

"Oh, yes, there is, but to me she will be an ideal, and I can worship her from afar without her knowing anything about it. And," he added with a little laugh, "it's so much safer. If she should come to my little house, perhaps she would cook nothing but angel cake."

They had reached Hillcrest by this time, and Kate touched the whip to Peggy and was gone.

Watson went into his home, now partly furnished. Meager did it look, but it was his and he was happy. He had been there fully two hours when he heard the approach of wheels.

The driver was urging his horses at full speed. As soon as he came within calling distance of Watson, the man asked him to get into the carriage at once. He was wanted. Miss Pierce had sent for him.

He found Kate in the parlor, her face as white as death, her eyes staring as though life had gone out of them.

"I sent for you," she said, "because papa and I were all our family in the world, and I thought possibly you would help me. He came home and said: 'My daughter'"—here she paused. "They will tell you the rest."

John Pierce had arrived on the last afternoon train, had walked up the steps of his mansion, and after uttering the two words had fallen—stricken by apoplexy. Watson took hold of things as best he could. He went to the telephone to call the village undertaker. Just as he did so the bell rang. It is not necessary to give the details, for it was the story told many times before—a crash in Wall Street, and the supposed fortune of John Pierce reduced to worse than nothingness. Watson ordered that no one but himself should use the telephone. In that way he could keep the news from every one, at least until the morning, and he was determined that Kate should not hear it as long as he could help it. They were trying hours for the young man, but he did the right things in the right way.

Instinctively Kate Pierce clung to him as she had done to no one except her father. Her only relatives lived in California, and they were almost as far away in kin as in distance. The hardest part for Watson came when he had to tell her of the loss of her fortune.

"Everything is swept away," he said finally, "but Hillcrest is almost ready for you."

The tragedy passed, and out of its darkness came a new light. They waited a few weeks, and then, one bright afternoon, after a quiet wedding, they made their way—their bridal tour—to the little house. On the mantelpiece Watson has carved "Be It Ever So Humble," and in the little kitchen more substantial things than angel cake are deliciously cooked.



PHILANDER C. KNOX, ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN MR. ROOSEVELT'S CABINET, AND CHIEF LEGAL ADVISER OF THE PRESIDENT.

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

The Men About the President.

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

THERE ARE ABOUT A DOZEN MEN, OF WHOM SOME ARE OFFICE-HOLDERS AND SOME ARE PRIVATE CITIZENS, WHOM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT MOST FREQUENTLY CALLS INTO CONSULTATION WHEN HE SEEKS THE ADVICE OF TRUSTED PERSONAL FRIENDS.

"**H**E listens carefully to what others say, then acts according to his own judgment."

Such was the terse reply when a close associate of Mr. Roosevelt was asked as to the President's way of deciding a

question. The statement is true, but it must not be understood that he regards no opinions but his own. He puts his personal view on trial as he would that of any one else. He tries to look at the matter in every possible light. His pre-

conceived ideas are modified without hesitation, if he sees where they can be improved, or wholly abandoned, should he find reason to believe them mistaken.

It is worth while to bring out this point, for the personality of the man who is the present head of our government has at times been misconstrued. In some quarters there is an impression that he acts almost entirely on his own responsibility. It has been said that the Cabinet exists merely to carry out his ideas.

It is perhaps well that Mr. Roosevelt does not entirely follow the precept that "in a multitude of counselors there is wisdom." He has literally thousands of correspondents who would help him steer the ship of state clear of the breakers. In the early days of the administration there were plenty of self-constituted mentors among the callers at the Presidential offices, Senators and Congressmen being particularly well represented; but as few of the suggestions they volunteered proved fruitful of any result, most of them eventually wearied of their work.

The personnel of the list of the President's friends and confidants indicates that he believes in quality rather than quantity when it comes to advice. He has selected men who have a reputation not only in statecraft, but in the various spheres of finance, industry, law, education, and commerce—each a specialist in his particular phase of human activity. It is a question if any of Mr. Roosevelt's predecessors consulted with so many people outside of the cabinet room. Some very important suggestions have come from men who are not members of his official family, but who have had the pleasure of knowing that the President deferred to their experience.

THE STATESMAN OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

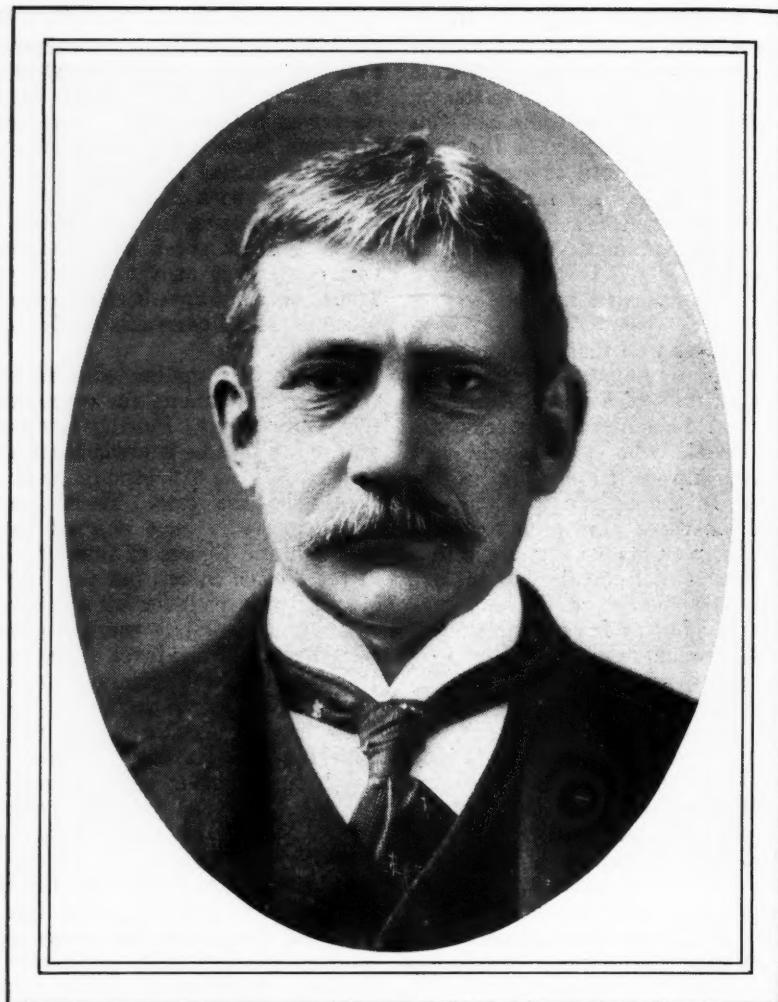
The episodes that marked the ending of the strike in the anthracite coal regions will long be remembered—especially the meeting in the cabin of a steam yacht in New York harbor between two men, one of whom was Mr. Pierpont Morgan and the other a member of the cabinet. Just what was said no one knows, except these two gentlemen and

Mr. Roosevelt; but the immediate result was a message to the mine owners which ended the greatest labor disturbance in the history of the country. Many a statesman has crossed the continent or has gone from the New World to the Old on "official business," but none, perhaps, has been entrusted with a more important mission than was Elihu Root when he represented the President in that conference on the Morgan yacht. There could not have been a more signal proof of Mr. Roosevelt's confidence in his ability.

Mr. Root is undoubtedly as highly valued as any among the counselors of the White House. Possibly it would be safe to say that he is preëminent in this respect. It is not strange that such should be the case. There are few Americans who have enjoyed the admiration and esteem of four presidents of the United States, but the "fighting lawyer" who paid for his education by teaching an up-State country school in New York, won the favor of Arthur and Harrison before McKinley gave him a portfolio and Roosevelt asked him to keep it. An Indian might call him The-Man-Who-Hates-Small-Talk. He has been described as "business clear through," with no time for trifling or triflers. He is quoted as little in the press as almost any man of first-rate prominence in public life, for the reason that he utters little for publication; but when he does speak, his words are always of moment. Not a military man in the accepted sense of the term, he has shown by his good work for the nation's army that he is thoroughly equipped for the position of Secretary of War, and that he is the head of the department in every sense of the word. And though his official field of labor extends nearly around the world, it is but one part of a public service whose value and significance are fully appreciated only by his superior.

MESSRS. HAY, KNOX, AND PAYNE.

It has been said that the present is a young man's administration. Though a few of those who have the ear of the executive are no longer young in years, they are in their prime of intellectual and even of bodily vigor. Secretary



ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF WAR, THE NEW YORK LAWYER, BUSINESS MAN, AND STATESMAN,
WHO IS PERHAPS THE CHIEF PERSONAL COUNSELOR OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

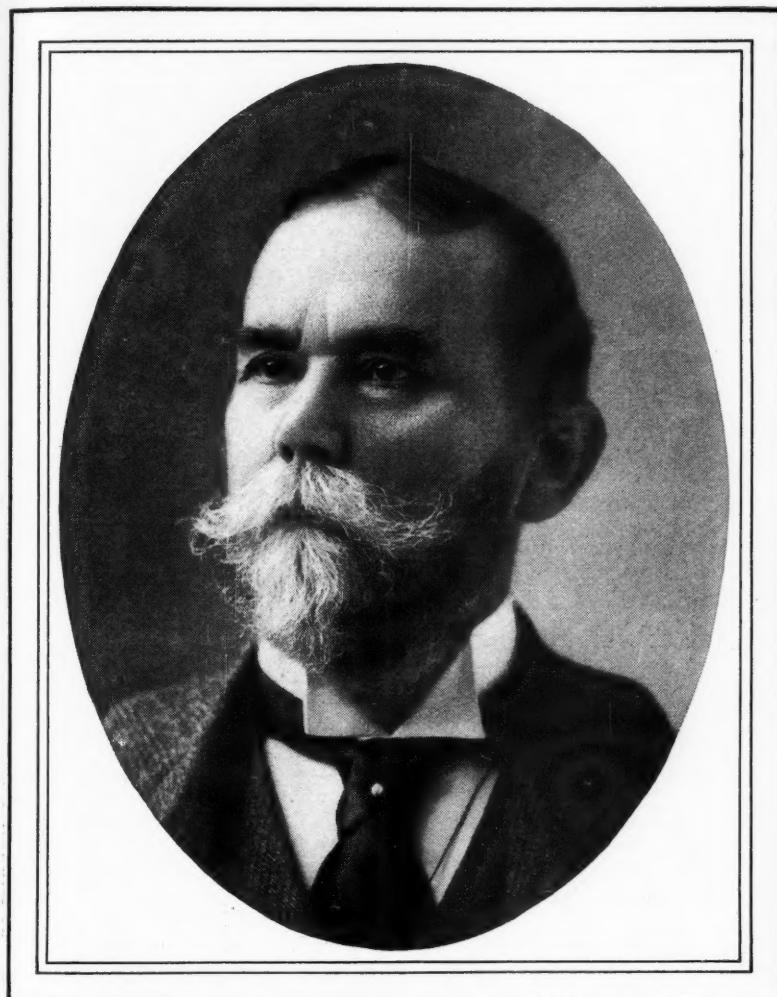
From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

Hay, throughout his long career as a diplomat, has been in touch with the younger men among whom he is a companion. He has thoroughly adapted himself to the necessities of our changed position in the family of nations. The choice of McKinley, he has become as closely associated with McKinley's successor. He has had to cope with some of the most delicate questions of state which have yet arisen—questions which need no description—but the manner in which he has disposed of them thus far has shown that he is well

fitted to represent his country in the new era upon which it has entered.

When the portfolio of the Attorney General was offered to a Pittsburg "corporation lawyer," some question was raised as to Mr. Roosevelt's motives. Time has shown that the mental equipment and the practical experience of Mr. Knox are essential for the position he holds. In dealing with questions relating to industrial and other combinations, the advice of an expert in such matters has been invaluable.

When the President wants advice on



JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, SOLDIER, AUTHOR, DIPLOMAT, AND STATESMAN, WHO IS THE SENIOR OFFICIAL OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CABINET.

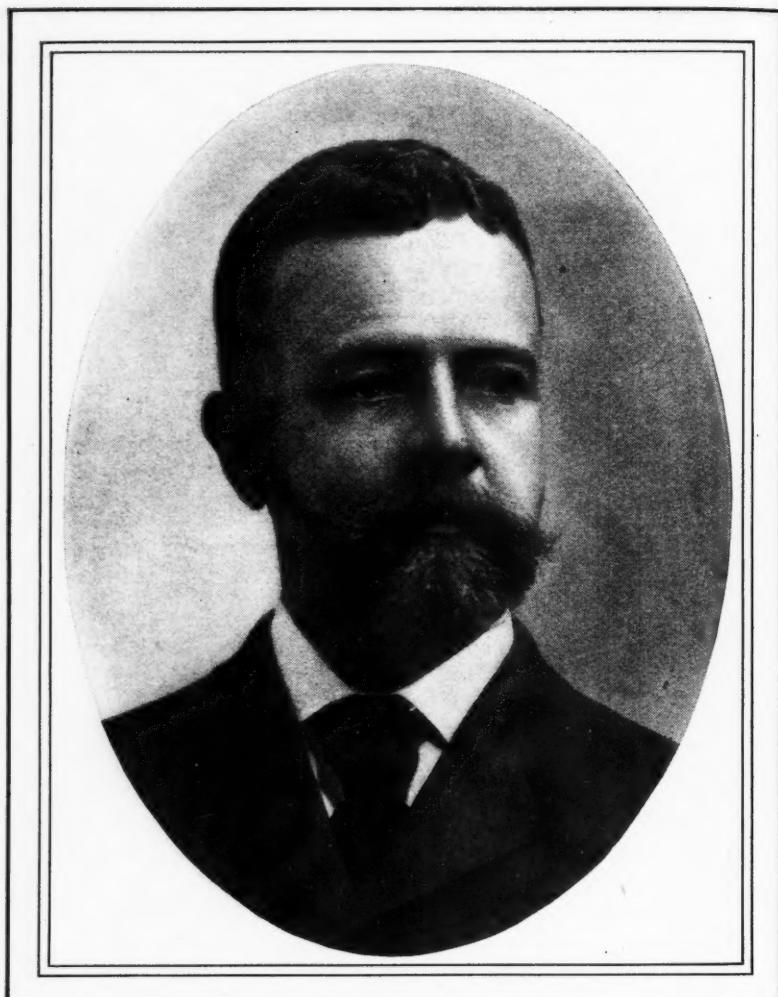
From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

politics pure and simple, Postmaster-General Payne is the man he usually summons. Mr. Payne is admittedly a politician, and one who does not hesitate to say so. He has mixed his calling with street railway management and other lines of business. A type of the Yankee who followed Horace Greeley's advice, he decided on Wisconsin as the scene of his operations, and "pulled off his coat," so to speak, to gain fortune as well as fame. Frank and open in manner, he is well versed in the gentle art of making friends, an art that has

much to do with political success. But the civil service advocate cannot quarrel with his appointment to the headship of the postal department, for during his ten years in charge of the Milwaukee post-office, he made it one of the best administered in the country. Mr. Payne is a thorough organizer, as well as a keen observer of the drift of public opinion.

THE PRESIDENT'S FRIENDS IN CONGRESS.

The Postmaster-General is present at an occasional conference in the Presi-



HENRY CABOT LODGE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS, WHO MAY BE CALLED
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SPOKESMAN IN THE SENATE.

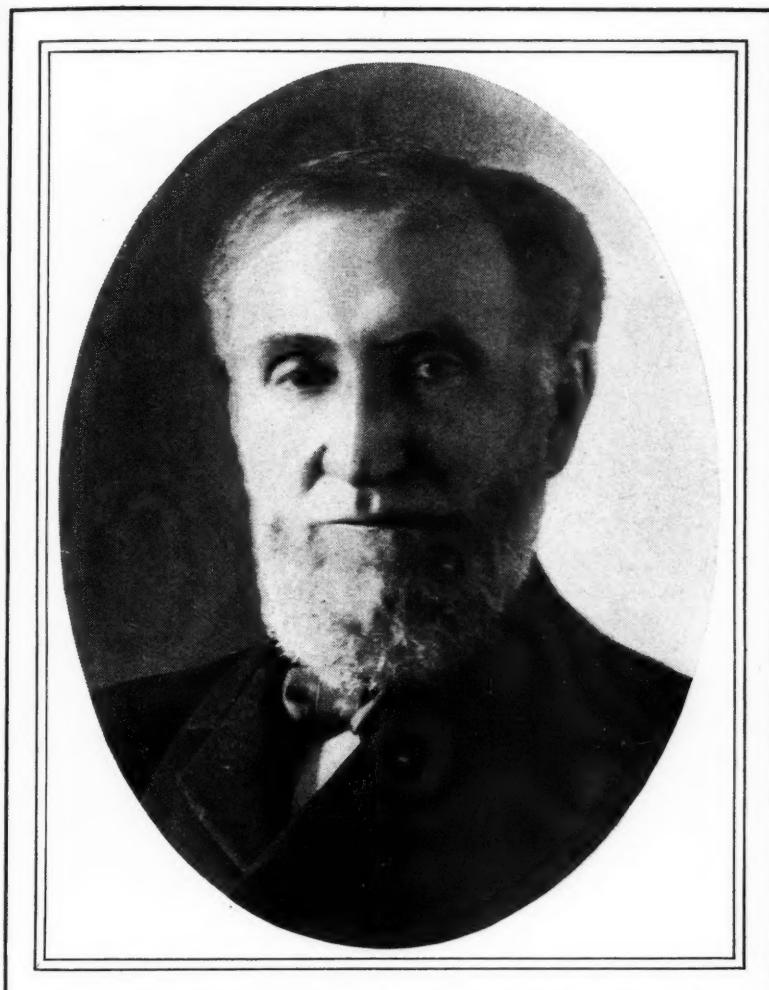
From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

dent's office, which is limited to two others besides Mr. Roosevelt and himself. It is a meeting of the East, represented by Senator Lodge, and the West, represented by Mr. Payne, and the rugged, honest old Quaker who holds what many regard as the most influential public office next to the Presidency. Speaker Cannon may be called the watch-dog of the administration as well as of the Treasury, for there exists an alliance of deep significance between the occupants of the Speaker's chair and

of the executive office. With Cannon in the House and Lodge in the Senate, two lookouts are on duty whose political interests are identified with Mr. Roosevelt's policy, and upon whom he can depend to scan every measure that comes up for Congressional action.

THE PRESIDENT'S UNOFFICIAL COUNSELORS.

In a New York building where some of the greatest combinations of transportation and industry have been conceived is the office of a man who could

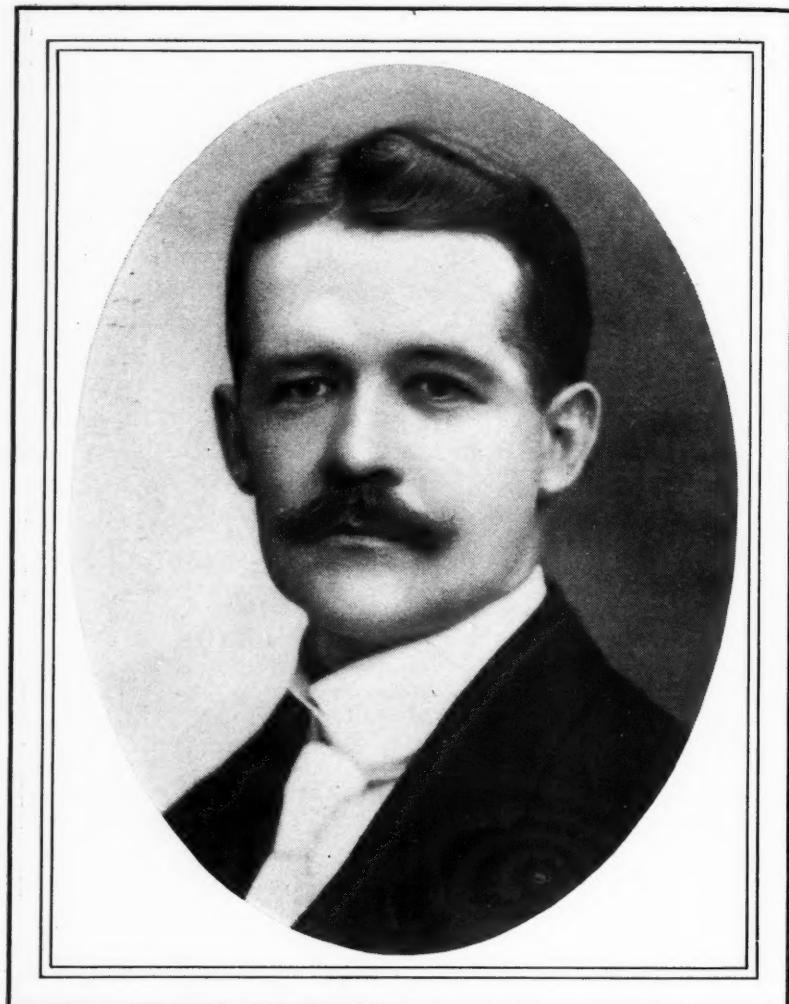


JOSEPH G. CANNON, OF ILLINOIS, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND A CLOSE POLITICAL ASSOCIATE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

From a photograph by Clinedinist, Washington.

probably have almost any position in the power of the President to offer. The relation which George W. Perkins bears toward Mr. Roosevelt is as unique as it is intimate. There is a certain likeness between Messrs. Root and Perkins, not only because they are self-made in every respect, but because they have similar traits and abilities. The president of the great life insurance company whose methods were revolutionized by Mr. Perkins said of him: "He can handle men as no other man I

ever saw." He can handle not only men, but governments. When he placed Russia in debt to an American corporation by negotiating the famous five-million-dollar loan—a transaction that may be said to mark a new era in international banking—Mr. Morgan realized here was the man he needed for his lieutenant. His first task as a partner of the famous financier was to map out the plan of the United States Steel Corporation. Even in this country of miraculous transformation, Mr.



GEORGE W. PERKINS, OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND OF J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY, ONE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FRIENDS AND COUNSELORS.

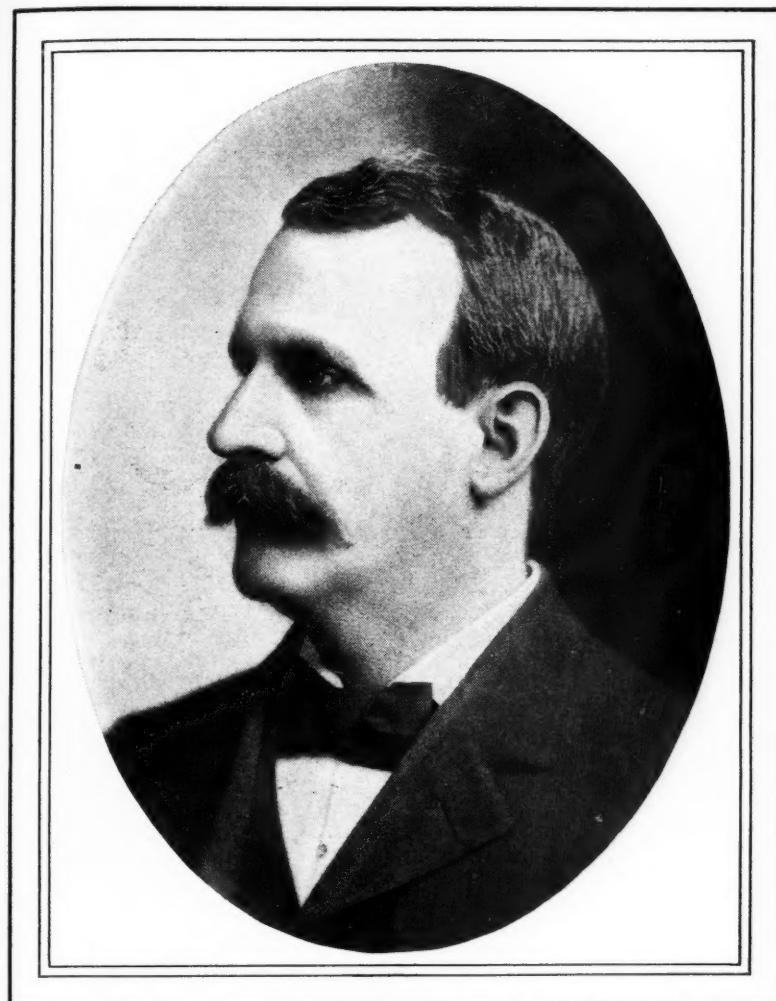
From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

Perkins' rise has been phenomenal. He possesses a wonderful power of hard work; and with his present business responsibilities he needs all of it; yet with all the demands on his time, the President has the benefit of his best thought whenever it is desired. Communications between the two men are far more frequent than the people at large might imagine, considering the present administration's attitude upon the so-called "trust question."

The President lost a valued friend

and counselor by the recent death of a veteran Pittsburg business man. Half a century ago, Benjamin Jones was classed with such American ironmasters as John Fritz and Abram S. Hewitt. He lived to see the furnace which he put in blast in 1845 expanded into an industry representing nearly as many millions in value as the years of its existence. Since Mr. Roosevelt became chief magistrate, Mr. Jones and his son have formed a source of advice on questions of labor and capital, and of

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HENRY C. PAYNE, POSTMASTER-GENERAL IN MR. ROOSEVELT'S CABINET, WHO IS REGARDED AS
THE PRESIDENT'S CHIEF ADVISER ON QUESTIONS OF PRACTICAL POLITICS.

From a photograph.

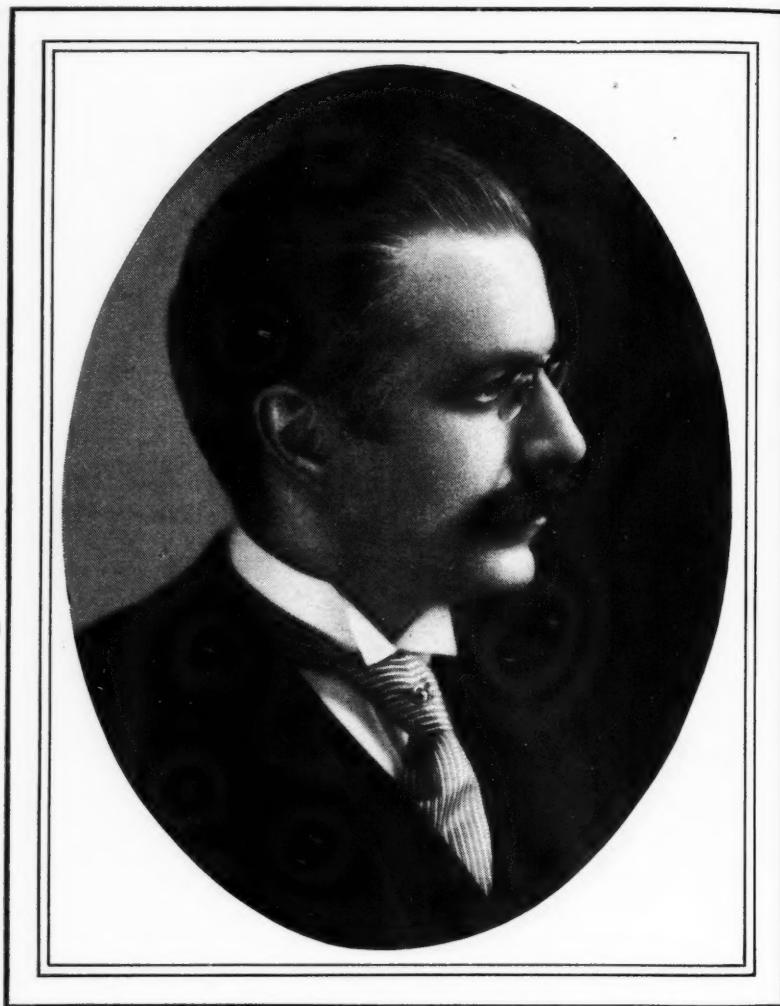
business matters in general, which has always been at the President's disposal.

Deeply as Mr. Roosevelt is interested in higher education, his intimacy with President Butler of Columbia University, who was with him during part of his recent Western tour, is largely due to the close study which Dr. Butler has given to schools of all grades. Young man as he still is—three years younger than Mr. Roosevelt, our youngest President—the head of New York's great university has had a

remarkably comprehensive experience as an educator. He has done an immense amount of work outside of his college class-rooms, and probably knows more about the common schools of the United States than any other man in such a position as his.

SECRETARY CORTELYOU AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

The story of the latest addition to the Cabinet need not be rehearsed here. Throughout George B. Cortelyou's career as stenographer and personal sec-

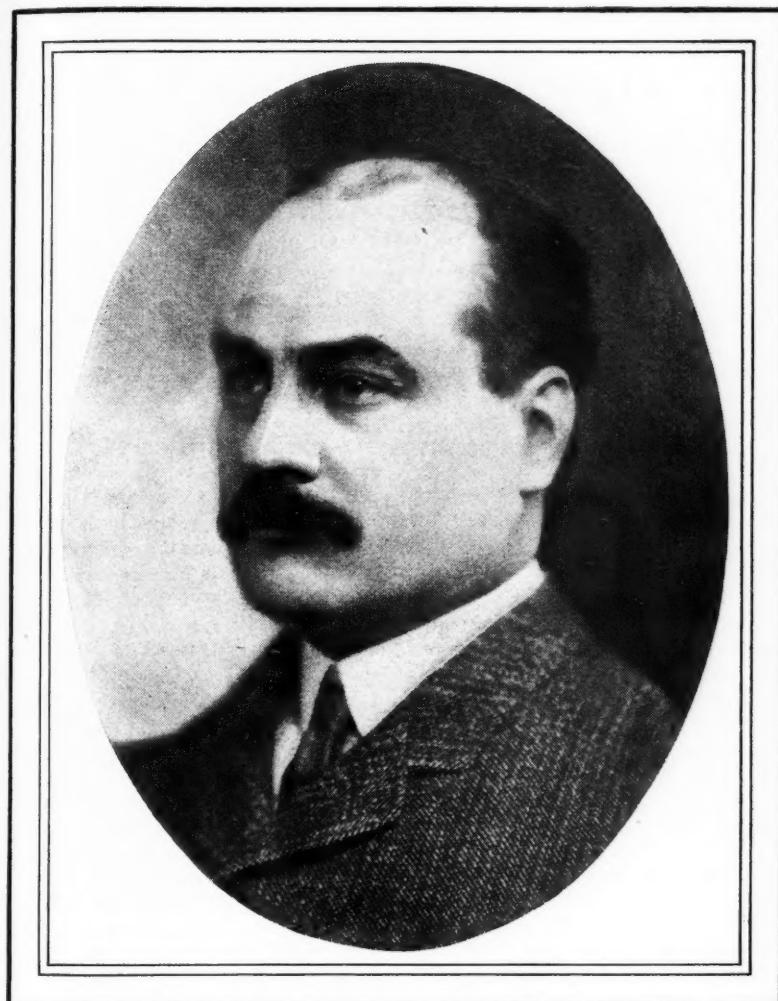


GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, SECRETARY OF COMMERCE IN MR. ROOSEVELT'S CABINET, FORMERLY
SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

retary, he took upon himself another duty. He so interested himself in the President's welfare that the nation came to regard him as responsible for it. The main requirement of his position may be simply stated—to do the right thing at the right time; and it is just because he has the rare capacity to meet this trying demand that he has attained his present place. Probably no one but his superior fully realizes Mr. Cortelyou's executive ability and faithfulness to his self-appointed trust.

It may be said that Mr. Cortelyou's mantle fell upon worthy shoulders when he retired from his position as the President's right-hand man and the trust was devolved upon William Loeb. Although one of the youngest of the officials about the White House, Mr. Loeb has been close to the present head of the nation from the time he took Mr. Roosevelt's dictation in the executive offices at Albany. His service has been conspicuously faithful and efficient, and his promotion is another proof of the Presi-



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, AN EXPERT IN EDUCATIONAL MATTERS, AND A FRIEND OF MR. ROOSEVELT.

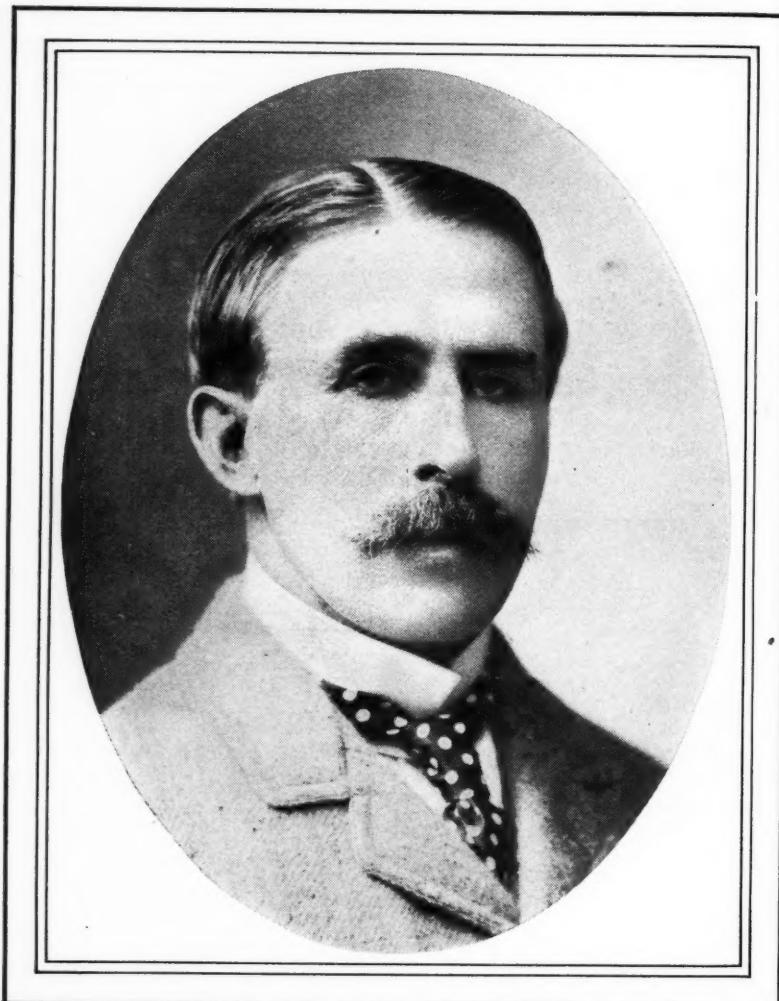
From a photograph by Alman, New York.

dent's belief in the principle of rewarding those who deserve it.

THE FIRST COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

"A young man who is clean of heart, high of thought, incapable of a mean or ungenerous action, and burning with the desire honorably to distinguish himself, needs only the opportunity in order to do good work for his country. We cannot possibly, for the present, do better than to take for our dependencies some man like General Wood, give him

the highest power possible both as to methods and subordinates, and then hold him to a strict accountability for results." Since Mr. Roosevelt made this public utterance, four years ago, Leonard Wood's record has more than justified it. Without entering into the unpleasant controversy that has arisen over the proper distribution of credit for the regeneration of Cuba, it is admitted that his work there showed high administrative ability and most unselfish devotion to duty.



MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, FIRST COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS, AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

When General Wood came back from Havana impaired in health, there could have been no criticism had he applied for an easy military berth. But there came to the War Department a letter asking that a certain officer might be appointed to command the department of Mindanao. It was an application for Leonard Wood, and signed by himself. The assignment, which has been granted, meant that the soldier-surgeon becomes responsible for the welfare and progress of two million people, most of

whom are Mohammedan fanatics and savage tribesmen. It is understood that the President is especially interested in the attempt to transform this teeming island into a model tropical dependency. And Leonard Wood will take up the work with the same conquering energy that has carried him so far since the time, little more than five years ago, when he and his friend Theodore Roosevelt, then an official in the Navy Department, undertook the raising of a regiment for service against Spain.

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THE BATTLE BETWEEN A WHITE MAN'S MEDICINE AND THE MYSTERIOUS POWER OF
A HAWAIIAN KAHUNA.

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD.

I.

ONE glorious morning in April, having finished his breakfast on the *lanai*, Dr. Karl Furtzhofer stood, booted and spurred, opening the black leather flaps of his pocket cases to assure himself that each tiny vial contained its quota of concentrated relief. Slipping the emergency cases into his pockets, he took out a small red morocco note-book, and reviewed his engagements for the day. Kawemanu's baby—meningitis. Mrs. Pualani Adams—complicated hysteria. Poicoi—measles. Samoan girl, at the hat-makers' settlement—dog bite. Lunch with dear Theresa. Below the luncheon engagement was a blurred note concerning golf at Moanaleua; but it would certainly be too warm.

Furtzhofer put up the memoranda, mounted his horse, and rode down to the embowered gateway. As he turned into the road a voice hailed him, and Loki, the guardian of his childhood, his native nurse, ran up gasping.

"Hello!" he exclaimed cheerily. "In town to-day, hey? Go in and tell Kiku to give you a drink of gin; it's on the sideboard."

Loki shook her head. "Thank you, not now. Oh, Aka, we have *pilikias*—troubles—up the valley. Five are dead already by *anana*, and two are sick. They would not have me come, but I told them how the *kauka*'s father had been the greatest doctor that ever lived. I kept on telling them until they have made answer that you must come and help. They will keep nothing back from you."

She spoke all in one breath, as one having learned a speech by heart.

Karl's spirits leaped with delight. At last he would be able to study the mysterious working of the death prayers—the

terrible incantation that subtly and surely annihilates an enemy, by what power the gods of ancient Hawaii alone can tell.

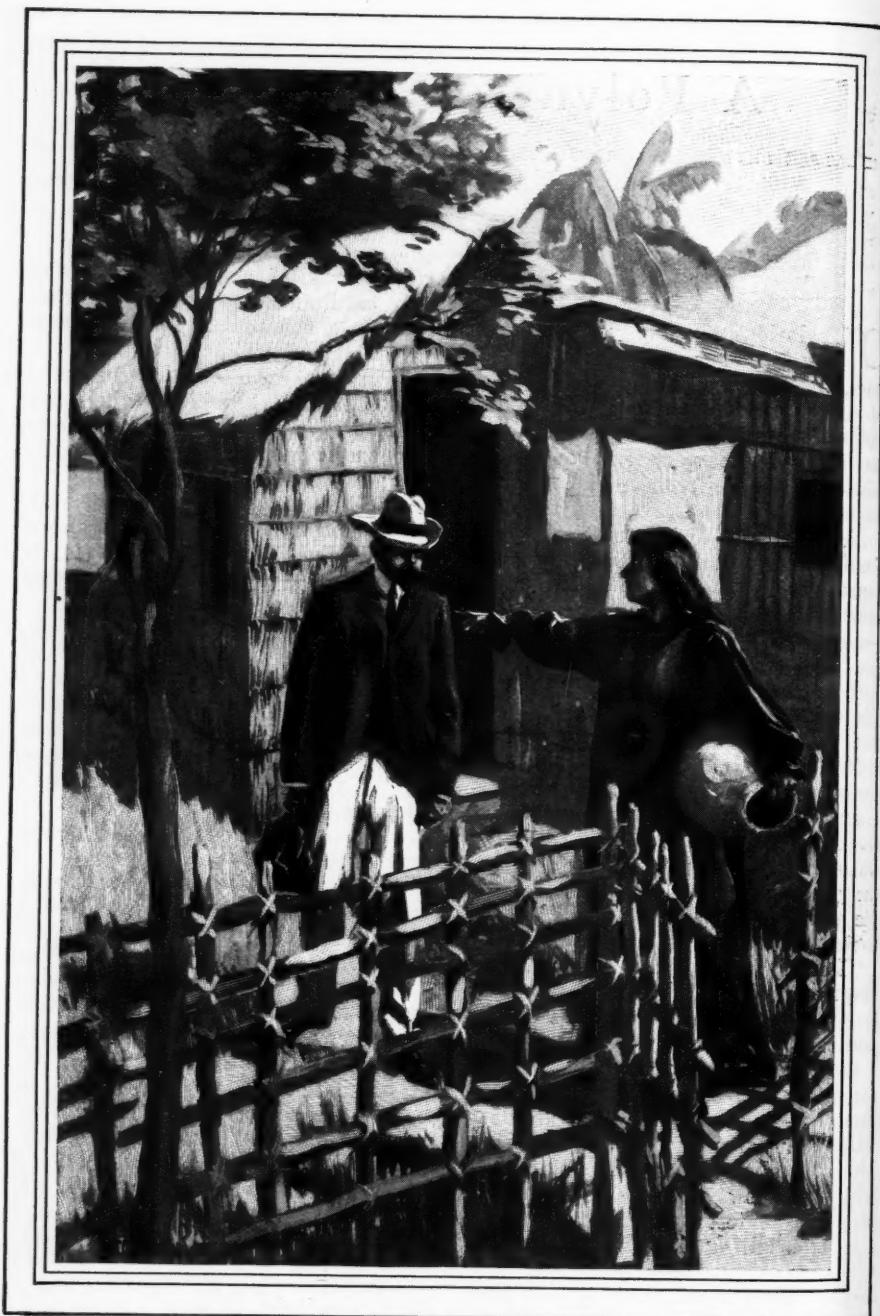
"Truly, yes, I will come," he answered gravely. "Tuna," he called to the stable boy, "put Fussy to the runabout, and Happahaolie back into his stall. My other patients will have to wait."

He smiled at his old nurse as she waddled beside him to the house, her ample form swaying from side to side in its wonderful cabbage-patterned purple *holoku*.

"And now, my dear," he went on, "sit here on the steps and tell me all about these people. Who are they? Not your own family, I know, because then you would be in a black mother hubbard and sporting ten inches of crape on your hat—you always did love style!"

Loki grinned and patted the young man's knee fondly.

"True, true," she said, speaking in English; "not my people, Karlie—not yet—but my sister Liliha is very sick. Pains here and here." She placed one hand upon her stomach and the other to her brow. "She get into quarrel because when Neula, the *kahuna*, come the last time to the house of Kaala, my sister tell her it was wickedness and sin that she pray innocent ones to death because she have ill-feeling to the family. Neula turn on her and say: 'When I am done with this one, I pray you down, also.' Liliha come tell me, for she very frightened. Pretty soon Kaala die, quick, because Neula look at her through the window. Then my sister come sick. She cry all night and no sleep, because she 'fraid Neula get her. Daytime all same, cry, cry. Twice every day the *kahuna* come. Walk by house, and look. Liliha, she scream and cry out that she going die sure. Her man talk to her,



"DID I NOT SAY SHE SHOULD DIE BEFORE THE NEXT NEW MOON?"

I talk, and we send for the minister come talk—no good. She get more sick and more sick. Then I tell her: 'I go get my *kauka*'s son. His father was a great

kahuna, and for many year Karlie go learn be a *kauka* himself in other countries. He speak native, he knows native man, and he will save for the sake of old

Loki, who nurse him when he little boy."

"Who is this Neula?" asked Karl, deeply interested.

"Neula? She is the daughter of Mo, who was *kahuna* on Lanai. She fall in love with Amosa Brown—*happahaolie*, half white; but Kaala's sister, she take him away from her. Then Neula, she pray first Amosa Brown to death, then she *anana* Alika, then Kaala, and the father and mother, and the cousin Louika, who lived with them. She swear she kill all the family, every one. My sister and a Kanaka, named Sola, they say to Neula, they going to tell Marshal Brown and have her arrested. Now Sola and Liliha both very, very sick. Ready go now?" she asked, as Karl sprang to his feet.

"Yes," he answered, flushed with excitement. "Here is the runabout. You want a 'prost' first, eh?"

He led the old woman into the dining-room, and poured out a tumblerful of neat gin. She tossed it down her open throat without winking.

"Aie! Good!"

"Come on, Loki, my overblown rose!" said the doctor.

He assisted her bulky form to the seat, took his place beside her in the trap, and the sturdy young trotter swung forward. They spun along the soft park road of Kapiolani, by the race-track and barracks, toward the hills. When they reached the valley road it proved to be as stony, muddy, and impassable as only a Hawaiian road can be; but they clattered and bumped over it at a good pace.

Palalo Valley is surrounded on all sides, except seaward, by cliffs of lava, thinly covered with ferns and a low growth of weeds and moss. A strip of rich, well-watered land lies in the center, with here and there native houses lost in clusters of banana and papaia trees. The picturesque huts of the Chinese market-gardeners occupy each dry island in the green sea of new-grown rice and lily-leaved taro. There is not a white man in the valley, and its human census would hardly pass a hundred. It makes little difference to the outer world what goes on up that rough path, fit only for the use of lean buckskin ponies, or the

soft pat, pat, of bare feet of Celestials as they trot along under the weight of laden baskets, swung from the ends of jolting shoulder poles.

At last they reached their destination—a hut set back from the road in a neglected garden. Gloom hung about the place. The trees were withered. The yellow pony staring over the fence was sick and lame. The house dog hardly raised his head as the stranger came in at the gate that hung listlessly open. Loki leading the way, Karl mounted the rickety steps and entered the main room.

The woman on the bed was a young and comely counterpart of her sister. She might once have possessed the cheerful embonpoint of the nurse, but fear and sickness had wasted her form till it lay upon the bed a huddled brown skeleton. Her great Polynesian eyes shone like twin black stars; the heavy, reddinged, black hair lay bound in two silky braids, contrasting by its luxuriance and vitality with the emaciation of the face.

"This is the *kauka* Furtzhofer's son, Liliha," said Loki gently. "He is a *kauka* too, and his father was a great *kahuna*. He says he can cure you, so tell him everything. I will go." She stepped out upon the *lanai*, threw herself among the red pillows, and crouched, watching the door.

Karl sat down by the bed in a matter-of-fact way, took the patient's hand in his, and noted her temperature and pulse, while appearing to administer only a comforting caress. "Fever," he commented inwardly. He glanced at the shrunken jaws. "This has been going on for some time. Wonder if it is too late.

"Tell me," he said aloud in the native speech, "have you done evil to your neighbor? Have you taken that which is not yours, or spoken ill of any one without justification?"

The woman shook her head.

"No," she answered weakly. "It is not that; it is *anana*."

"Yes?" he nodded. "What is your quarrel?"

The woman's face twitched nervously.

"I spoke in anger to Neula. She had prayed five to death in one household;

the last was but a child, who had done her no harm. She had killed Amosa and Alika. Was that not enough?"

"Where is the Bible?" he asked.

She turned her eyes in the direction of the little table by the bed. Karl picked up a worn volume, a translation in the native tongue. He opened it at random, glanced down the page, selected a verse, and read aloud:

"Though I walk in the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil."

The woman's eyes had followed his movements anxiously, as if fearing some fatal verdict. While he read her eyes cleared and her mouth relaxed.

"Fear no evil," she murmured.

"You see," said the doctor gently, as he put back the book; "you are to have no fear." He knew what store the Hawaiians set upon this mode of reading the future, and was confident that Liliha would gain courage from the favorable augury. He let her rest a few moments, then proceeded with his inquiries. "Tell me, what has this Neula done to you?"

"She came the first time," she answered with a shudder, "on the day that Kaala died. I had said that I, with my cousin, would go to the marshal and tell what she had done—"

Liliha stopped with a gasp, and rolled over in sudden agony.

"Oh, oh!" she screamed. "The pain!"

The doctor leaned over, looked at the blood-shot eyes, forced apart the set teeth, and looked at the swollen tongue. "H'm!" he said shortly, watching with dawning comprehension the agonized struggles of the wasted form before him.

The paroxysm passed as quickly as it had come; the woman fell back, silent and exhausted, while the sweat broke out all over her suffering body. Karl turned to Loki, who stood at the door, summoned by her sister's screams.

"What has she eaten?" he asked.

"Nothing but *poi* and fish, that is all," the nurse answered. "I made the *poi* myself."

"What kind of fish?" the cross-examiner continued.

"Any kind we can get. Our nephew goes every day to work at Waikiki beach, and stops long enough each night to spear something for Liliha."

"Have the rest of you ever eaten of the fish brought for her?"

She shook her head.

"Good!" he replied. "Now listen. She must eat no more of this gift; but let it be brought every day. Let every one think that she eats it. Wrap the next one up and give it to me. Make the *poi* yourself each day and wash the bowl well with water, into which you must melt the powder I will give you. I think I can see to what your prophetess owes the answer to her prayers. Your Neula, my dear Loki, is, in my opinion, a first-class reincarnation of Lucretia Borgia. You don't know the lady, do you? Well, if she had been born on the island of Oahu she would have been a most successful ananait. And now, Loki, tell me where the enchantress lives."

II.

TEN minutes' walk brought him to Neula's house. It was surrounded by a high, straggling hibiscus hedge covered with scarlet bloom, enclosing a large yard. A small garden was in cultivation, and the place was neat and prim. Behind it a stone enclosure sheltered several black hogs and a litter of little pigs. Furtzhofer looked about slowly. He noticed that beyond the enclosure, in the vacant ground adjoining, a growth of poisonous herbs had apparently come up at random, and that two rarer varieties were in the garden. A faint droning sound, like the distant swarming of a hive of bees, issued from the open door of the house.

The self-constituted detective crouched down, following the hedge till he reached the shadow of the stone pigpen. There he came upon a discovery that made him jump: only a rotten pineapple, with what looked like an arrow inserted in it. Karl approached. The arrow was a fine, well-made fish-spear, and Furtzhofer knew, as few white men know, that the juice of the rotten pineapple can be made a deadly poison. Not a few of the weapons in his rather complete South Sea collection had had their tips envenomed by that simple method. He looked at the pineapple as it lay negligently thrown on an ash-heap in the blazing sun; then he glanced at the

house again, and back at the imbedded fish-spear.

"So," he thought, "that's it! I wonder if the nephew knows. No," he argued, "I fancy not; she doctors his spears for him while he is away, and he uses them in all innocence. A very clever lady, Neula!"

He crept on till he reached the front of the house again. Entering softly at the gate, he slipped on tiptoe toward the door. Before him, on the floor, sat, or rather crouched, the witch-doctor. She was young and handsome, after a savage, mysterious fashion. Her unbound hair hung over her shoulders, shadowing her face. Her lips were well-shaped, though thick; her nose was wide-nostriled, high-bridged, and intellectual. Of her body he could not judge, for she was clad in a new black *holoku* that spread out upon the floor in stiff, crisp folds.

She rocked slowly forward and back, muttering something to a packet on the floor, with a terrifying concentration and energy. However she might assist her ends by direct methods, she evidently was a thorough believer in the added efficacy of prayer.

Karl watched with interest. Neula went on with her incantation and slow rocking, too absorbed to notice the intruder. At last his shadow, as he drew nearer, darkened the doorway. She stopped suddenly and raised two eyes blazing with such malignant power that they made the doctor wince. They were very large and bright, heavily lidded, and slanting toward the temples; wonderful eyes at any time, but as they gleamed at him, still full of the concentration of hate and fanatical excitement, they were nothing less than an event in the man's life.

Neula said nothing for a moment, but continued to look upon him with the bright, unwinking fixity of a snake. Then she rose slowly from her place on the floor, and moved toward him with a lithe, panther-like step, graceful and strong.

"Sorry to disturb you," said Furtzhofer, recovering himself; "but I was passing and saw your calabash on the steps. I thought possibly you might like to sell it."

"No," she said shortly, "I don't want

to sell." She examined him from head to foot venomously; but, glancing back at his cheerful, handsome face, her manner changed. "Below, at Kuumas," she added, "they have some they might let you have."

He raised his hat, thanked her, and took his departure in the direction she indicated. He found the place, and asked for calabashes. There being none at his price, he retraced his steps. Neula was not to be seen as he repassed the house and made his way back to the deserted gateway where his horse was tied.

Loki met him with the information that her sister had fallen asleep. After giving a few more instructions, he took his leave of the tearfully grateful nurse, and drove slowly home. For many reasons he felt it his duty to inform on the poisoner at once. He had sufficient proof to place her in confinement; still, the evidence was so circumstantial that she might eventually escape her well-earned punishment. Better wait for further developments, he thought; besides, he was more than anxious to study the woman and fathom her methods. She was too interesting a case to sacrifice.

On reaching home, he ordered the cook to make and bottle a strong beef broth. He would see that his patient received plenty of unpolluted food. Then he joined "dear Theresa" for afternoon tea, and listened with one ear to psychological platitudes.

The next day, bright and early, he was on his way up the valley. He found his patient stronger, for she had rested well. The fish that Aka had brought lay folded in a *tie* leaf, waiting for his inspection. He stayed long enough to see Liliha sit up, propped with pillows, and drink the bottled broth with evident relish. Then, taking the suspicious package, he returned to his home.

He took the fish to his private study and examined it carefully. There were dark rings about the holes left by the tiny trident, and, as he expected, analysis revealed the presence of poison. He telephoned for a fellow practitioner, to corroborate his discovery against the time of testimony, but he refused to reveal more than the bare outlines of the case. He did not propose to share the excitement with any one.

A few days more and the doomed woman was on her feet, though still weak. Karl had counseled strict caution. No one must know of the recovery. On the contrary, inquiries were to be answered with lamentations. Neula must have no suspicion of the failure of her arts.

III.

ALL went successfully till on the fifth day, as he left the cabin, he came face to face with the *kahuna*, who had evidently been peering through the window. She showed no fear, but looked at him with the same gaze of concentrated malice he had already seen in her eyes.

"Will you buy my calabash, *kauka*?" she asked slowly. "I came to ask if you still cared for it." She laughed mirthlessly. "So Liliha is well, is she? Good! For how long, hey? You do not know, but I do. Did I not say she should die before the next new moon? There are still three days; plenty of time!"

A low moan of terror warned them that Liliha had heard the sentence. The doctor descended a few steps and advanced toward the girl. She retreated before him warily.

"Would you also like to tell the marshal?" she asked tauntingly. "You had better be quick, for I shall give you but a month—no, two weeks of life. You shall see if prayers will not serve the white man's fate as well as the brown! No, no, you will not be the first of your color to fall under *anana*. Your power may be strong, but not stronger than mine. Yes, come and catch me—come!" She laughed, and, turning her back upon him, bounded across the road and up a trail leading to the hills.

"Take your sister out," he ordered sharply, "bundle her up well, and put her in the carriage. She will be safer at my place than here."

Loki, trembling with fear and excitement, obeyed. The drive home was silent enough. Liliha sat, her head sunk upon her breast, her eyes wide with terror, looking blankly into space. The white doctor had cured her, but could he save her now?

"Only three days more! Only three days!" She said the last words aloud,

just as they passed through the palm-shade gate at Waikiki.

Her protector turned on her sharply.

"That's all nonsense," he said, almost angrily. "There is not the slightest danger. I am the greatest *kahuna* that ever kahuned, and I am taking care of you."

She looked at him gratefully, but with some doubt. In spite of his evident knowledge, and his familiarity with native ways, he was, after all, only a white man.

He helped her down, called his servant, and assigned his guest her room, the only one above the ground floor, situated in a sort of tower rising above the veranda. She would not be easy of access there, should Neula trace her to his house.

Having disposed of all things carefully and given strict orders, he called up the police station, announcing his intended visit, climbed once more behind his trotter, and drove down to lay his complaint before the marshal. The mysterious deaths of Palalo Valley had not passed unnoticed at headquarters; they already had had some inkling of the state of affairs, and it only needed his deposition to settle the matter.

Before he left the station he had the satisfaction of seeing three mounted policemen, in businesslike khaki uniforms, start eastward at a gallop. Neula would have a hard walk to town, he thought, for the patrol wagon could hardly be dragged up that rocky valley trail.

Neula, however, was not destined to fall into the snare. Her cottage was empty, and she was nowhere to be found. Nothing could be learned from the neighbors. Either she had frightened them into obedience, or they really had no knowledge of her whereabouts. A strict watch was set, however, and Furtzhofer was assured that before many days the quarry would be run down.

The doctor was disgusted with the police, the natives, but mostly with himself. If he had informed on the woman sooner, before her suspicions had been aroused, there would have been no danger of her escape. He had let his personal interest blind him to his duty. For himself he did not fear; she would hardly

dare to molest a *haolie*; but she had sworn to annihilate Liliha within a given time, and her prestige among her own people required fulfilment of the threat. Having assumed the responsibility, it was incumbent upon him to surround his patient with every precaution. Accordingly, he made his plans.

Liliha was forbidden to leave her tower room; she was to eat only what the doctor brought her, and that, he determined, should be entirely canned food, each tin to be opened by the doctor the moment before meals. The can-opener was to be kept under lock and key in a bath of carbolic solution. Furthermore, he employed a night-watchman, with special instructions to let no one, not even the house servants, should they be delayed outside, enter the garden after nightfall. Having thus fortified and entrenched himself, he sat down to wait for the first move of the enemy.

During the first two days of her seclusion Liliha gained strength and confidence. Nothing occurred to arouse her fears, and the doctor's constantly reiterated assurances had their effect on her impressionable nature. She was almost well.

On the morning of the third day she awoke early and looked out. During the night there had been a high wind, and the surf was roaring on the coral in tempest tones. Leaves of the hau tree over the *lanai* littered the beach and veranda. Some had even been blown into the rooms, along with twigs from the neighboring algeroba thorn trees. Liliha yawned, stretched herself, and got up. She took two or three steps on the rug, and stopped short with an exclamation of pain. She had stepped barefooted upon a thorn that lay tangled in the fur. Fortunately it had not penetrated far, and she pulled it out without difficulty. Fearing further injury, she made a tour of the room, picking up the other twigs, with the intention of throwing the offending branches out of harm's way.

She had nearly completed her task when her jailer, Furtzhofer, knocked at the door, bringing her breakfast—an unopened can of condensed milk, a tin of boned chicken, boiled water in a bottle, and a cup of coffee of his own making.

He unlocked the door, and, bidding her good morning, set down the tray.

A quick gasp from his patient startled him. She had flung herself upon the bed, her face white with fear and pain. In an instant he was beside her. Seizing her by the shoulder, he shook her fiercely.

"What is the matter? Speak quickly!" he commanded, realizing that in a moment more she would probably lose consciousness.

"I stepped upon a thorn," she answered through her chattering teeth. "It hurts. It was a sign from Neula! It is the *anana*!" She fell forward, her mouth twitching, her limbs drawn up convulsively.

Instantly Furtzhofer, tearing his handkerchief, made a tourniquet above the ankle of the injured foot. With a drumstick taken from a martial trophy on the wall, he wound the bandage until circulation was stopped. With incredible rapidity he found his lancets. There was some quick cutting and a thorough cauterization.

"Only just in time," he murmured, as he finished his job, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, looked at himself in the glass. "If I hadn't happened in when I did, she would have been done for. Where are those thorns?"

He gathered up the algeroba twigs cautiously and rang for his servant, to send for the doctor who had been present when the fish was tested. Antidotes and restoratives soon brought Liliha out of her insensibility, and though she was very ill for some hours afterwards, she was out of danger.

As soon as his patient could be left alone, Furtzhofer descended to the laboratory, where his fellow practitioner was working among the bottles and magnifying glasses.

"Well?" asked Karl, sitting down wearily in one of the big wicker chairs.

"Every one of them poisoned," was the answer, as the chemist pushed his stool back from the table; "and I'll be hanged if I know what the stuff is. It analyzes triple extract of rattlesnake."

Karl settled down into the chair, and his face became dark and determined.

"That woman must be found," he

said slowly, "or God knows what will become of us all. Somehow she evaded the watchman, climbed up the algeroba tree, and threw poisoned thorns in at the window, practically certain that Liliha would step on some of them before she had been up long. Did you ever hear of such fiendish ingenuity?"

He called up police headquarters, gave an account of the latest developments, and asked for a guard for the house and more systematic and determined work on the part of the police. The department promised to redouble its efforts, but pointed out that the *kahuna* had so thoroughly intimidated the natives that they dared not give any information whatsoever, as they valued their lives, or the lives of their families. However, they would send two policemen to watch the house, front and back, while the search would be pushed as thoroughly and secretly as possible by the specials. The poisoned thorns were bottled and sealed as "Exhibit B," and the chemist took his leave.

Karl was tired, having had no breakfast. The morning had brought a terrible strain of excitement and action. It was near one o'clock; he wondered why luncheon had not been announced. He sauntered out to the kitchen to hurry the meal along, and found the sanctuary of the pots and pans cold and empty. In surprise, he rang the bell to summon the orientals from their quarters. No answer. Angrily he strode out and down the path. The servants' lodgings were empty, and their clothing and small belongings gone. In the stable he found the native groom, who told of having seen the Japs departing, each with his bundle. He had supposed, he said, that they had been discharged.

Furtzhofer cursed the servant class in general and the Japanese in particular. Evidently they had discovered the nature of the case confined in the upper room, and had feared for their own safety. Karl was confronted with a vista of uncooked dinners, or the prospect of leaving his castle undefended if he went to his friends or the club.

Suddenly he bethought him of Loki. She would fill the gap. Turning to the native boy, he gave him careful directions, ordered him to take the runabout,

and bring back Miss Lokilani Akahina, whether she would, could, understood, or no. This done, he betook himself hungrily to the house to explore the possibilities of cold provisions.

He had just opened the safe, and was extracting a box of sardines, when his name was called. Raising his head, he beheld an old Portuguese woman. She wheeled a barrow bearing a huge bunch of bananas.

"Missie Santos senda," she said brokenly. "Many thank for your take care her boy. Apple-banana you like."

More than pleased by the opportune gift, he thanked the woman, lifted the succulent fruits, and laid them on the refrigerator lid.

"Good-by," said the woman, and trudged off.

He recognized her as the half-witted protégée of Portuguese Town, a creature tolerated everywhere, free to come and go as the "God-sent guest." She was often used for short errands; but never before had he heard of her being so entrusted, or despatched on so long a journey. Being accustomed to gifts of fruit and fish, and even of calabashes, mats, and hand-quilted spreads, from his native patients, he saw nothing extraordinary in the present offering. He made a frugal meal of sardines, bread, and bananas, and went up to Liliha's room to see that all was well. She was suffering from the pain in her foot, but her pulse was nearly normal and her skin was moist and natural.

As he went down-stairs once more, he felt strangely tired. His head was heavy beyond expression; his legs had suddenly become as lead. He dragged himself to his easy-chair, and fairly fell into it. Drowsiness crept upon him more and more. His brain became peopled with distorted visions. He tried to shake them off, but they surrounded him, pressing him close—people with brown, malignant faces; men in shark-skin armor, with spears that pricked him upon the soles of his feet and the palms of his hands. Women in necklaces of white pointed shells and skirts of gray-brown fiber passed by him, dancing to strange chants, clapping upon one another's outstretched hands. Was he asleep or awake, he wondered? Here

were girls with a bowl—a *kava* bowl—and naked men with tattooed bodies. Then came a picture of huge, white-frilled rollers, breaking in endless succession on a ragged reef, and another vision of strange, translucent depths of water, where weeds of red and green and brown rolled back and forth, and parrot-fish, like living gems, shot to and fro; where scarlet swimming things darted among white brain corals and monstrous shells of glimmering iridescence. But, oh, sleep—sleep! That was all he wanted.

Then there broke through his numbed consciousness a sharp, persistent sound. It was very familiar, but he could not place it. It went on and on, apparently for ages. He had an impression that it was important, and must be noticed. Again it came—clear, intrusive—a jangling, jarring, ripping sound. Oh, yes, he remembered; it was a bell. He did not care to move; he was so tired, so comfortable. What made him think that somebody wanted him? Oh, yes—the telephone. Some one must be ringing him up.

Then the savage people with the blue tattoo closed about him once more, drowning with their chants and clappings the ear-piercing call of civilization. Now they sat on the sunlit beach, posturing and swaying. Now they rose and moved back and forth in unison, till they closed in a solid phalanx—closer and closer until they melted into one gigantic evil face, a face with upturned eyes of shining jet, filled with fierce, unwinking hate; black hair falling like a dark and rippling river about a brown, oval cheek. A mouth that mocked and laughed without laughter; a nose high-bridged, thoughtful, and sensitive—the face of Neula, the witch woman!

Again the sound of bells, shrill, aggravating. This time he was roused in irritation. He would put a stop to the noise. He lifted himself with difficulty, his legs heavy with a nightmare weight, and staggered to the telephone. He hardly realized what he was doing, until he took down the receiver, and heard his own voice, dim and far away, say: "Hello!"

"What is the matter with your wire? We have been ringing for a week!"

came in angry tones over the line. "Say, we have sent your men. Have they come?"

The question broke through his lethargy like a flash of lightning, illuminating the situation.

"For God's sake," he stammered, "send a doctor! Tell him coffee, coffee, and keep me going, or I—"

"What the—" came over the wire; but Furtzhofer had dropped the tube and was staggering and swaying.

He tried to reach the table or the armchair for support, but a huge warrior in woven armor and shark-skin belt pushed by him, causing him to lose his balance and fall. A wild crowd of scowling faces closed above him. He threw up his hands to push them off—and knew no more.

IV.

FURTZHOFER awoke with a strange buzzing in his ears, with a sense of weariness past all endurance. He became conscious that his legs were working, sorely against his will. He was leaning against something or somebody, who was making him walk. He tried to free himself and sit down, but he received a resounding cuff and an order to "Keep on!" Some one shook him savagely. He protested, though the effort cost him untold tortures.

"He's coming to, did you hear that?" he heard a voice, close to his ear, say to another voice on the other side, which answered in the affirmative.

"Here, take this," said some one else, forcing a burning liquid between his teeth.

Again he objected, but no one heeded his wishes. The fiery substance was literally forced down his throat, and the walking began once more. Gradually his limbs became accustomed to the motion. He did not resist now; he became vaguely conscious of objects about him. His attention fixed itself first on a lamp-shade, and from that drifted to the open lid of the piano. Then he saw a face close to his own; he recognized his friend the chemist, and on the other side a doctor. He nodded affably and called them by name; whereat he was set upon, beaten, and forced to further walking.

Slowly the mist cleared; he began to think. Surely he had been poisoned. He shook himself and set his mind to work in a concentrated effort to throw off the last effects of the drug. Then came more coffee, and he was able to talk coherently. Still the vigorous exercise continued, till at last his tormentors pronounced him safe, and sat down to their much-needed rest.

"How did you find me?" asked Karl, from the place on the sofa where his friends had deposited him.

"On the floor beside the telephone, and almost dead," replied the chemist.

"Better thank your stars, old man," the doctor added, as he wiped his streaming forehead. "You've had a jolly close call, with your bunch of inoculated bananas!"

"Thought as much," observed the victim. "When did you get here?"

"Police station telephoned. I was at home, fortunately for you. I took my bike and got here in two minutes—and not one too soon, either. Then Bellew came in and helped, and a fat Kanaka lady. She said you were her only child, and took on like mad when she saw how sick you were, until we ran her into the kitchen to make coffee, where she developed a speed and endurance to be wondered at and envied."

"Poor old Loki!" murmured Karl with a grin.

"Yes," said the chemist. "And you had another visitor—say, Phillips, had we better tell him?"

"Guess so," said the doctor slowly. "Anyway, he will know for certain he need have no further fear. Your *kahuna* has gone to face her victims this time—and high time, too, I say."

Karl sat up in spite of his weakness.

"What! How? When? Neula—has she been here?"

Both the men nodded. The chemist took up the story.

"Yes, she came in. The specials think she must have been living for the last few days right here, under the house. Anyway, she evidently thought she had done for you, for she must have passed through the study, to judge from the direction she took. The police caught her just as she was going to polish off your patient. We happened in, and found you. She heard the noise and started down; but the patrol had arrived—all of us in a bunch, you see—when she thought the place would be empty for another solid hour."

"Well?" demanded Furtzhofer.

The doctor interrupted.

"They closed in on her; and when she found she was trapped, what do you suppose she did? Defied them all, dared them to come near her, and threatened blood and thunder. She had a pointed stick in her hand, and she promised death with shark-tooth frills to the first man that came near her. Then Johnny Dorey—you know Johnny, the big Irish patrolman—pulled out a revolver, and got the drop on her. She looked at him, at your sick lady's door, and at the staircase window; but she evidently thought it was no use, for she stuck herself with her primitive bodkin, and departed this life after about ten minutes of very nasty convulsions. We were busy with you, and couldn't stop to give her any of our attention, so at least she escaped the hangman. It seems she was a Line Islander, or her people were, for in her last agonies she tore off most of her *holoku*, and—well, she has all the hallmarks in blue tattoo."

THE MYSTIC STREAM.

It comes with unremitting flow
From headlands of the Long Ago,

And, potent through all calm and strife,
Wrecks, or upbears, the fleet of Life.

Freighted with joy, and pain, and tears,
And the wild drift-wood of the years,

Onward it flows through every clime,
The deep, resistless stream of Time,

To reach that all-embracing sea—
The ocean of Eternity !

William Hamilton Hayne.

Our National Forest Reserves.

BY S. RUSSELL WRIGHT.

THE VAST TRACTS OF WESTERN LAND OVER WHICH THE GOVERNMENT HAS PROCLAIMED ITS AUTHORITY, AND HOW THE RESERVATIONS, MOST OF WHICH ARE TREELESS WASTES, ARE MANAGED AND PROTECTED.

TEN years ago, after four centuries of increasingly ruthless tree-chopping in America, a protective policy toward forests was inaugurated. The right of the farmer or miner to seize an axe, advance to the nearest government land, and there to help himself to such material for building as he could find, was for the first time seriously denied. In the spring of 1891 Congress provided that the President "may from time to time set apart and reserve any part of the public lands wholly or in part covered with timber or undergrowth."

President Harrison, not minded to delay until the "may" of the law became a "must," immediately set aside a tract of something more than a million and a quarter acres in Yellowstone Park as a timber reserve. Since that time each President has added to the total public forest land until now there are more than fifty million acres, or about eighty thousand square miles, where every tree and bush, every blade of grass, indeed, is at least theoretically sacred. That the increase is likely to go on under President Roosevelt is indicated by the fact that he has declared the problem which forest preservation aims to solve the greatest internal question of the day.

The figures are almost staggering to minds used to dealing with tens instead of millions. They are not, however, so terrifying when studied. It is not the case that eighty thousand square miles of woodland are being reserved as a vast pleasure-ground, as a gigantic nursery for trees, as a beautiful and unprofitable fairyland—a leafy lure for dryads, gnomes, and what not. There are probably fewer trees in these square miles of forest reserve than in any other equal area in the whole country.

The whole territory lies west of the one hundredth meridian, that imaginary line which, cleaving Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, is regarded as dividing the fertile from the barren region. Beyond it lies the great American desert, the bald mountains of New Mexico and Colorado, the sandy wastes of Arizona and Utah.

Not for the intrinsic worth of the timber have the reserves been created, but for the enormous value of all vegetation in increasing the water supply in those desperately arid districts. On water supply, in the final instance, not only agriculture, but cattle raising, mining, and manufacturing depend.

OUR TREELESS "FOREST RESERVES."

So treeless are most of the reserves that to ride through them and remember their prefix is to conclude that they were named in an ironical mood. Most of them are mountainous, or hilly. Their slopes rise in all stages of baldness, sandy or rocky, as the case may be, their brown surface here gently tufted with grass, if there has happened to be a rain, and here pricked through by dwarf cedars, scrub oak, and stunted juniper. The sun beats hotly down, distilling into the air the fragrance of the sturdy, starved shrubs that will not quite die of thirst. Dry river beds, with sun-whitened stones lying in them, show the course a stream would follow were Nature but good enough to provide a stream, as she may once have done in the more beneficent days of thicker vegetation, and as she sometimes does now in the brief, uncertain rainy season. Up and down the canyons are the bleached skeletons of cattle who have died for want of water.

Mile after mile one may ride, seeing no house, no tent, meeting no wayfarer. Here and there one comes upon a sign, tacked to the slender trunk of a little cedar. At a distance it looks like an advertisement. In the East it would mean "Seven Miles to So-and-So's, General Outfitters, Portland, or Brooklyn, or Salem;" or perhaps the announcement of an auction sale of the late Blank's effects by his executors. But on the great reservations the far-seen white sign denotes no such companionable prospect as shops or auctions. It is merely an elaborate warning signed by officials of the Interior Department, putting all good citizens on their guard against starting forest fires.

Whenever he has nothing else to do, a forest ranger, as the privates of the little army sent out to fight all the enemies of trees in the desert places are called, tacks the "forest fire" warning to one of the scrubby apologies for trees on his reservation. That there are not more of the ghostly placards staring out of the sage green and dust brown of the barren lands is therefore due to the fact that his duties, official and actual, are tolerably heavy.

There are at present about five hundred rangers, supervisors, superintendents, and special agents in the forestry division of the Interior Department. The rangers are the rank and file; a supervisor has charge of one or more reservations, a superintendent of one or two States or Territories. These latter officers make frequent tours of inspection through their respective domains; and, in addition, there are the special agents, men with a purely scientific instead of an executive interest in the matter.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE RESERVES.

But the most picturesque person in the group is the actual forester or ranger. He is assigned by his superintendent or his supervisor to a given district of a forestry division. He is generally not a native of the region, though it is expected that he will be a resident of the State or Territory in which the division lies. Experiment has shown that it is not wise to appoint the men of a neighborhood to guard its forestry interests. These weigh too little

in comparison with the claims of neighborliness. So it happens that the foresters enter a district as strangers, and not infrequently they have to combat all the suspicion, jealousy, and inhospitality of which the rural population is capable at its worst.

The foresters must live upon the reservation. It often happens that in the tracts of public land condemned for reservations there had been already homestead claims taken up by settlers. These grants are left undisturbed by the proclamations declaring the new intention concerning the districts, unless the settlers wish to exchange their holdings for other ones in other unclaimed public lands. It therefore often happens that homesteads are scattered through the reservations. If they are near a forester's especial patrol, and if their owners happen to be willing, the farms are sometimes used as headquarters by the ranger. He sleeps in one of their rude rooms, eats their plain food, feeds his horse in their corral with grain from their barn, pays for these privileges from his sixty dollars a month, and counts himself uncommonly lucky.

More frequently he sets up his own tent in the midst of his jurisdiction. If he finds a spring near by, he is sure that he has the favor of Heaven. If he does not, he selects a spot near one of the trickling rills which the inhabitants of the arid wastes call rivers, without guessing how they misuse and malign the noble word. From the nearest town—it may be a mining camp fifty miles away—he has a camp outfit sent to him; a stove, a camp-stool or two, a cot if he is a Sybarite who scorns the ground and his blankets, and enough flour, lard, coffee, beans, and canned goods to insure him dyspepsia for the rest of his days.

He buys his camp outfit; he buys his horse, if he does not happen to own a sure-footed Western pony already; he buys the accepted riding costume of the country, blue "jumpers" and overalls. If he is very new to his business, he may appear in a suit of khaki; but then he has so branded himself as a tenderfoot that the very sheep, grazing on forbidden territory, would be moved to mock at him.

Thus equipped, he cons a little volume provided by the government for his daily reading. He learns who are the foes he must fight. They are chiefly fire, farmers, sheep, and sawmills.

THE FOES OF THE FORESTER.

In the dry regions, where most of the reservations lie, fire spreads with lightning-like rapidity. The shrubbery, little as it is, is chiefly of the resinous woods, which seem almost self-inflam-matory. A match dropped among some pine needles on the top of a hill starts a merry blaze. It runs across the ground, shoots up some slender trunk with little knobs of flame-inviting pitch all over it, and fairly leaps from tree to tree. Here a camping party moves from its over-night stopping-place without carefully covering the remains of its fire; there a careless prospector leaves glowing embers behind him; in still another case the cowboys fail to quench the coals of their branding fires.

From causes as insignificant as these have started great conflagrations that have twisted from mountain top to mountain top like a mammoth snake of fire, and have finally, after inestimable destruction and damage, died down, leaving the surface of the earth utterly bare and barren.

To be always on the lookout for fires is therefore the forester's first duty. To pounce upon the neglected branding-fire or the abandoned camp-fire, and to reduce their glow to gray ashes is his chief business. To bring persistent offenders in this regard, if he can find them, to justice is one of his chief pleasures. If, in spite of his watchfulness, a fire starts in his district, he has to fight it with all the weapons at his command—which are few in the waterless regions.

Next to the ravening flame, the placid sheep is the forester's chief trial. The sheep industry is a very important one in the forest reservation region. There are some forty million of the animals in the United States, most of them in the far West, where a capital of nearly seventy million dollars is invested in the business. It is extremely difficult to persuade the owners of this property, or the communities of which it is the

chief wealth, that the grazing of herds on public lands is a thing not to be tolerated. Sheep eat the young trees, on whose growth the future of the forests depends, as soon as they put shoots above the ground. One of a forester's most important duties, and one of those which do most to render him unpopular, is to see that no sheep are grazing on any part of his district.

The sawmill is a contraband industry which flourishes on reservations in the mining districts. Mines require a great deal of heavy timber, and of course it is desirable to obtain this near the mines rather than to import it from long distances. The government grants permits which authorize mills to operate for a certain length of time, and to cut the timber in a certain limited area of the forest reservations. The offenses of which the lumbermen are chiefly guilty are cutting timber beyond this area, or after the period for which their permit has been issued. The forester's pleasant duty is to descend upon the mills from time to time and to report violations of their licenses. If he finds lumber cut beyond bounds, he summons the sheriff and there is a sale, the United States, in the persons of the blue-bloused young ranger and the sheriff, acting as salesman.

THE RANGER'S STRENUOUS LIFE.

All these things scarcely endear the foresters to the communities into which they are sent. Communities are short-sighted enough to prefer to see their flocks grazing for this year and their mines un vexed by the lumber question for this year, and to let next year's grass and timber take care of themselves.

West of the one hundredth meridian, moreover, disputes are still sometimes settled by the old-fashioned argument of the first shot. If the disappearing "bad man" has made a farewell stand anywhere, it is between that interesting line and the civilization of the Pacific slope. Consequently the forest ranger has not been without his adventures. His pistol pocket is not always empty on those rare occasions when the exigencies of his profession require his presence in the nearest metropolis, in spite of the wise law now prevalent in many West-

ern States to the effect that weapons shall not be carried into social gatherings at the saloon, the faro parlor, or the court-room.

Experience has proven that irrigation can accomplish marvels in the arid West. In the San Francisco forest reservation, in Arizona, the whole character of the valley about Phoenix has been changed. Not many years ago this was a barren desert; now it is actually fertile and supports a prosperous community. In Colorado and Utah there are famous examples of waste plains reclaimed through irrigation.

So far the government, in its forestry work, has tried mainly to save the natural vegetation of an arid region, to regulate its water supply, and to aid irrigation. There have, however, been some experiments in the artificial cultivation of trees. Ten years ago the Department of Agriculture sent out certain varieties of pines for planting in the sand wastes of northwestern Nebraska. These, without care or cultivation, have flourished in a way which indicates that they are especially adapted to desert lands, and the experiment is likely to be tried in other regions of the West.

The Violin on Freestone.

THE STORY OF A STRANGE FASCINATION AND A SUDDEN PERIL.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

WHEN Simeon Frawley had finished his evening's work in the Willis barn, he circled the solitary brown farmhouse and found Ruby on the narrow porch.

"Cordelia's setting with father," said she, making room for him beside her.

Simeon slouched down on the step, resting his forearms on his knees and drooping his tired hands.

"Seen anything of him yet, Ruby?" he asked in a strained half-whisper.

The elder Willis girl shook her head. Frawley looked up the slope of Freestone Mountain, mystical in the gathering twilight. His eyes followed the slaty gravel of the new State road. Along the cleared table-land, where the farm was perched, the road seemed to be gathering breath for its final leap up Freestone; the highway sprang into the beetling forest by a pair of enormous skeleton trees, gray and dead memorials of one of the mountain's blasting storms. It was at these bare sentinels that Simeon scowled. He was a young, loose-shouldered man, with the sensitive chin and high cheeks of the New Englander.

Ruby Willis smoothed her apron reflectively.

"Curious how it comes out in the

last two weeks that Cordelia takes so after mother," she said. "You warn't acquainted with mother, Sim; that was before you were living with us here on the farm; but mother, she did hanker for music just so. The summer she died she'd go 'way down to Mexico Center 'cause of a lady who did harping at Grange sociables. It took a kind of a holt on her—I dunno, it was the queerest thing!"

"Twarn't much of a place for music on old Freestone till lately." Frawley shifted uneasily on the step. "Ain't that him now?"

"No. Maybe he'll not come, for once," said Ruby, peering at the phantom trees. "Why, Cordelia!" She inclined her head toward the house. "You there, Cordelia?"

Simeon straightened to his feet as the younger sister came down the hall. She stood framed in the doorway, one hand on each of the posts, balancing herself between them. The attitude threw into relief her strong, graceful neck, her round arms, bare to the elbow, and the free perfection of her supple waist.

"Father's fast asleep," said Cordelia. She spoke to Ruby, but her gaze was on the purpling hillside. "I'm going to bring out a rocker here on the grass."

The trio fell into an expectant silence. Cordelia leaned back in her chair and smiled an encouragement to the bashful stars. Her deep eyes seemed made for the night rather than for the day; the dreamy spirit of the Orient somehow had stolen around the world into her full-lipped face. She clasped her fingers over her hair, and Simeon could see the slender band of his betrothal ring glistening against the steel of the glossy braids.

Presently Ruby rose.

"There he comes!" she sighed.

Through the dusk a man broke into sight, walking jauntily toward them on the foot-path from the highway.

"Good evening, ladies—Mr. Frawley," said he.

Ruby and Simeon greeted him clumsily. The man swept his soft, wide-brimmed hat to the girl in the chair and laid a violin case on the grass near her feet.

"Good evening, Mr. Raphael," Cordelia said.

"The evening is good," agreed the newcomer. "It is better than good, it is beautiful!" He laughed, showing his white teeth. "Your lonely mountain is not always beautiful. One shudders here sometimes, were it not for a clean conscience. But when the red sunset gets into a man's blood, it is like wine!"

Raphael laughed again, sustaining his extravagant words with a broad gallantry of gesture, and dropped prone on the turf by his violin. A knot of crimson silk set off his swelling throat, and in the dimness his suit of corduroy was like velvet.

"Yes, sir," returned Simeon, "Freestone is lonely, specially nights. Yes, sir. How does your road get along?"

"The work is over," said Raphael.

Cordelia's chair became motionless.

"The road is done?" she inquired.

"It is done until to-morrow morning. Let us not speak of work to-night." He began to unstrap the case at his side. "Let us, if you will pardon, send the road to the devil!"

"That's where she'll go, by Moses," chuckled Frawley, "once a Freestone cloudburst strikes her! I was a telling your superintendent, Griswold, only yesterday about that time—why, you re-

member, five years ago, how Mill Brook tore up without no warning, Cordelia?"

The violin hummed timidly in Raphael's hands, and Cordelia bent over it without replying.

"Guess I'll set with father," said Ruby. "He's sickly, so I'll shut the door, if you're aiming to fiddle. The noise rouses him."

Simeon rested his back obstinately against the panels as the foreigner drew the bow. The fall of darkness on the mountain brought with it a caress of wind, stirring the foliage, and up from the valley floated the faint minor harmonies of the gloaming. To the accompaniment of the mysterious cadence, the tender music sounded eery, elfin.

"Thank you!" said Cordelia.

She stretched out her arm, slowly and vaguely, toward the stars.

"It's right pretty, I guess," commented Simeon. "Must 'a' cost a heap."

"The violin? It was my grandfather's." A string whined under Raphael's thumb. "And his grandfather's before him. Hear how it cries! It likes not your savage mountain. It belongs to a land of eternal summer, and sunshine, and love-making."

"Play again," said Cordelia.

The distant wind on Freestone struck a deeper and wilder note among the complaining pines. Possibly in response to it, Raphael's violin danced into the lilt of a fantastic gipsy melody. It was the song of a lover who did not woo with a sigh, but with the triumphant spirit of mastery. Raphael swayed his lithe frame buoyantly, as if dominating by strength of body the throb of the refrain. From his corner of the porch Simeon watched the outline of Cordelia's shoulders.

The song ended, Raphael restored the violin to its leatheren case. Frawley opened his pocket-knife with a sharp click, and stabbed idly at the wood between his knees.

"I can't sense that last tune," said he. "Kind of crazy, ain't it?"

"No doubt of it!" laughed Raphael. "Well, I must be off to my hill. May I come again?"

Cordelia was mute, the gray statue of a shadow; but she gave him her hand,

and so the black gloom of the mountain-side swallowed him.

"Wonder what nationality of people that fellow is," began Simeon, clearing his throat tentatively. "He's tonier than the gang he's boss of to the road camp. Griswold, he says—not going up-stairs so soon, Cordelia?"

"Yes," she said.

"It's early yet. I don't never get a chance to talk to you now." Fumbling with the door-knob, he faced her suddenly. "Cordelia, about this Raphael. You ain't ceasing to love me?"

"I love his music, Sim," said the girl gently. "Music is like heaven. You do not know. I never knew before."

"No, I can't never know, unless I learn myself how to play some." He desisted moodily. "Anyhow, what has this music stuff got to do with you and me, farming it, neighborless, on old Freestone? Fiddling!"

"You can't understand, I tell you."

"I can't understand your didos with that fiddling whippersnapper, that—"

"Sim!"

"Well, there, I didn't go to get ugly, Cordelia. Only I hate for you to have this closet, like, in your heart I'm forbid out of. But maybe I can learn myself a knowledge of tunes. Maybe, after we're married, we can afford a parlor melodeon, or something—you'd like that, wouldn't you, my honey?"

He swung open the door and kissed her forehead as she passed.

Other men than Simeon were puzzled by Raphael. Griswold, for instance, who was the surveyor in charge of the State road, did not fancy his new Italian assistant. Griswold observed that Raphael was over-particular about keeping his clothes clean, and that he had an unhealthy habit of looking out of the corners of his handsome eyes.

"The sight of a policeman's buttons would make this beauty jump for cover," Griswold once went so far as to say. "The dago dude has a yellow streak in him."

Griswold could not distinguish "Yankee Doodle" from the "Anvil Chorus," so Raphael's artistry with the violin did not add to the American's perplexity. Some of the Italian labor-

ers, however, knew music when they heard it, and among these was old Sugartooth. Sugartooth knew not only Raphael's music, but also Raphael himself. A big Venetian called Number Five was Sugartooth's sole confidant.

"He has the gift of saints," whispered Number Five, while the two lay by the fire and listened to Raphael's playing in the shanty.

Sugartooth crossed himself.

"Say rather the gift of devils, my Number Five," he rejoined. "Shall I tell you something? He is accursed."

"You prattle, sweet pig of my soul!"

"Listen, then, why Raphael makes the roads. He led a girl at home—ah, yes, this Raphael led many to the shame. But there was one, and she, too, was the artist, and sat at the organ in the church of Madonna del Sasso, which is by the lake. The good priests protected the maid in vain, for this pretty Raphael—bah, ask him, will you, how he gained that blue kiss of a dagger behind his pretty ear?"

Number Five touched his scapula. "And the priests laid a curse?"

"He knows he must never speak of love to a maid again. Because the slain girl's brother had—"

"Well?"

"The evil eye, as it was told."

The music ceased in the hut, and the night wind moaned up the mountain.

"The *jettatura* would mark meat quickly on this Satan's hill," said the Venetian, shivering. "Let us hold our peace, in the name of God."

Sugartooth and his pious friend seldom heard the violin, for Raphael preferred to play of an evening at the Willis farm. Simeon would now pretend an excuse and vanish, and Ruby stayed in the sick-room. Once Cordelia laid her fingers on the violin case when Raphael brought it to her in the warm August twilight.

"No playing to-night," said she. "It is so sultry that we must keep father's windows open. I am sorry."

"By the stream it is cool," proposed Raphael shrewdly, "and I will make a song to go with the splash of the water."

"I should like that," Cordelia said, and they strolled into the dim forest.

Asleep after the scorching day, the mountain was very still. Flashes of heat-lightning glimmered wrathfully on the horizon, and a wisp of haze shrouded the sky. Raphael and the girl threaded the spectral birches and emerged upon the bank of the Mill Brook ravine, spanned by a bridge of logs. To their right hand loomed the stone ruins of the deserted sawmill. Cordelia looked over the guard rail at the tumble of the cascade, and at Raphael's suggestion they clambered down to the rocky bottom of the gorge.

"But the water is so noisy—how can I hear the violin?" said she.

"I would rather you heard my words, Cordelia!"

The name from his lips was new to her. Cordelia leaned against a gigantic boulder, wondering mildly at her own embarrassment. In the cavernous depth the air was cool and heavy; the dancing brook chattered to them with misty tongues of spray. Cordelia tilted her face toward the invisible stars, and against the green cushion of moss her throat shone white.

"You know the words in my mouth," he pursued abruptly. "They are these—you are my love, *mia bella*, my love!"

The girl pressed both of her palms backward against the reeking stone.

"No!" she gasped.

"I tell it to you. I love you!" and her shoulders were in his arms.

"You must not talk so!" cried Cordelia. "You have no right! Why did I come here?"

"But after you are here alone with me," exulted Raphael, "who else is in the world?" He held her close. "You are for me, *carissima*. From far I have come to teach you in this mountain what is life, passion, song, happiness. You are adorable!"

Then he released her, and she masked her hot cheeks in her hands.

"Where is the shame," he went on, "in this first love? I, too, have never loved before."

Cordelia raised her head, staring at him intently.

"Listen!" she exclaimed. "I hear a storm."

"The storm is in my heart, *amorosa*."

"And something else. Listen!"

The growling bass of thunder mingled fantastically with the vivacious chorus of the brook; but it was not the thunder that made Raphael crouch so attentively. A wail of music drifted through the gloom of the ravine.

"What is that—that cry? What is that?" said he breathlessly.

Cordelia took a step toward the ascending path.

"It plays in tune. Hark, it seems to be a church organ, almost!"

"An—organ?" Again the lament quavered down the gorge. "An organ?" he repeated. "A trick, rather, for how comes an organ here?"

Cordelia did not mark his agitation. She was piecing together the tremulous notes of the melody. Now they hesitated, now they crowded one another in discordant confusion, punctuated by the thunderous grumbling of the sky. Now they were heard more plainly:

Up in a balloon, boys,
Up in a balloon—

was the air. Cordelia laughed outright and wheeled to her companion.

"Somebody is hiding there to practise on a—why, what—"

For Raphael had fallen to one knee; his fingers fluttered about his temples.

"It has found me!" he mumbled. "It has followed me to this den of lightning!"

His voice rose shrilly, and his terror worked on Cordelia with the unnamable contagion of hysteria. He muttered in his own tongue, a helpless creature, unmindful, trembling.

Cordelia was brought squarely to her senses by a whipping flurry of rain.

"Hurry!" she called out of the blackness.

Clutching the moss of the boulder, the Italian was motionless. Cordelia hastened to the bridge. At a patter of footsteps, she turned and saw the bent figure of a man coming toward her through the beat of rain.

"Hurry, Mr. Raphael!" she screamed above the clamor of the storm.

The figure stopped, as if shot by the name.

"Why, Cordelia!" He came nearer, and it was Frawley. "What in creation are you doing here, Cordelia?"

"We were caught in the rain down by

the brook. Oh, Sim, I'm so glad that you——”

“Don't talk! Just light out. I'll bet this will be bad d'reckly.”

“But Mr. Raphael—he's had a stroke, I think—he's down in the gorge.”

On the instant there came a blinding flash, and the thunder roared stupendous approval. Nor did the resonance subside. An echo boomed from Free-stone Mountain. Simeon stamped on the bridge like one exasperated.

“Cloudburst, I swear!” he said. “Cordelia, the road's straight and safe from here. You can get home all right. Noah's flood couldn't trouble the farm none.”

“Of course, Sim. But you——”

“I'll take after the Eyetalian. He might drownd in there, maybe.”

She protested desperately, but the tumult confounded her. Frawley thrust a bundle under her elbow.

“Make tracks, now!” he shouted, and plunged into the brush.

Twisting in the gale, the trees along the roadside reached for Cordelia with watery arms as she raced by. The rain was a torrent; the hungry rumble from the mountain groaned ravenously. But the fresh gravel of the new road did not mire, and on it she could not go astray. Cordelia burst into the lamp-lit kitchen, a streaming wraith of the tempest.

“Land o' Goshen, what now?” shrieked Ruby.

“The barn lantern—quick!” panted her sister. “And a rope—oh, quick!”

Ruby followed her about mechanically, sopping up the pools of water which dripped from her dress.

“You'll never go out in this again, you crazy?”

“I must! Somebody must. Sim's by the brook, and that——”

“Sim's took the lantern,” said Ruby. “He takes it every evenin', lately.”

Cordelia tore open the bag which Frawley had given her, and out of it there fell to the floor a cheap concertina, with a faint wheeze, as if of exsiccation. Ruby, kneeling, fingered the keys gingerly.

“An accordion!” she faltered. “For the sake of common sense, Cordelia Willis!”

“It's Sim's,” cried Cordelia. “I guessed as much. Dear Sim!” and she clasped the concertina until it piped again. “I must go back, Ruby.”

“You're crazy, I tell you. You can't do nothing.”

“I can't do much without a lantern,” hesitated Cordelia ruefully.

Old Willis hobbled into the kitchen to be cared for. Cordelia, irresolute, paced about with the accordion in her arms. The fury of the storm gradually quieted; twice she threw on her cloak, but her father, in the querulous panic of age, was obstinate in his entreaties. At midnight the wind was no more than a sullen moan. Cordelia flung the door ajar. In the murky flare from the lamp, she spied a bedraggled group of men carrying a something through the yard. For a sickened instant her throat choked, then she hailed them. The bearers halted, consulting gutturally.

“It's the road gang and me, Cordelia.” Simeon sidled into the yellow light, hatless and battered. “We're going to take it to the wood-shed. No, don't come out yet;” for she was down on the path.

“Mr. Raphael?”

Sim nodded.

“Mr. Raphael? Is he——”

Her tongue caught on the word.

“He's dead,” said Simeon softly. “Caught right in the freshet. All we could do was to find him. Them Eyetalians went scared and run down the road from camp. I got a grip on the poor cuss, but there, my best warn't no use in that hell-pot!”

“It's wicked, Sim, but I'm glad——”

“Hush, honey!”

“Glad it wasn't you!”

“Just couldn't 'a' been me with you waiting for me.” He gave her the wreck of a violin. “Kind of a keepsake, if you want.”

“Thank you, but I don't want it, Sim —after how I've made you suffer!” She wound her arms about his bruised neck. “And listen—I know a sort of music I like better!”

In the wood-shed a grizzled Italian held a flickering match over Raphael's cold forehead.

“Grazie a Dio, this jettatura leaves no token,” said Sugartooth.



FIGURE OF A BUFFALO, MODELED BY HENRY MERWIN SHRADY AS A SMALL BRONZE, AND ENLARGED TO EIGHT FEET HIGH FOR THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO.

From a photograph by De Silva & Hill—Copyright by Theodore B. Starr, New York.

The New American Sculptor.

BY CHARLES HALL GARRETT.

HENRY MERWIN SHRADY, THE SELF-TAUGHT YOUNG GENIUS WHO WON THE COMPETITION FOR THE HONOR OF MODELING THE QUARTER-MILLION-DOLLAR GRANT MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON.

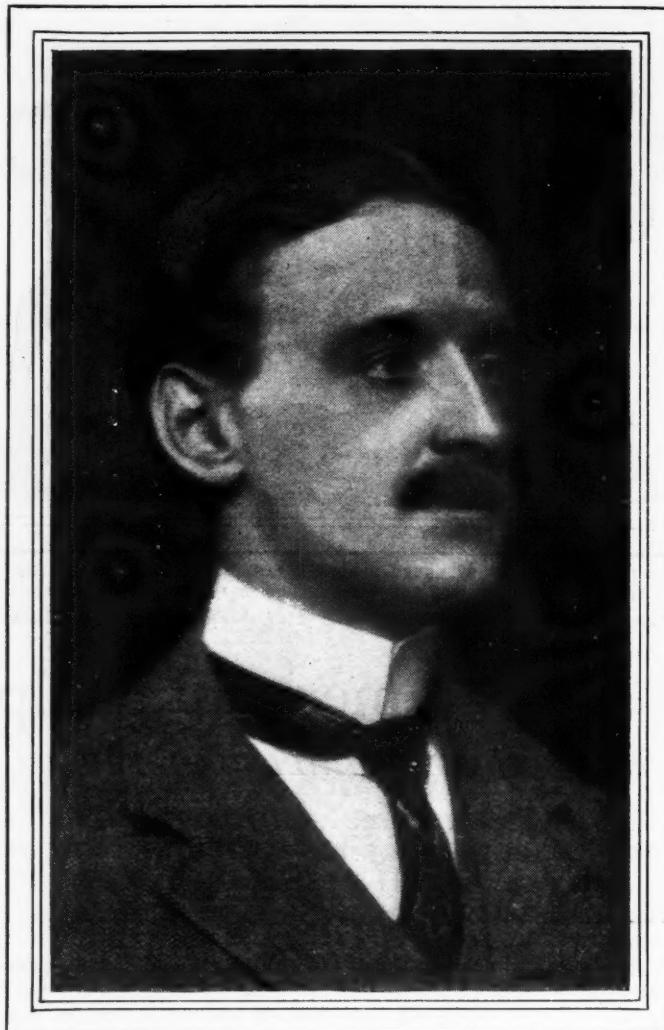
IT is no exaggeration to say that Henry Merwin Shrady's success in the competition for the honor of designing the great Grant Monument to be erected in Washington is one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of American art. The monument will be the largest and most costly thing of the kind in this country. It will be a memorial of a great national hero, set in the noblest and most conspicuous place that can be found for it. Congress, which appropriated a quarter of a million dollars for the work, appoint-

ed a commission to invite designs from the leading sculptors of the day. And after a keen competition and a searching examination by a jury which included both experts and laymen, the great prize went to a young New Yorker who three years ago was employed in the office of a match factory, and who has never taken a lesson in drawing, painting, or modeling in his life.

It was not entirely strange that even after approving his models some members of the commission should have lin-

gering doubts of young Mr. Shrady's ability to execute the serious task before him. They went to the length of requiring a second competition between him and the second prize-winner,

gratulate him in his studio, and high up on one of its white kalsomined walls, used as a blackboard for studies, sketches, and cartoons, they inscribed in huge letters the word "Victory!"



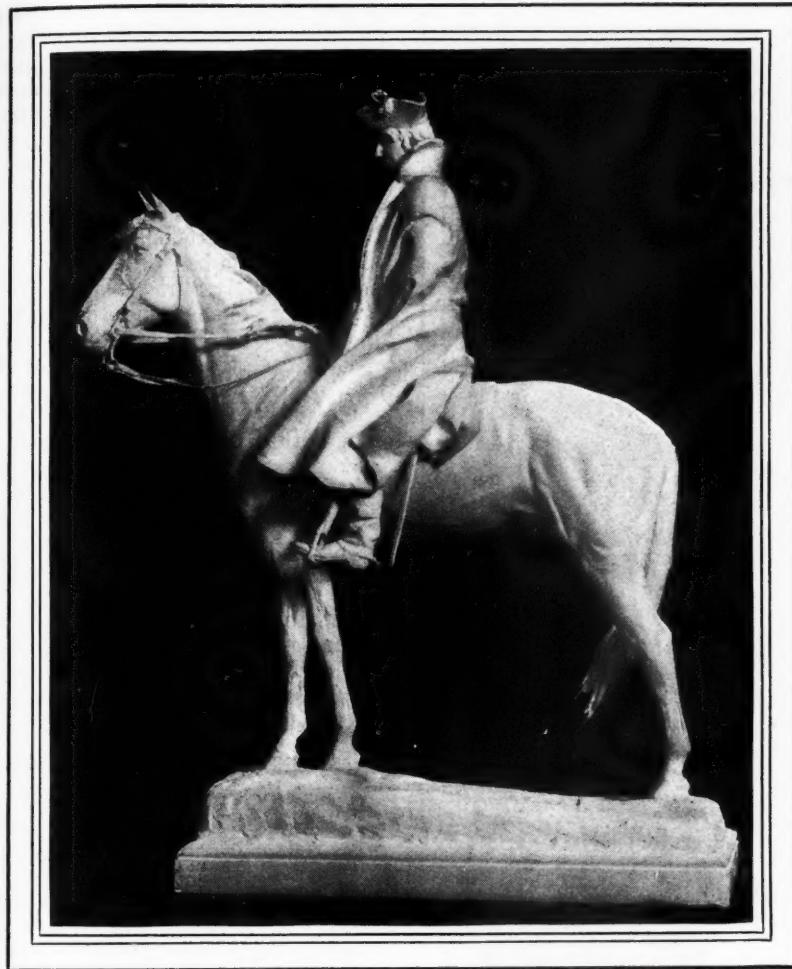
HENRY MERWIN SHRADY, THREE YEARS AGO AN EMPLOYEE OF A MATCH COMPANY, NOW A PROMINENT FIGURE AMONG AMERICAN SCULPTORS.

From a photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

Charles H. Niehaus, offering a special additional prize. Mr. Shrady enlarged the central figure of his design, an equestrian statue of General Grant, which is to be sixteen feet high, to four feet, and satisfied the commission. That day some of his friends rushed to con-

Mr. Shrady's swift success does not seem to have turned his head. To one who called on him after the award was made, he said modestly:

"I had no expectation of winning; but there is always a chance of your doing so in a competition."



MR. SHRADY'S MODEL FOR THE STATUE OF "WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE," TO BE
ERECTED IN BROOKLYN.

From a photograph by De Silva & Hill—Copyright by Henry M. Shrady, New York.

And to a reporter eager for "copy," who asked him for a little chat on modeling:

"I do not think I am competent to talk on that; I have yet my spurs to win. What I want to do is something of credit to my country."

A SELF-TAUGHT SCULPTOR.

It is a coincidence that the son of Dr. George F. Shrady, one of the physicians in attendance on General Grant during his last illness, should be chosen to perpetuate the great soldier's memory. If the young man's talent is

inherited at all, it is from his father, who can draw well, and who has modeled a little for his own amusement. He first took up art as an amusement when he was employed by the Continental Match Company, a concern controlled by his brother-in-law, Edwin Gould. On his way home of an afternoon, he used to stop before a fancier's window and make sketches, in a notebook, of the dogs and cats he saw there. He taught himself how to mix colors, and for diversion in the evenings made color sketches. He painted a portrait of a fox terrier he owned, and his wife,



without his knowledge, offered it to an exhibition of the National Academy of Design. It was hung, and Mr. Shrady, when he went to the exhibition, was surprised to see it there, and to learn that it had been sold for fifty dollars. Displeased with a painting of kittens which his sister, Mrs. Gould, had purchased in Paris, he painted one. It also was hung at the National Academy.

But night is a bad time to mix colors and to paint. Mr. Shrady took up modeling. Using sketches, and working from his memory of his saddle horse, he modeled "Artillery Going Into Action." There was life and action in the group, and it caught the eye of a friend of his father, Alvan S. Southworth, an old war correspondent, since dead. Mr. Southworth persuaded him to finish it, and had a photograph taken of it, which was published. The representative of a New York silver house, dealing in Russian bronzes, saw the engraving. He called on Mr. Shrady, asked him to add two horses to the battery, and suggested that he should devote himself to modeling miniature statues for their mutual benefit.

MR. SHRADY'S WORK AT BUFFALO.

The young man's knowledge of animals was considerable. He had taken an academic course at Columbia, and had graduated at the university's law school, with the intention, later abandoned, of practising; but he had also studied biology, and on holidays he used to haunt the Zoölogical Gardens in the Bronx Park, making sketches and studies, principally of moose and buffaloes. Two small Russian bronzes, the outcome of his studies, one a moose and the other a buffalo, attracted the sculptor, Karl Bitter, who happened to be at the silversmith's one day when Mr. Shrady was there. Mr. Bitter praised them highly, and asked their modeler to enlarge them, the moose to nine feet high and the buffalo to eight feet, for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. With true *esprit du corps*, and rejoicing over his discovery of an unknown genius, the older sculptor offered Mr. Shrady part of his studio in Weehawken; and there, within six weeks, the task was accomplished. Mr.

Shrady's lack of experience in enlarging was offset by his sense of proportion and by familiarity with his subjects.

The completed designs were duplicated by the glue mold process, and eight of them were set upon the bridges

ton at Valley Forge," to be erected in Brooklyn, was impressed by another of Mr. Shrady's small bronzes, which he saw in a store window on Fifth Avenue — "The Empty Saddle," representing a cavalry horse without its rider, grazing



"THE EMPTY SADDLE," A SMALL BRONZE MODELED BY HENRY M. SHRADY.

From a photograph by De Silva & Hill—Copyright by Theodore B. Starr, New York.

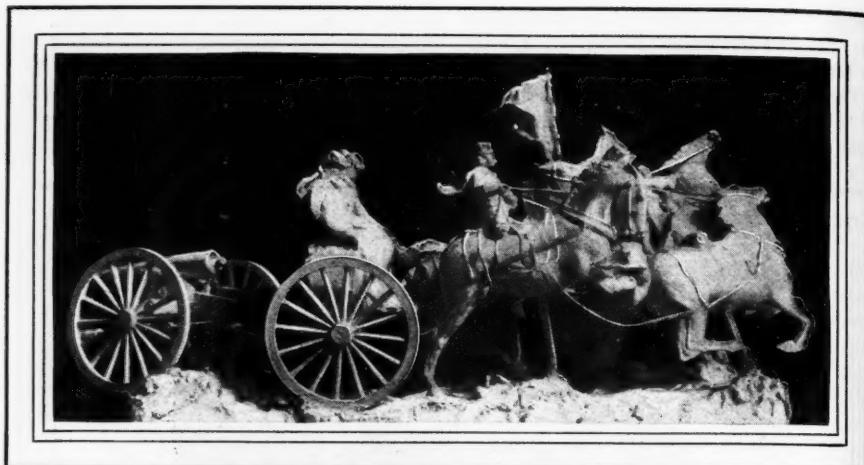
spanning the canals in the exposition grounds. Such work is notoriously ill paid, and, chiefly because the material is disastrously affected by climatic conditions, seldom accrues to the sculptor's prestige; but the figures were so good that the young man who had undertaken the order with no small trepidation began to hear himself spoken of as "Shrady, the sculptor."

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT COMPETITION.

About that time a member of the committee in charge of the competition for an equestrian statue of "Washing-

near the noise of battle. He called upon the young man and asked him to enter the competition, to which five leading sculptors had been invited.

That little Russian bronze was unmistakably a good horse. Mr. Shrady knew a horse's anatomy. He had taken his own saddle horse, which he studied while riding on the bridle-path in Central Park, and had turned a hose upon him in order to learn what muscles show themselves on the surface; and they are few. He entered the Brooklyn competition just six months before the day when it was to close, and within that



"ARTILLERY COMING TO A HALT," MR. SHRADY'S DESIGN FOR ONE OF THE SUBSIDIARY GROUPS OF THE GRANT MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by De Silva & Hill—Copyright by Henry M. Shrady, New York.

time made five plaster models, two of which he submitted. Other competitors submitted as many as five. He joined an artist in renting a small studio on the fourth floor of a building on Twenty-Fourth Street, near Sixth Avenue, and worked during almost all the daylight hours. When it was dark, he thought about his work. He used no models and but few sketches. Perhaps that is one reason why his equestrian statue of Washington made his competitors' work appear stiff and lifeless; for effect is often lost in modeling, as in painting, by sticking too closely to reality. What a poor statue a plaster cast of a horse would be!

When the committee made its award, he wrote a postal card from Irvington-on-the-Hudson to his studio companion, Mr. Lawrence, simply stating, without pride or egotism, that his statue had been approved. With his later and much more important success, the acceptance of his design for the Grant monument, his individuality is unaltered. His is a thoughtful earnestness that conceives poetically and accomplishes not only by the power of genius, but also by exacting pains and severe self-criticism.

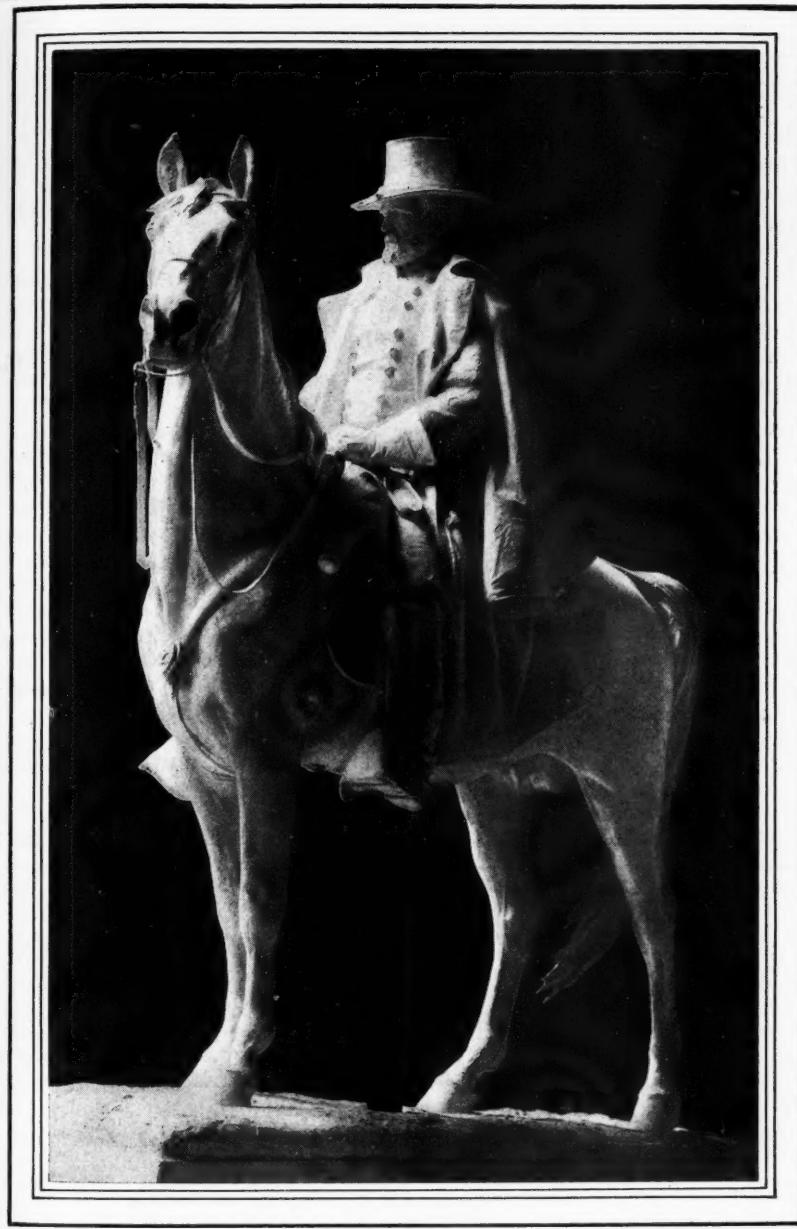
PLANS FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT.

"Although there were vast numbers of men of foreign origin in the Federal

army," Mr. Shrady says, "I shall model only from Americans, considering them the most beautiful type; nor shall I caricature them by depicting them as being over-sunken of cheek and emaciated. It is better to idealize in a work of this sort."

The statue of General Grant, raised aloft in the center, will be much larger than the subsidiary groups of artillery and cavalry. It is interesting to study the different models offered to the commission. A sculptor, while adhering to truth, unconsciously works in his own individuality, and necessarily patterns a personage after his mental conception; so there were almost as many ideas of General Grant as models submitted. It was unquestionably the freshness and sympathy with which Mr. Shrady handled his subject, as well as his remarkable artistic skill, that gained him the reward. He was equally commended by the two veteran sculptors, Daniel C. French and Augustus St. Gaudens, who gave their advice to the commission, and by Generals Schofield and Merritt, who were called in as old associates of Grant in his army days.

The base and pedestals of Mr. Shrady's statuary were done by Edward Pearce Casey, the New York architect who took up and completed the Congressional Library at Washington, and who won the Potomac Bridge competi-



MR. SHRADY'S MODEL FOR THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GRANT, WHICH FORMS THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF HIS DESIGN FOR THE QUARTER-MILLION-DOLLAR MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by De Silva & Hill—Copyright by Henry M. Shrady, New York.

tion. It is, of course, customary for sculptor and architect to collaborate thus.

The young sculptor's studio is a large, high-ceiled room, with a skylight. It is

over a stable, and was probably a hayloft, or a carriage-room. Even with the windows in the rear open, the noises of the city are muffled and seem afar off.



FIGURE OF A MOOSE, MODELED BY HENRY M. SHRADY AS A SMALL BRONZE, AND ENLARGED TO TEN FEET HIGH FOR THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO.

From a photograph by De Silva & Hill—Copyright by Theodore B. Starr, New York.

Here he is at work upon the two great monuments he has undertaken. An elevator brings a horse up from below, and an attendant holds the animal on a stage with a railing around three sides. There are four-legged modeling stands with round tops; tools, for which every sculptor has different uses, arranged regularly, like surgical instruments, on sheets of oiled paper; dampened clay in lumps ready for use; plaster casts of horses' hoofs; sketches; models and reliefs, completed or unfinished; and lying within easy reach, two books—"Chauveau's Comparative Anatomy of the Domesticated Animals" and "Wagner's Standard Horse and Stock Book."

They are not light or easy tasks which

Mr. Shrady has undertaken. First he must complete the Washington equestrian statue. He will use scores of models; a profile of one, an eye of another, an arm of another. To assist him he has purchased a skeleton of a horse, and another of a man, which he will mount upon the animal. The two monuments mean years of thought and labor, and out of the three hundred thousand dollars that he will receive for them he must pay for the pedestals and for the casting into bronze.

We may reasonably expect valuable additions to American art when we recall Mr. Shrady's modest and earnest expression of his ambition to do "something of credit to his country."

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

George Gould's Turbine Yacht.

Whether the turbine will ever supersede the ordinary marine engine it is not as yet possible to predict, but the new device is steadily asserting its capabilities. Originally used only in small and light craft where high speed was the main desideratum, it has been successfully applied to passenger steamers of considerable size. A few weeks ago it underwent, for the first time, the severe test of an Atlantic voyage, and came off with flying colors.

Such great advantages have been claimed for the turbine that the question had often been asked what American yachtsman would be the first to try this British invention. The query has been answered by Mr. George Gould, who some months ago chartered the Emerald, a turbine yacht owned by Sir Christopher Furness, the English ship-owner and ship-builder. Leaving the Clyde on the 17th of last April, the Emerald called at the Azores on the 23d, in order to replenish her coal supply, and entered New York harbor on the 4th of May. Throughout the voyage she had to breast a succession of adverse gales, but not a bolt started, not a journal heated, and her captain spoke

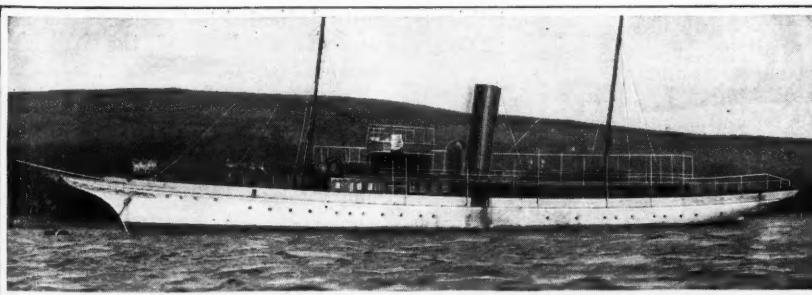
enthusiastically of his vessel's performance. He specially commented upon the surprising absence of vibration, with three shafts making anywhere from four hundred to seven hundred revolutions a minute.

The Emerald is a comparatively large boat, measuring two hundred and thirty-six feet over all, with twenty-eight feet beam, and carrying a crew of thirty-two men. She will no doubt be an object of great interest both to yachtsmen and to engineers.

The New Dean of the General Seminary.

The headship of the General Theological Seminary is one of the most important posts in the ecclesiastical world of America. As the chief training-school for the Episcopal ministry, located in a city where the position of the Episcopal church is so strong, and its influence so great, the college in Chelsea Square is a place where a leader and teacher of men can impress himself upon the trend of the religious life and thought of the day.

The advent of Dr. Wilford L. Robbins to the place so long held by the late Dean Hoffman will be regarded with



THE FIRST TURBINE VESSEL TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC—THE STEAM-YACHT EMERALD, CHARTERED IN ENGLAND BY GEORGE J. GOULD, AND BROUGHT TO NEW YORK IN MAY LAST.

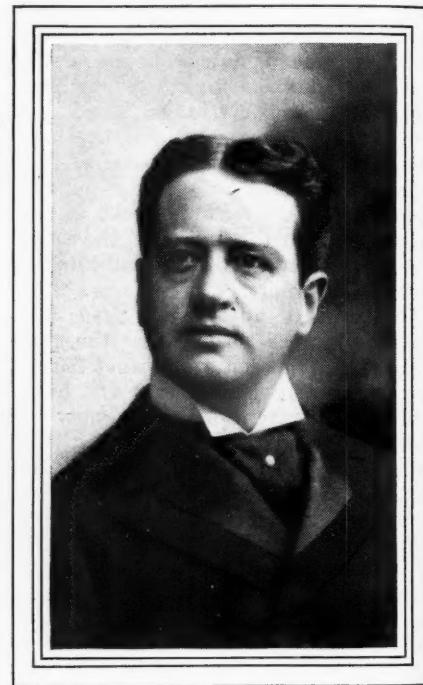
From a photograph by McClure, MacDonald & Co., Glasgow.

special favor by the so-called High Church element of Episcopalianism. It may be taken as a sign of the increasing predominance of that school of churchmanship—to which, indeed, there is comparatively little opposition in the metropolis at the present time. Dr. Robbins has been known in New York as a preacher, as one of the somewhat

influential than the headship of any but the most important dioceses.

The New Stock Exchange.

At no other spot in the United States, with the single exception of the Capitol at Washington, do the nerves and muscles of the body politic center as in the



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT AND HIS BRIDE (A DAUGHTER OF OLIVER HARRIMAN, AND FORMERLY MRS. LEWIS MORRIS RUTHERFORD), WHO WERE MARRIED IN LONDON ON APRIL 25 LAST.

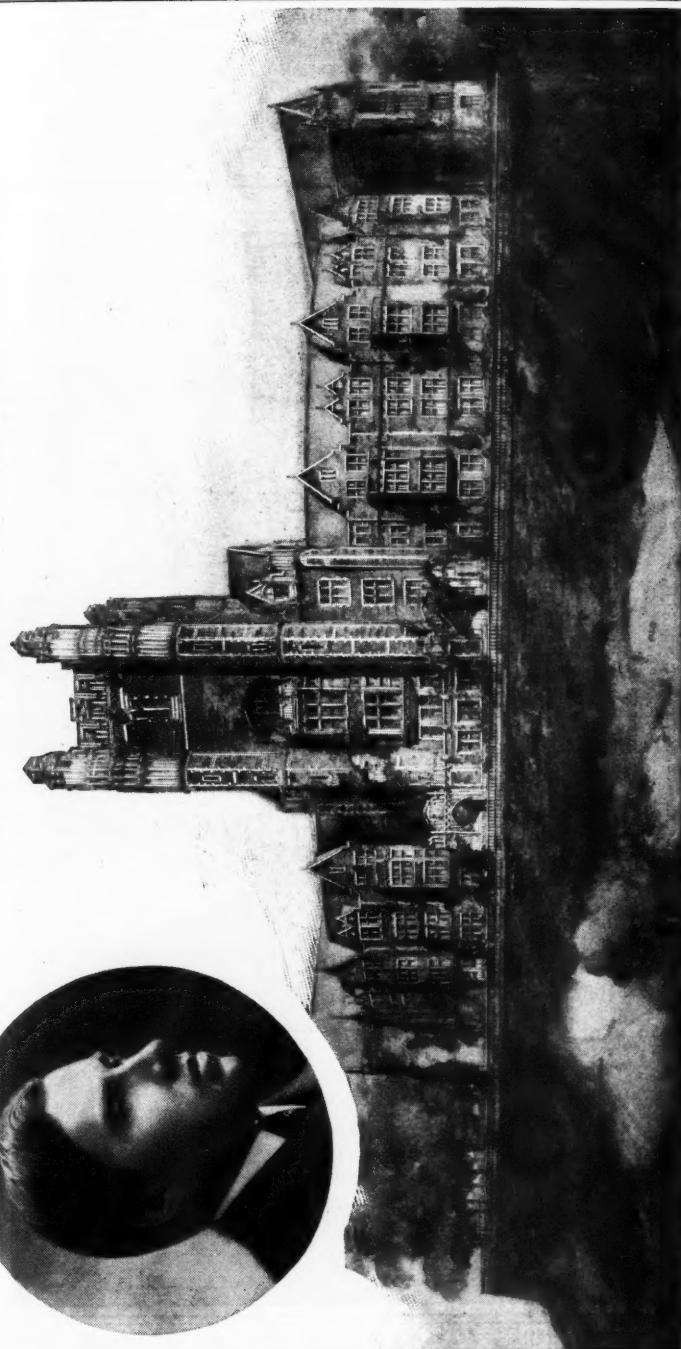
From photographs by Albin, Paris, and Alman, New York.

slender band of pulpit orators that his communion can boast; but great things are predicted for his administration at the General Seminary.

A Bostonian by birth, a graduate of Amherst and of the Cambridge Divinity School, Dr. Robbins, of whom a portrait appears on page 556, spent three years as rector of a church at Lexington, Massachusetts, and since 1887 has been dean of the cathedral at Albany. He has more than once been nominated for a bishopric. His new post, to which he is to come on the 1st of August, is one that in able hands might well be regarded as being more responsible and

magnificent new building that was recently dedicated to the use of the eleven hundred members of the New York Stock Exchange.

The history of the great governing body of American finance goes back for considerably more than a century. A few years after the end of the Revolutionary War, the brokers of New York established the custom of gathering daily under a buttonwood tree that stood in front of No. 70 Wall Street. After a time, a more convenient meeting place was found in the Tontine Coffee House, at the corner of Wall and Water Street, and here was founded, in 1817,



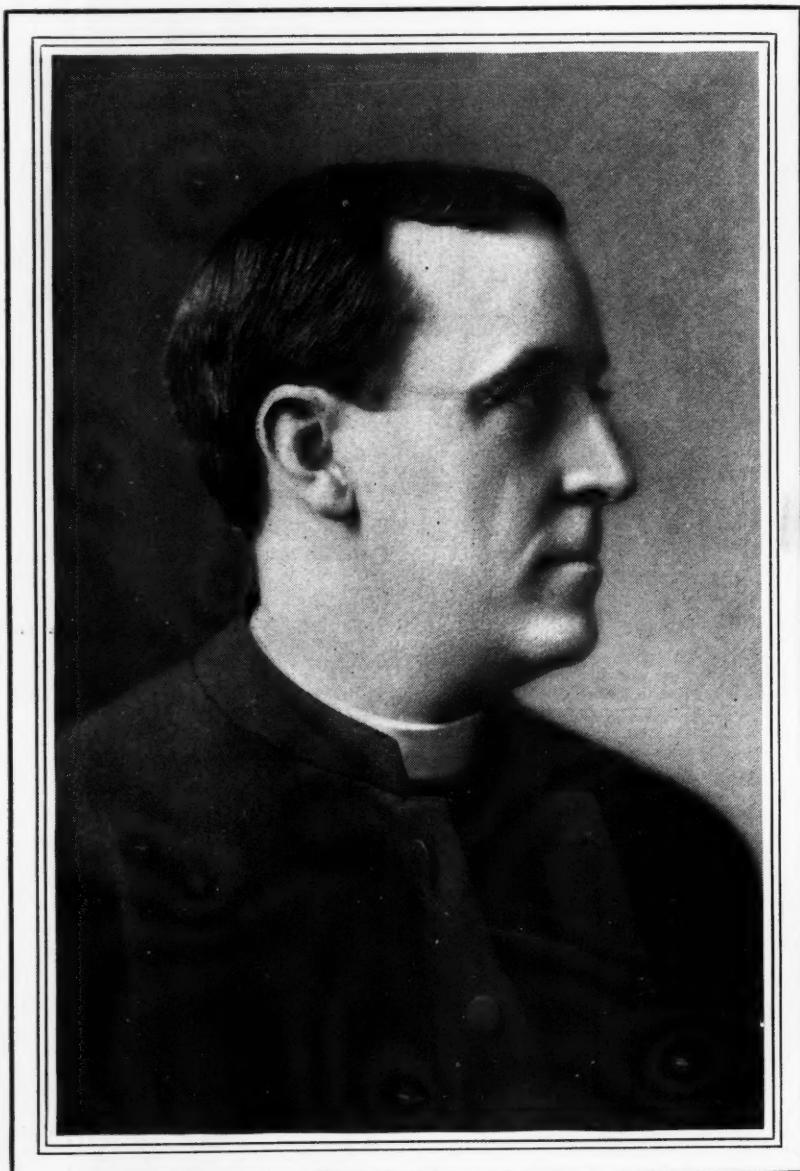
THE NEW COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, WHICH IS TO STAND BETWEEN ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT STREET, AMSTERDAM AVENUE, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH STREET, AND ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE—THE PRINCIPAL ENGRAVING SHOWS THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE COLLEGE, FRONTING ON ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE; IN THE SMALL CIRCLE IS A PORTRAIT OF DR. JOHN H. FINLEY, THE RECENTLY APPOINTED PRESIDENT.

From a drawing by the architect, George B. Post, of New York.—The portrait of Dr. Finley from a copyrighted photograph by B. F. McManus, New York

the New York Stock and Exchange Board. The brokers of Philadelphia, an older financial center than New York, had organized earlier.

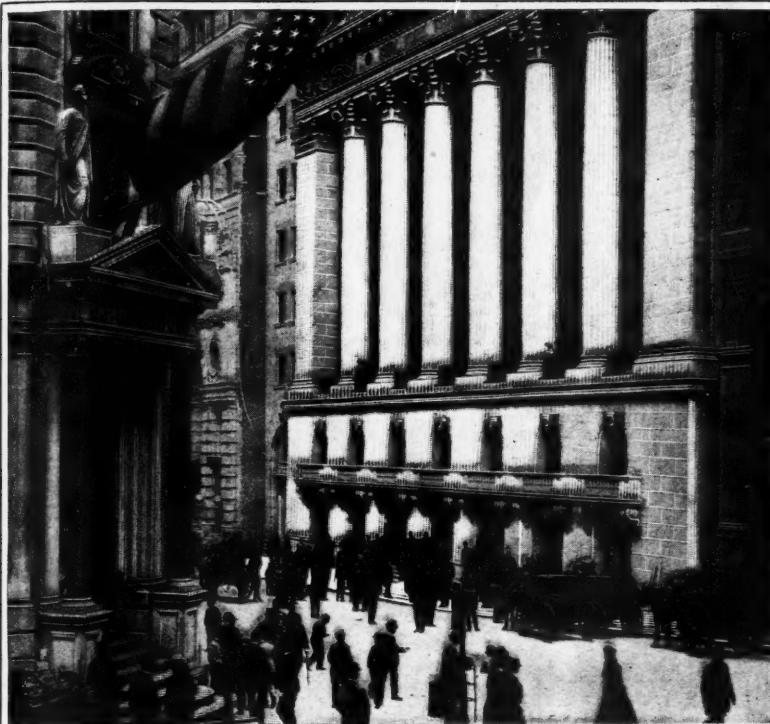
The board met in various offices during the next two decades. The great fire of 1835 burned it out in the old

Merchants' Exchange, at Wall and William Streets, where the Custom House now stands. Then there came a secession, the Open Board of Brokers being formed in opposition to the original body; but later the two were re-united. Forty years ago the present



THE REV. WILFORD L. ROBBINS, D. D., RECENTLY APPOINTED DEAN OF THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN NEW YORK.

From a photograph by the Albany Art Union, Albany.



THE BROAD STREET FRONT OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, WHICH WAS OPENED FOR BUSINESS ON APRIL 22 LAST—THE UPPER PART OF THE BUILDING, WHICH DOES NOT APPEAR IN THIS ENGRAVING, IS STILL UNFINISHED.

From a photograph by Turnbull, New York.

site—or part of it, for it has recently been extended—was purchased to give the members a permanent home of their own; and in 1865 the exchange, under its present name, took possession.

The costly and magnificent building that was opened on the 22d of April last was necessitated by the tremendous expansion of business that has been one of the remarkable phenomena of the past five or six years. In 1895 the brokers' total dealings were only forty million shares; in 1899 they were more than a hundred and seventy millions, and in 1901 more than two hundred and fifty millions. For the transaction of all this colossal buying and selling there will be ample space in the new exchange, which has a board room measuring nearly fifteen thousand square

feet—a hundred and forty feet long by a hundred and eight feet wide.

The main front of the exchange, on Broad Street, is shown in the engraving on this page. Architecturally, its chief feature is a row of huge Corinthian columns, fifty-two feet in height. The pediment above is to be decorated with statuary by J. Q. A. Ward, which will represent the arts and industries bearing their tribute to a symbolic figure of Integrity. It may be some time before this part of the building receives its final touches.

“The Spirit of the Confederacy.”

An unusually impressive monument is that recently erected in Baltimore by the local society of Daughters of the



"THE SPIRIT OF THE CONFEDERACY"—THE BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT DESIGNED BY F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL, AND RECENTLY UNVEILED IN BALTIMORE AS A MEMORIAL TO THE MEN OF MARYLAND WHO FOUGHT IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY.

Confederacy, in honor of the Marylanders who fought for the Southern cause during the Civil War. Its designer, F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, the New York sculptor, describes it as "an embodi-

Opera House, listening to 'Tannhäuser.' I had been groping for days for a conception for a Confederate monument for Springfield, Missouri, when suddenly I became oblivious to 'Tann-



THE RECENTLY COMPLETED SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Turnbull, New York.

ment of the view that the South has as good a right as the North to be proud of the courage, fidelity, and endurance of its soldiers, and that the day will come when the country as a whole will regard the heroic deeds done by both Blue and Gray as a national heritage."

Mr. Ruckstuhl's account of the way in which the group was designed is so interesting that it is worth telling in his own words.

"One evening about two years ago," he says, "I sat in the Metropolitan

'häuser,' and saw a typical Southern soldier, with worn shoes and his clothing torn by bullets, having thrown away all his military accoutrements, his coat and hat, and even rolled up his sleeves as if for a final desperate fight to the finish. He was looking sternly toward me with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils. Suddenly he placed his left hand over his heart, as if to stifle the pain of a shot, while his right arm, which held a shattered gun, became rigid with an involuntary grasp. His



THE CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA IN THE COSTUMES THEY WORE AT THE EASTER EVE CELEBRATION IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW, ON APRIL 18 LAST (THE RUSSIAN EASTER BEING A WEEK LATER THAN THAT OF THE WESTERN CHURCHES).

From a photograph by Leviisky, St. Petersburg.

face changed from an expression of pain and anger to one of a calm feeling of triumph even in defeat; just one touch of sadness for his country remained. He was about to fall into the mire when I saw a tall, powerful, splendid-winged 'Victory' swoop down from the sky

and clasp him to her breast. Holding aloft a crown, she said: 'Hold, right or wrong, he fought a good fight. He followed the right as God let him see the right. Touch him no more, for he belongs to me!'

"I turned to the lady who attended

the opera with me, and said: 'I have found it,' and made the first pencil sketch then and there."

The committee having the Springfield monument in charge declined the sketch, preferring to have a fighting soldier rather than a dying one; but it came to the notice of the Baltimore ladies who had a similar memorial in view, and they approved it warmly. It exactly expressed the motto of their society, "Glory stands beside our grief," which has been inscribed on the pedestal of the finished group.

The Czar and His Manifesto.

The strange medieval figures of the Czar and his consort in the costumes they wore at the Easter Eve celebration in the Kremlin may be regarded as typical of the social and political status of the vast empire of which they are the titular heads.

Four months ago there were loud cries of rejoicing, both within and without the borders of Russia, at the promulgation of an imperial edict which, to judge from some of the comments upon it, was to abolish all the nation's ills and inaugurate a new era of good government and popular liberty. There is no doubt that the manifesto was an absolutely sincere expression of the young Czar's personal sympathy with modern ideas, and of his strong desire to reform the existing political system of his country; but whether it has had any tangible and permanent result it is still too soon to judge. Russia has had reforming Czars before. Over and over again sovereigns of the reigning house have declared their tender regard for the liberties of their people, and announced this or that concession to the spirit of democracy which has never been wholly extinct in the Muscovite empire; and yet to-day, after three centuries of Romanoff rule, it is a fair question whether the empire is in a better or a worse condition, politically speaking, than it was when the dynasty first came to the throne.

Almost all Russia's early traditions were democratic. Her various tribes and cities, her different orders of society, were deeply jealous of their individual

rights, and maintained a mutual independence that was a constant source of weakness until Peter the Great changed the whole trend of Muscovite history. The Czar who is justly famed as the foremost of the Romanoffs was a determined reactionary who made his country powerful among the nations by giving her a rigidly centralized government—autocratic, as it was in his strong grasp; bureaucratic, as it speedily became in the weaker hands of his successors.

A century and a half later, the most enlightened of those successors, the second Alexander, immortalized himself by emancipating the serfs, who had been bound to the soil since the accession of the dynasty. The achievement, unquestionably a grand one, was the emperor's personal triumph, effected only after a severe struggle with hostile official forces, and on terms which, as Tolstoy and others point out, left the liberated peasant to stagger under a crushing burden of debt. Since then most of the Russian "reforms" seem to have been in a backward direction. The great oriental empire is a good deal of a mystery to outsiders, and her exact social, religious, and political status is more or less a matter of controversy; but it seems clear that the mass of her people not only possess no voice in public affairs, but are entirely unable to exercise some of the ordinary rights of civilized humanity, as we understand them.

At the same time, it would be unfair to lay all the blame for her backwardness upon the shoulders of her rulers. The people of Russia differ widely in their history, their temperament, and their circumstances, from those of the western countries, and it is illogical to judge them by Anglo-Saxon standards. Their ills could not be cured by giving them a ready-made copy of the political system that we have taken centuries to develop. It will probably be generations before they are fitted for constitutional responsibility under representative institutions like ours.

That "liberty," in the full sense of that debatable term, should come to Russia this year or next is impossible. The Czar Nicholas will do well if he succeeds in bringing it even a few steps nearer.

The Love Story of Robert Prouty.

A TALE THAT THROWS A SOMEWHAT NOVEL LIGHT UPON THE TRUE NATURE OF THE AVERAGE MAN'S LOVE.

BY EUGENE WOOD.

I.

IT was hard that Bob Prouty should have been dismissed just at the beginning of the dull season, when it was useless to look for employ in his line; but a calamity that brought him home from New York for a good long visit, the first in years, was not one to grieve over very much.

The difficult question: "What do you do with all your money?" had been answered as well as it ever can be, the question being from the standpoint of Minuca Center, the answer from the standpoint of New York. Followed the next important query—did Bob "go" with anybody there? Mrs. Prouty concluded that it must be a very queer place indeed if it was as hard there for a young man to get acquainted with nice girls as Bob made out it was.

"Don't you go to church, ever?" she asked.

Yes, sometimes. No, not regularly to any one place. Well, to Trinity as often as anywhere. They had good singing there.

"Well, now, I tell you what you do," advised Mrs. Prouty. "When you go back in the fall you go call on the pastor—what's his name?"

"The rector of Trinity? Dr. Dix."

"Why, is he there yet?" interjected Mr. Prouty. "He is, eh? They must like his preaching pretty well."

"You go call on this Mr. Dix, and tell him you attend his church, and then you take in their sociables and oyster suppers and whatever doings they have in the parlors of the church in the long winter evenings. If I was you, I'd go to the young people's meetings, and join the choir. Why, you'd be acquainted with lots of nice girls in no time, scarcely."

As Bob dramatized these suggestions, they seemed pathetically comic. His mother divined his smile rather than saw it.

"Oh, whatever church you like," she made haste to add. "There's plenty of nice girls in all of them. I just worry

and worry about you, away off there with nobody to look after you and see that your socks aren't one mass of holes. You ought to get married. It would be the making of you, if you could get the right kind of a wife. And you could, too—no bad habits, and strong and healthy and fine-looking—oh, you needn't say 'Huh!' for you are; I don't care if you are my boy. You could take your pick of them."

"Yes, I s'pose," scoffed Bob. "Just walk up and say, 'I choose you,' and she'd come right along."

"Oh, now, you know what I mean. It ain't right for you to stay single, and you going on twenty-seven."

"Yes," jeered Bob; "I'd look well with a wife right now, wouldn't I?"

"Oh, fiddle!" replied his father. "You'll find something as good as you had, as soon as business opens up again in the fall. On the wages you were getting you could easy keep yourself and a wife, and lay up money. See here!"

And with a pencil and the back of an envelope, Mr. Prouty demonstrated again the ancient paradox that what will just about do for one is an ample competence for two.

II.

THE shame of being idle and living off his father for a whole summer Bob Prouty found more tolerable than he had imagined. It was not such a slow little town, after all. There were the annual lawn fêtes of the various churches, each of which was attended by the members of the other churches with an evangelical charity beautiful to behold. There were all kinds of picnics, whereat assisted many young women who remembered him much better than he remembered them. Some of these young women were pretty. Marie Hutchins was an undoubted beauty, and none of them was as provincial and countrified as he had feared.

Miss Hutchins' beauty had dazzled him at first, but not for long. Beyond the limit of an extravagant compliment from

him, a flashing of her big, blue eyes at him, with "Oh, yes, you say that to everybody," and his succeeding protest, he found it difficult to extend a conversation. Jennie Lineacre was beautiful, too, in a graver, more statuesque way; but she was so patently affected that her hour was brief. Grace Hoover was the jolliest little thing, "the life of the party," as they say, but to be always on the lookout for a witticism and to be obliged to cap it with another was too great a strain.

That was the worst of most of them, Bob found—they thought they had to exert themselves to entertain. Perhaps it was because she wasn't eternally clacking away at him that he often found himself in the company of Alice La Fetra. He had known Alice since he was a boy, for his mother and hers were old friends. They swapped patterns and recipes, and were always running back and forth. Bob and Alice had never known much of each other, for she was younger than he, and a girl. The last time he was at home she was gangling and awkward. Since then she had improved, and was now not bad-looking, though he would not call her beautiful. But, he admitted to himself, he had very seldom seen a woman that he would call really beautiful. What was most in Alice's favor was that she didn't make him tired. What she said was sensible and well expressed; but if she didn't say anything, she was company, just the same. She was going to teach a kindergarten in the fall, having finished her preparatory studies. She was musical, though not a wonderful player or singer. She was a musician rather than a performer. There is a difference.

Bob's mother delighted to pretend that he was her little boy still. It saved her so many steps for him to "run over to Mrs. La Fetra's" and do this, that, and the other errand. Mollie and Sue La Fetra were away for the summer, and Alice was the only one that Mrs. La Fetra had to send on errands to Mrs. Prouty's. Both families belonged to the same Methodist church, and, naturally enough, Alice and Bob walked home together on Sunday mornings with their parents. It was the custom there for the young people to attend other churches in the evening; and if Bob asked Alice to go with him, it was because it was less trouble to do that than to hunt up another girl. Then there were these picnics and lawn fêtes, and walks to the Sulphur Spring. He liked to row, but it was a bore to go alone, so he took Alice, because she didn't

squeal and wiggle about and dabble her hands in the water.

Most of Bob's schoolmates had gone away from Minaca Center. Those who were left, while good-hearted and all that, were rather limited in their ideas. Out of sheer inability to pass the time in any other satisfactory way, he got into the habit of going over to the La Fetras' in the evening, instead of down-town.

When Frank Woodmansee told Bob that Harry Allgire had asked if he was "going with" Alice La Fetra, it first angered and then amused him. He told his mother about it.

"Harry Allgire? Isn't he the fellow that's 'going with' that De Wees girl?"

"Going with her? Why, it's the worst case you ever saw. She walks down to meet him coming home to dinner, and walks back with him after. We meet them every place, Alice and I."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't pay any attention to it, if I was you," said Mrs. Prouty. "Alice is a nice enough girl, but—"

"Why, that's just it. Of course she's nice, and I like her immensely, but as far as 'going with' her is concerned, why, I never thought of such a thing. And I don't suppose she has, either."

"No, I reckon not," said Mrs. Prouty, but she did not seem to be so positive about it as her son. "Her mother was saying—I don't know as I ought to tell you."

"Oh, go on, tell me. What did she say?"

"Well, come to think, I don't know as I can tell in just so many words; but the amount of it was that she thought Alice thought a good deal of you." She eyed him sharply to see how he took it. He looked very grave. Then she added: "She said Alice said there was something to what you had to say. I think myself she thinks you're just about right."

Bob was troubled in his mind. He hadn't supposed that Alice would attach any more importance to their friendship than he had. It was a funny thing if a fellow couldn't be civil to a girl without her going and falling in love with him. It just spoiled everything. He was in no position to pay serious attentions to any woman. He was not employed, and Lord knew when he would be. It was no easy thing to get a place as good as the one that he had given up because he would not submit to be talked to as Maxwell had talked to him. Even so, the salary was none too much for one, let alone two, he didn't care how his father figured.

Anyhow, he meant to look around a little before settling on a final choice. On the train coming West with him there was a girl. She was with her father, so he had not— But he had caught her looking at him once. Now, a girl like that, for instance!

Alice was nice, no doubt about that. He would like to take her and show her around New York. She would appreciate it all, because she had such sensible ideas. He'd like to take her to the Metropolitan Opera House. It was something pathetic to think that a girl with her taste in music, and her understanding of it, had never even heard "Faust." It would be a pleasure to watch her pleasure. And he would be proud to be seen with her, for, though she wasn't exactly a beauty, she looked about as well as any girl he was acquainted with. She was distinguished, in a way, and her face was so expressive. She was stylish, too, and what she wore was in good taste. A man might do worse than marry her. In fact, the fellow that got her would be distinctly lucky; but it was out of the question for Bob to think of that, because he didn't love her.

He thought a great deal of her, it was true. She was such good company. She didn't make him tired, as other girls did. But if she was going to fall in love with him, why—he wished he hadn't said he would be over that evening. But he had said so, and she would be disappointed if he didn't call.

"Ah, Bob, going courting?" gaily inquired his father as his son came out on the veranda after supper. "I see you're all togged out."

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Robert Prouty gravely, determined to put an end to such nonsense. "No, just making a call."

"Well, give her my love," returned his father with ready wit. "And say! Tell La Fetra I can beat him a game of cribbage if he'll come over." Mr. Prouty turned to confront his wife's disapproving visage. "Why, what's wrong now?" he asked guiltily as soon as Bob was out of earshot.

"Henry Prouty! For a man of your age, I do think you have as little judgment as anybody I ever saw—row-rowing the boy that way, so all the neighbors can hear you!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Good land! Can't you see?"

"Why, do you think—" Mr. Prouty finished his question by inclining his head toward the La Fetra residence.

"Think? I don't *think* anything about it."

III.

Bob and Alice were talking, with the gate between them, when Mr. and Mrs. La Fetra returned from spending the evening at the Proutys'.

"Well, sir, I beat that dad of yours four straight games out of five. He can't play cribbage a little bit," was Mr. La Fetra's loud boast, synchronous with his wife's reproof of Alice for standing out in the night air with nothing around her.

Bob and Alice both essayed at once to unlatch the gate. Her fingers brushed the back of his hand, and lingered the fraction of a second longer than instantaneity. The nerves there, commonly so dull, leaped into alert consciousness. Fire and frost thrilled his back, a sensation strange but delightful.

It puzzled him, for nothing could be surer than that he was not in love with Alice La Fetra. He knew what love was, both by reading and by observation. He had once roomed with a fellow named Kirke, who "had it bad" for the fifth time, and who was destined to have it three times more before he married the woman who afterward divorced him. The fellow, who had once been jolly, moped and sighed and shook his head. He sat for hours with his elbow on the table and his cheek in his hand, so that his lips were all pushed out of shape. He used to sing "Call Me Thine Own," in a voice like a gang-saw going through a knot. Nothing like that ailed Bob; hence he was not in love.

He decided that the thrill he had experienced was due to nervous apprehension that it was a sign that she loved him. If she did, why, then he ought in honor to marry her. He would keep it from her that he did not love her, and never let her find it out. Supposing, though, that after they had been married some time, he should one day meet a woman with whom there would be no question of esteem and admiration, but of love itself, the kind you read about, the kind that makes you crazy after the adored one—then what? Wouldn't he wish then that he had waited for the grand passion, and not have contented himself with a feeble imitation of it? His life would be blighted, and not his alone, but this other woman's and Alice's. He felt a pale regret for the other woman, but a sorrow for Alice's fate that amounted to a blushing shame. It would

be dog-mean of him if, in this future madness, he should be tempted to desert her and—and perhaps her children.

What could he do? Perhaps she had not gone such lengths in love of him that to retrace her steps was impossible. If he should leave for New York to-morrow—but he had made an engagement to take her for a drive to-morrow. And what was the use of going to New York so long before the season opened?

He resolved to let the affair die out. It ought not to be broken off suddenly, for that would make talk and wound her; but gradually, little by little.

IV.

"WELL, Alice, child, I can't advise you. Every time we talk it over, it comes to the same thing. If you think he's the best you can do—"

"Mother!" Such commercialism was revolting.

"You needn't fly up at me that way. You know what I mean. If you like him—"

"Oh, I like him, but that isn't it."

"Well, then, what is the trouble? Don't you think he likes you?"

"Well, of course, he hasn't said, but—"

Mrs. La Fetra smiled with compressed lips, and waited in silence.

"If I was right sure I loved him—that is, loved him as much as he loves me—oh, mother, I know he loves me, I just know he does! If I really loved him, I wouldn't hesitate one second about giving up my career; and I can't bear to!"

"Well, Alice, if I was you, I wouldn't cross the bridge till I got to it. You'll do as you please anyhow, so I don't see as there's much use of my saying anything."

V.

THE breaking off was indeed gradual—so gradual as to be imperceptible to any but Bob. It was so hard to begin without wounding Alice's feelings; and he could not bring himself to do that in the least. If he left off calling, she would think she had offended him, and would torture herself trying to think how. So in the morning he felt obliged to ask her: "What are you going to do this afternoon? What do you say if we go boating?"—or walking or whatever it might be. In the afternoon he found himself making an appointment for the evening, and in the evening for the next day.

But though the breaking off was thus gradual, it was not to be understood that there had ever been any "going with" her. It made him furious to see the knowing way Harry Allgire and that De Wees girl grinned when they met Alice and him. If they could see how silly they looked!

"Isn't it sickening?" he said to Alice after they had passed the two spoons. "Isn't that the worst case of puppy-love you ever did see?"

"Awful," she agreed.

He remembered her saying that, because the next instant she clung wildly to him for protection. Brown's big St. Bernard bounced out upon them, barking furiously. Bob had only to pretend to pick up a stone, and the mere gesture scared the foolish young dog, who dropped his tail and fled.

"Oh, he frightened me so!"

Alice sighed and clung to him, and looked up into his eyes gratefully. He took her hand in both his and petted it. It was lucky that they came out immediately from under the thick beeches in front of Brown's into the bright light of the electric in front of Hill's, for Bob felt the most insane desire to crush her against him roughly, so that she should cry out: "Bob! You're hurting me!"

The momentary madness left him trembling. His heart hammered, and he had to keep swallowing. It was an impulse at once exultant and regrettable. He flushed to think how she would scorn him if she had dreamed that he was even tempted to "hug" her. A vulgarian like Harry Allgire probably bragged about "hugging" his "girl." It was a shame to think of such a word in the same hour with Alice!

VI.

"YOU'RE not going out to-night, are you, Robbie?" pleaded his mother.

"Why, yes, I thought I would," he answered guiltily, halting on the bottom step of the veranda. "I told—I said I'd be over this evening for a little while."

"The very last evening!" she said reproachfully. "We haven't seen hardly anything of you all summer, and I laid out to have such a nice long visit with my boy. And you're going away to-morrow noon! Dear knows when I'll ever see you again—maybe never." Her voice quavered as she dramatized the worst. She came down the steps so as to put her hand on his farther shoulder and let her wrist lie against his neck. Bob looked

down and stirred the gravel with his toe. "You're the only boy I've got," she added, and Bob could tell there were tears in her eyes. He dared not look to see. They even began to come into his own eyes. What a hypocrite he was, he thought! How heartless in him, after that appeal, still to wish to go and leave her!

"I won't stay but a little while," he said to his mother, but not less to his conscience.

She suddenly bent down and kissed him. She thrust his face against her bosom and gripped it there.

"My boy!" she half whispered, half groaned, then released him and fled up the steps and into the house.

Bob knew he ought to have followed her. He said so to himself. He said he must be void of natural affection to be so selfish, so unable to make adequate response to love lavished upon him by his mother and—Alice.

His progress to the La Fetta house, though, was as steady as if none of these thoughts had entered his mind. His excuse was that he was going to stay only a few minutes; then he would return and spend the last evening of his visit with his parents.

VII.

MR. PROUTY's ear noted a little quivering sigh as his wife cleared the supper table. He looked up from the Cincinnati paper and saw that she had her under lip bitten fast and that her chin was trembling.

"Why, what's the matter, mother? What's the matter?"

He rose to meet her as with a whimper she ran to him and flung her arms upon his shoulder.

"There, there!" he soothed her, and patted her softly. As he bent his neck to kiss her, his glasses slid off, and his awkward stooping for them made her titter hysterically. He drew her down into his lap in the Morris chair, where she made him understand.

"It's foolish of me, I know," she fluttered, "to be so jealous-hearted, but I can't help it."

"I know, I know," he said, and stroked her hair; "but, deary, it has to be that way. You know that. He's got to make another place and call it home. He must forsake us and cleave to her. Ah me! It seems only yesterday since we—" He kept silence and stroked her hair a long time, then: "Say, do you know what

he asked me the other day? I thought there was something up. He said: 'Father, what did you say to mother when you proposed to her?'"

Mrs. Prouty mused smilingly, and then asked: "What did you tell him?"

"I told him I didn't remember. Been so long ago. What did I say?"

"Laws, I don't know!"

"And what did *you* say?"

"You know well enough what I said."

"Did you tell me you loved me?"

"I don't know. I reckon so. I was green enough in those days to say 'most anything. Let me up. I've got to clear away the supper things."

"Oh, they can wait. Do you love me now? Tell me."

"Oh, behave yourself! Don't be so soft."

But she kissed him and twined a lock of his thin hair about her fingers.

"But do you? Tell me."

"Of course I do. Do you think I'd have put up with you all these years if I hadn't?" She was reminiscently silent for a time, and then she sighed: "I don't believe you ever loved me as much as I loved you."

It was more a question than a reproach; but he felt the reproach, and made haste to declare:

"Oh, yes, I did. Yes, I did. Maybe I wasn't as demonstrative. I never was much of a hand to make a display, but—"

In the pause that followed he asked himself, had he ever loved his wife as much as she loved him? Did he really love her now? Was it love, or had they grown together so that wrenching them apart would deal a pang so terrible, so agonizingly terrible, as barely to escape being mortal? If he should lose her! Oh, good God, avert it! He shuddered at the thought.

The same idea in her mind made her sigh deeply. Eager to dismiss a subject so disquieting, she rose and went about her work, while her husband took up the Cincinnati paper.

VIII.

Bob stayed only a little while. Soon after he appeared, her father and mother went to bed at an astonishingly early hour for them. He and Alice chatted a few minutes, as it seemed, and then he rose to go.

On opening the front door, the world without was stiller than common. He took her hand in his to bid her good-by.

He felt strangely sad and lonely. Tomorrow he was to return to New York and try for his life to find a finger-hold upon the face of that sheer precipice. It is a thing to make a cold sickness at the heart. The pleasant summer idleness was ended. This was the last of it, and there are few things of which we can say without emotion: "This is the last!"

It was the last time, too, that he should talk with Alice. Perhaps he did not love her, but he would miss her terribly. It cut him cruelly to think how he would miss her, and he tightened his grip upon her hand, which lingered still in his.

Her gaze suddenly dropped before his eyes, and her bosom rose and fell in labored breathing. There recurred the wild desire to crush her roughly to his breast—roughly, so that she should cry out. He could not withstand it. As he seized her brutally, she turned her face upward to his, and he kissed her again and again and yet again, unnumbered times, frantically, blindly. The hot blood thumping in every artery dizzied him. His chest panted as if with sobbing. He choked. His ears rang. His fingers shuddered violently as he twined them feverishly in hers.

"I do love you! I do love you!" he muttered hoarsely. "Do you love me? My darling! My darling!"

"Yes!" she whispered, and her soul looked through her eyes at him. What beautiful eyes she had! "Yes, yes, I do love you!"

Entering his own gate, he heard the town clock strike the hour. The bell sounded once—but there was no second note. Harkening, he heard the crash of freight-cars in the yards a mile away. He could even distinguish the words of the night yardmaster bawling an order to the pony engineer. But he heard no second bell-stroke. Astonished, he looked at his watch. It was one o'clock! He had thought it might be ten, surely not eleven.

IX.

Bob found New York even lonelier than he had feared. He had taken a hall room in a cheaper boarding-house, and had shunned his old acquaintances, that he might the better husband his little capital. It proved harder than he thought to "catch on." It is a long story, this looking for work, long and heart-breaking. But for Alice's letter coming every day, he could not have stood it. How they bore him up! How full of vivid promise was

the assurance in her writing that the darkest hour was just before the dawn!

He missed her more than he could tell. She was the dearest girl! He wished it was in his nature to be more loving than he was, to love her as she loved him. That burst of passion the night he parted from her he knew now for what it was. He was glad that her pure spirit had not guessed it. If he could get a little bit ahead, so that he could marry, he would marry her. It would be terrible, though, if, after all, another woman should appear and he should fall in love with her—in genuine love, this time. It would break Alice's heart. He might better go to his grave not knowing what real love was than that he should break the heart of such a girl as Alice.

He must get something to do, even if it was not in his line. For Alice's sake, he would sink his pride. They made money selling books, he had heard. It could be no harder than asking for employ.

Just below Twenty-Second Street, on his way down Fifth Avenue to a subscription book house, he noted Maxwell coming toward him. He pretended not to see him; but Maxwell walked up, stuck out his hand, and said:

"Hello!"

Bob answered and took the hand. There was no sense in being rude. If Maxwell had been in the wrong, Bob had not been wholly in the right.

"Where you been all summer? In your yacht?"

Bob smiled grudgingly.

"Out in Ohio," he said. "Just got back a couple of weeks ago."

"Doing anything?"

Bob winced. Maxwell noted it as he revolved his cigar in his mouth and shut his left eye to exclude the smoke.

"Well, not exactly."

"Now, look here," said Maxwell, taking Bob by the arm and leading him to a store-front, out of the tide of travel. "There wasn't any need for you to get your back up the way you did. You might know I had to call you down about that Camden order. I never thought you were going to fly off the handle and quit. I was mighty sorry about that. I always liked you and liked your ways."

He stopped and looked steadily at Bob, who swallowed and picked at a roughness in the painted iron. He had been a fool. He saw it now. Maxwell had been in the right, or not enough in the wrong to make a fuss about it. He was just going to say so when Maxwell spoke:

"Well, I must run along. Glad to see you again. Oh, by the way, Robbins is sick. Went home yesterday. Think you could take charge of his department for him till he gets back? All right! See you to-morrow morning, then. So long! I've got to run."

X.

MANY, many verses of the old air indifferently known as "Rousseau's Dream," "Days of Absence," "Go Tell Aunt Rhody," and "Greenville," all to four syllables repeated over and over again, had been sung and sung. They had been followed by long-drawn suspirations, by silence, and by a stealthy withdrawal from the room with the white iron crib in it.

On the front stoop Rob and this Mr. Maxwell, a friend of his, were talking as they smoked their after-dinner cigars and admired one of the sunsets for which Long Island is so justly famed. She could hear most of what Rob said, but Mr. Maxwell had a more muffled way of speaking.

"Oh, that's all my eye!" Rob said. "I used to be afraid of the same thing myself, but I tell you this other woman won't come along unless you're looking for her. And if this certain party you

speak of is as fond of you as you say—" An interval, and then: "I understand. We were just supposing. If she really loves you, you simply cannot take any interest in another woman. That is, if this certain party you speak of is as sensible and good a little woman as my wife. Say, do you know, I've got one out of a thousand—yes, one out of a million! I'm the luckiest man alive. I don't deserve it. When I think that she loves me—me, mind you—do you think I'd look at another woman? I couldn't. I couldn't. It would be dog-mean!"

The baby stirred just then, and Alice missed what came next. He had lowered his voice. But this is what he said:

"You don't have to have this wild, passionate, story-book love. I think that's kind of kiddish. There never was any of it in my case. Just esteem, that's all. She was the only woman I ever met that didn't make me tired. She's company, if she doesn't say a word."

The baby was sound asleep.

"Oh, it's the only way to live," Rob went on. "Why, I'm as happy—as happy"—he searched for a comparison—"as happy as a hen in a flower-bed. Hush! There she comes. Here, take this rocking-chair, honey. Well, he fought against it as long as he could, didn't he, the little rascal!"

FLOWERS OF THE HEART.

ACROSS the street, in contrast strange
To homes that boast no bowers,
A cupolaed old mansion stands
A story deep in flowers.
From frost to frost their fragrance fills
Our aerie, and delights us—
Wistaria in spring, in fall
'Tis clematis inviteth us.
We see paid fingers pot and prune,
But from our childless neighbor
The sweet sweet-peas receive alone
His own most loving labor.

Were we to sordid envy given,
It might wake our derision
To see him talking to his vines—
Bright source of scent Elysian!
Our one attempt in gardenry,
A lily pale and dying,
Upon the parlor window-sill
Mocks us forever trying.
But, gardenless and almost poor,
Ingrates indeed should we be
To covet *his* sweet-peas while we
Have Phyllis, Prue, and Phœbe!

Edward W. Barnard.

For Faithful Service.

THE PROUD HOUSE OF WATROUS, AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEFALLEN IT.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

I.

MRS. WATROUS had kept Lizzie two years, but the credit belonged to the maid. For one thing, Mrs. Watrous did not dare go quite so far with Lizzie as she had with Nellie and Marie and Josephine and Martha and all the unfortunates who had successively left her service after stays varying from three days to three months, departing in tears—in one case, it was rumored, with a red mark across the cheek. Lizzie had a certain inherent dignity, a strength of character as well as of body, that could not be ignored. The gravity and sweetness of her wide forehead, clear gray eyes, and cleft chin made her seem trustworthy beyond her years.

Moreover, she never lost her temper or answered back when stormed at. If she was in the wrong, she apologized; if not, she looked quietly into her mistress' strained, excited eyes till the angry glare that had cowered her predecessors wavered and broke, and Mrs. Watrous fell to whimpering about her nerves—which was, for her, marvelously near to an apology.

Perhaps the real secret of Lizzie's power was that, out of the warm innocence of her heart, she really loved her trying mistress; loved her more than she herself realized, till one day when the yoke lay too heavy and she thought she could bear it no longer. She did not cry or grow impertinent, but she laid down the brush with which she had inadvertently pulled a fine brown strand too hard, and went quietly out of the room.

It was Mrs. Watrous who cried, miserably, in selfish foreboding. Lizzie would go now, and the old round of stupid, malicious fools would begin again. She might as well die and be done with it. Nobody would care—certainly not her son! She turned to the photograph of a boy of twenty in cowboy trappings, seated on an uneasy bronco. Ralph never came home—would not if she were dying. She was a lonely, neglected—

Having worked herself into a nervous headache, she lay down on a little blue satin couch, narrow, tightly stuffed, and

slippery, and drew a corner of a blue silk duvet over herself with a long sigh of misery. Lizzie, coming back an hour later, found her asleep there, her hair still unbound, and distress, bodily and mental, showing in the deep lines of her fine, aristocratic face. The girl stood with unwilling pity stirring within her. Giving warning did not seem so simple as it had in the first freshness of her righteous anger. Her poor lady! Tyrannical, capricious, often childish—yet Mrs. Watrous had for Lizzie something of the quality of those who rule by divine right, and who are served with a devotion and loyalty far exceeding their deserts.

"I couldn't do it—and she that helpless without me," she murmured, softly rearranging the duvet.

And so the warning was not given—though two weeks later she wished with all her troubled heart that it had been; for Ralph came home.

Lizzie was seated at a table in Mrs. Watrous' dressing-room with the resplendent contents of the jewel safe spread out in front of her, polishing a great sapphire and diamond ring with earnest care, when a vague uneasiness suddenly became a definite consciousness that some one was watching her. Lifting her head, she saw a young man in a long rough coat and a slouch hat standing in the doorway.

Lizzie instinctively spread her hands over the jewels and sprang to her feet.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

The man's smile spread to his blue eyes and ended in a laugh.

"I am looking for my mother," he explained, pushing his hat back on his head, and then, as if by an afterthought, removing it.

Lizzie flushed deeply, looking very young and pretty in her confusion.

"Oh, you are Mr. Ralph! I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't know—"

"Nobody knew. I just dropped in," he said good-naturedly, coming into the room and placing a battered leather bag on the blue satin couch. "Is my mother at home?"

"I will see, sir."

Lizzie hastily gathered up the jewelry and replaced it in the safe.

"Oh, don't hurry away; she'll probably be along in a minute," he said, with a boyish laugh that made the words insignificant, though they came back to her afterwards.

II.

ON the day of her son's return Mrs. Watrous was in a quiver of delight. She sat smiling at him all the afternoon, patting his hand and flushing delicately with pride in his great shoulders and handsome head. She would not let him speak of going back, crying out in protest when he hinted he could spare only a week or two from the ranch. The household basked in pleasantness, and dreamed of a new order of things.

Next day Mrs. Watrous began to find flaws in her content. Ralph was really growing very rough and careless! And his table manners—she frowned fastidiously with little nervous jerks of her elbows half a dozen times during luncheon; and finally, as he piled an emptied saucer on his plate and pushed both out of his way, she rose abruptly from the table.

"If you can't eat like a gentleman, Ralph!" she said sharply. "I am sure you were brought up to."

He apologized with a laugh, but made no effort to reform, though at dinner he might have seen her wince and flush with annoyance a dozen times. Their conversation began to flag, for she could not let his careless English pass uncorrected.

By the third day he was distinctly on her nerves, and all her pleasure was swallowed up in discontent at his failings. That afternoon she came in to find him cleaning his pipe on her dressing-table. At the sound of her "Ralph!" Lizzie, who was in the next room, closed the door and slipped away, sorry and ashamed, yet grateful that for once she need not face the storm.

An hour later Ralph, meeting her in the hall, summoned her into the library and closed the door.

"Say, Lizzie," he began, leaning against the table and striking a match for his cigarette on its polished top, "do you think my mother's getting a little nutty?"

Lizzie's lips straightened in disapproval.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Ralph," she said with reserve. "Your mother is very nervous and easy upset."

He nodded thoughtfully.

"You bet your life!" he murmured.

Then, resting his elbow in his palm, he studied her through a haze of smoke, his head thrown back, his eyelids drooping. The blue eyes, though careless and perhaps shallow, were kindly; nevertheless Lizzie flushed under the inspection. He smiled at the little tide of clear red and the averted eyes.

"Gee, I don't see how you've stood it," he said; "not if she lights into you as she has into me. Does she?"

Lizzie turned to go.

"I have no complaint to make, Mr. Ralph," she said severely. He laughed.

"Here, hold on a minute; I'm not through." She paused, waiting, but he smoked in silence for several moments. "How can I jolly her, keep her serene?" he asked finally, knocking his ashes off against a book. "You must know the ropes better than I, now."

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Lizzie slipped out, feeling oddly disturbed.

"Upsetting the whole house!" she muttered impatiently. Nevertheless the careless, stalwart figure and the rough blond head in a haze of smoke were a picture not easily forgotten.

During the next few days Lizzie found with growing dismay that wherever her work took her, there presently would Mr. Ralph appear. He never made love to her, or gave her a chance for open protest, and he was as impervious to her coldness as to his mother's nervous aggressions. Not that Mrs. Watrous suspected this last development; her pride of race and of place was so deep that she could not have seen significance in her son's attitude to her maid. Her disapproval was all for the boots on her satin chairs, the casual profanity, the blank indifference to standards that were to her as the law and gospel. Against this her love made fitful struggles; but she had never learned to overlook.

"The one thing that will save him," she decided, "is a suitable marriage." Lizzie, standing behind her, busied with her hair, flushed with vexation to find her hands suddenly unsteady. "I shall ask some girls to dinner," Mrs. Watrous went on; "Daisy Welch and Blanche Holliday and—I can only pray that he does not swear before them! Lizzie, you are not

pinning that securely—do pay attention to what you are doing! Yes, I shall give a dinner."

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Soon they came with rustling of silk and quick tap of high heels. Lizzie unsheathed them one by one, and saw them go trailing down the broad stairs in all the beauty of their bare shoulders and resplendent gowns. Then she sat down alone among the wraps and scarfs, her cleft chin in her palms, staring at the floor.

Suddenly she started up with a broken sigh and went to her own room. Her eyes were misty when she closed her door, and so it was several moments before she saw a little package lying on her bureau. She opened it, wondering. On top lay Mrs. Watrous' card, inscribed in her delicate handwriting: "For Lizzie, in grateful appreciation of faithful service." Beneath was a pin of gold and dark blue enamel.

The tears quite flowed over now, and Lizzie pressed the pin to her lips.

"The dear lady! And to think of her doing that!" she murmured, her heart warmed to its depths. She fastened it in her gown and caressed it with her palm. "For faithful service," she repeated softly. "Ah, I hope I'll always deserve that!"

A couple of hours later she sat sewing in Mrs. Watrous' dressing-room when the door was pushed open and Ralph came in. She looked up, expecting a message, but he threw himself down on the blue couch with a laugh.

"I ran away for a moment while the fellows are smoking," he explained. "Had to get a rest or I'd have croaked." He lit a cigarette, smiling placidly. "Where you going?" he added, as Lizzie gathered up her sewing materials. "Don't run off—I want to talk to you."

"Mr. Ralph, your mother would not be pleased," exclaimed Lizzie distressfully. "You have no right—" He was not heeding.

"See here, Lizzie," he broke in, "why not marry me and let me take you back to the ranch?" She stared at him in frightened silence, and he went on, bending

forward till his elbows rested on his knees. "You'd be just the sort one needs out there, and a lot more of a lady than your neighbors, let me tell you! It don't matter to me if your English isn't always up to the scratch. You're the prettiest, finest, bulliest girl I've struck in years! I'd teach you to ride a bronco, you know—you'd look great! And you could make the house sort of habitable. What do you say?"

Lizzie could only stammer. "Mr. Ralph! You—mustn't!"

"Why not?" he asked. "You've bowled me over, Lizzie. I'd be dead in love with you if you gave me a show."

Something in his complacent tone and attitude stung her to sudden anger.

"Well, then, I'm not in love with you!" she snapped.

He stared at her open-mouthed; then he roared with laughter. She would have run from the room, but he caught and held her.

"There, don't be mad! I'm not laughing at you; but you did hand me one in good shape. Why don't you love me, Lizzie?"

His fingers were still tightly clasped about her arm, and she faced him defiantly.

"Because you're selfish," she said, still panting with anger. "You hurt and bother your mother twenty times a day, and you don't care. You wouldn't lift your finger to spare her anything. And you're even planning to—to marry a servant, though you know it would half kill her!"

He drew his lips up to a soundless whistle.

"Of course she'd throw a fit," he admitted slowly. "I dare say I'm no end of a beast; but I'd try to be decent to you, old girl. Those women down-stairs—they wouldn't go out to the ranch, would they? And I can't marry to please my mother. Lizzie, you nice little red and white thing, come and cut away with me—right now! You'll love me in time—I promise you. I'll do anything you say. Sweetest—"

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Lizzie hastily gathered up the jewelry and replaced it in the safe.

"Oh, don't hurry away; she'll probably be along in a minute," he said, with a boyish laugh that made the words insignificant, though they came back to her afterwards.

II.

ON the day of her son's return Mrs. Watrous was in a quiver of delight. She sat smiling at him all the afternoon, patting his hand and flushing delicately with pride in his great shoulders and handsome head. She would not let him speak of going back, crying out in protest when he hinted he could spare only a week or two from the ranch. The household basked in pleasantness, and dreamed of a new order of things.

Next day Mrs. Watrous began to find flaws in her content. Ralph was really growing very rough and careless! And his table manners—she frowned fastidiously with little nervous jerks of her elbows half a dozen times during luncheon; and finally, as he piled an emptied saucer on his plate and pushed both out of his way, she rose abruptly from the table.

"If you can't eat like a gentleman, Ralph!" she said sharply. "I am sure you were brought up to."

He apologized with a laugh, but made no effort to reform, though at dinner he might have seen her wince and flush with annoyance a dozen times. Their conversation began to flag, for she could not let his careless English pass uncorrected.

By the third day he was distinctly on her nerves, and all her pleasure was swallowed up in discontent at his failings. That afternoon she came in to find him cleaning his pipe on her dressing-table. At the sound of her "Ralph!" Lizzie, who was in the next room, closed the door and slipped away, sorry and ashamed, yet grateful that for once she need not face the storm.

An hour later Ralph, meeting her in the hall, summoned her into the library and closed the door.

"Say, Lizzie," he began, leaning against the table and striking a match for his cigarette on its polished top, "do you think my mother's getting a little nutty?"

Lizzie's lips straightened in disapproval.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Ralph," she said with reserve. "Your mother is very nervous and easy upset."

He nodded thoughtfully.

"You bet your life!" he murmured.

Then, resting his elbow in his palm, he studied her through a haze of smoke, his head thrown back, his eyelids drooping. The blue eyes, though careless and perhaps shallow, were kindly; nevertheless Lizzie flushed under the inspection. He smiled at the little tide of clear red and the averted eyes.

"Gee, I don't see how you've stood it," he said; "not if she lights into you as she has into me. Does she?"

Lizzie turned to go.

"I have no complaint to make, Mr. Ralph," she said severely. He laughed.

"Here, hold on a minute; I'm not through." She paused, waiting, but he smoked in silence for several moments. "How can I jolly her, keep her serene?" he asked finally, knocking his ashes off against a book. "You must know the ropes better than I, now."

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service. The clamor of crying voices within her was abruptly stilled, and she drew away, quiet and resolute.

"No, Mr. Ralph, it's impossible," she said.

III.

MRS. WATROUS was in great good humor when she came up-stairs after the guests had gone. Lizzie, awaiting her, heard her laugh unwontedly at something Ralph was saying. They paused at her door.

"Well, it was a success," she said.

"If you had only put me by Daisy Welch at dinner!" Ralph exclaimed. "That Holliday girl was awful—such a stiff! But Daisy Welch is all right. She's a ripper."

"I thought you seemed to get on well with her." Mrs. Watrous voice trembled with secret exultation.

"Oh, rather!" Ralph was clearly excited. "Do you know, she can shoot with a pistol pretty nearly as well as I can? And she knows a horse, too, by Jove!"

We're going to ride together next week. She's a wonder!"

"And very good family, dear," added his mother. She was smiling to herself when she entered the room.

"We must give another dinner soon, Lizzie; this was a great success," she said presently. "I want to have Daisy Welch here often—Mr. Ralph was very much taken with her. It would be a great relief! Young men are so often led into low marriages. And I think that would kill me!"

"It surely would," said Lizzie. Her voice sounded listless.

"You are tired," said her mistress out of her overflowing satisfaction. "Just unfasten that—there, now, you can go. I shan't need you. Good-night, Lizzie. I am glad you liked your pin."

"Indeed, yes, Mrs. Watrous," said Lizzie; but in her own room she put it away without a glance, and, kneeling down by the bed, buried her face in the covers.

Mrs. Eldredge's Bishop.

HOW A SOUTHWESTERN PRELATE SURPRISED THE EDGE-COURT HUNTING SET.

BY KATHRYN JARBOE.

I.

THE occasion was one of Mrs. Rutland's red dinners; and although the lady always gave her guests much latitude, physically as well as morally, her table bore witness to a somewhat hasty rearrangement of plates and chairs. Edith Maybury had been commenting a bit severely, as was her want, on the necessity for this rearrangement.

"But you're always so general in your remarks, Edith," answered her hostess. "All bishops are not—snuffy, as you say. I don't believe that I care very much for the word myself."

"All bishops are not snuffy all the time," corrected Ashley Thornton. "Edith means—"

"Oh, they know well enough what I mean without your interpretation," interrupted Edith herself. "Of course we all know that bishops are charming in their proper places. They're simply dear at weddings and christenings and all that; but I call it pretty hard lines for Ger-

trude's bishop to have come just now. Right in the middle of everything! The day before Tommy Sands' hunt! The day before the club dance!"

"To say nothing of the fact that he came on the very day of my dinner!" Mrs. Rutland, as the hostess of a depleted dinner table, permitted a slightly aggrieved inflection to creep into her voice.

"Yes, two whole days before he was expected!" Edith's tone was again wrathful.

"I don't see why Mrs. Eldredge couldn't have left her bishop at home with Pinky," commented Thornton; "or sent Pinky, for that matter. Surely a bishop is not as bad as a death in the family."

"Oh, she was awfully sweet about it, and did offer to send Mr. Eldredge," Mrs. Rutland hastened to assure him; "but I quite understood that she would want him at home when the bishop arrived. It must be rather a difficult task to receive a bishop, even when it's all in the family. He's her cousin, is he not?"

"Yes, Gertrude's second cousin, or cousin twice removed, or something like

that," answered Edith, who was supposed to be particularly well informed on the subject of the bishop because she was Mrs. Eldredge's most intimate friend. "Gertie tried to explain it to me, but she didn't succeed very well. I really think that he's a cousin of Gertrude's grandfather."

"Poor Gertie! And he's going to stay a week, isn't he?" questioned Mrs. Rutland.

"A whole week," answered Edith. "If only he had come in the winter, it wouldn't have been so bad. We could have interested him in lots of things in town, and had some swagger functions for him."

"Weddings?" questioned Thornton, with more or less personal meaning in his voice.

"Yes, weddings," assented Edith, with only a faint deepening of the color in her cheeks. "I'd rather contemplate my own wedding—yes, our wedding, if you like that better—next winter, than a week without Gertrude now."

"But Mrs. Gregory isn't in quarantine, Miss Maybury," interpolated Edith's vis-à-vis at the table. "We can still see her, in spite of the bishop, can't we?"

"I suppose bishops aren't really contagious," supplemented Thornton.

"Oh, no," agreed Edith almost seriously. "Of course we're all dining there to-morrow night, too. But fancy dining with a bishop in midsummer! And after a run! Fancy Pinky sitting up and talking to a bishop! Gertrude will be an angel, of course; she always is. Besides, she's not going to-morrow, and she'll have all her little conventional town ways on hand. We shall seem like a crowd of savages. I suppose that's what he expects, anyway. I believe I'll try a spill off Barney, and that'll be an excuse for my stopping at home." Edith's voice was rising to the tragedy of the occasion.

"Mrs. Eldredge told me that her bishop would go to the club dance in the evening," ventured Thornton as a conciliatory suggestion.

But Edith answered savagely. "Oh, of course!" she cried. "And he'll look down on us from his own little private cloud, no doubt! Gertrude will have to sit by him all the evening, and explain who and what we are and are not. She's going to drive him over to Tommy's in the morning to see the start. Why, do you know"—and her voice dropped to an awestruck whisper—"Pinky asked me if I thought he ought to tell Gertrude that he would stay at home to-morrow if she wanted him to."

"From Tommy's hunt?"

The question was a chorus of howls from all the men at the table.

"I wonder he didn't suggest that he ought to change his name to something that would harmonize with the bishop's purple," added Thornton. "What did you tell him?"

"Why, I suggested that he had better not be a—an idiot." Edith's laugh over her substituted word was echoed by the others. "Well," she explained, "words that sound all right out of doors don't seem quite proper at a dinner, you know."

II.

On the morning after Mrs. Rutland's dinner, Mrs. Eldredge sat in her morning room, a slight frown contracting her delicate brows, a smile, half amused, half whimsical, on her pretty lips. She was looking up at a tall, well built young man who stood in front of the fire. He might have been twenty, he might have been forty, or almost any intermediate age. His chin and mouth were a bit too firm, perhaps, but their strength was relieved by the glinting lights in his blue eyes.

"I don't see how you can do it, Sam," Mrs. Eldredge was saying. "I really don't."

"But why, Gertie? I'd do it at home."

"Well, that may be. But out here you've got to observe the conventionalities. You see, we have to live as far away from our reputations as possible, and just because we're considered a little breezy and unconventional, we endeavor to be unusually proper and decorous. And I assure you that there's not a single member of the club who wouldn't be absolutely horrified at the idea of a bishop riding after the hounds. No, I'm awfully sorry, Sam, but it's quite out of the question;" and with a little air of finality her brows relaxed and her lips resumed their natural curves.

The young man, however, did not accept her verdict.

"I think you're absurd, Gertie, if you'll forgive me for calling you names. But where's Jack? I'll ask him."

"No, you mustn't ask Pinky, either. He'd agree with you just to torment me, and I know what I'm talking about. And why don't you think of the others just a bit? You'd spoil the whole day for them. They'd be thinking of you and your dignity all the time, even if you were not. Why, even the dogs wouldn't go freely and happily if they knew that a bishop was following. You've got to consider localities and prejudices, you know."

"But why need any one know that I'm a bishop until after to-day? You needn't introduce me to any one, and I'll just have the fun of the ride." A slight air of perplexity was beginning to creep into the determined expression of his face.

"Not introduce you, my dear Sam! Now *you're* absurd. Every one knows that I am expecting you. Every one knows that you were to arrive last night."

"But they don't know that I did arrive, and they don't know me. You've told them incidentally, I suppose, that your cousin, a bishop, was coming. Very well. They'd never recognize me from that description, and I don't see why my appearance, which is generally such a detriment to me, shouldn't serve me a good turn for once."

But Mrs. Eldredge only shook her head. At that moment, however, Jack Eldredge, otherwise known as "Pinky," entered the room.

"Don't you think I might ride with the hounds to-day, Jack?" It was the bishop who made this appeal.

"Now, Jack, say no, once and for all and finally." It was Mrs. Eldredge who issued this command. "It would be positively awful if he did."

"They don't need to know who I am. Just give me a horse, and tell them that I am a friend of yours from Texas. That would be straight, and I think it would be jolly."

"I don't see——" began Jack.

"Oh, yes, you do," interrupted his wife, "and he'd have to ride *Diablo*."

At this the bishop gave a shout of triumph, for in spite of his thirty odd years and his dignified title he was very much of a boy.

"You see, she's yielded without your intervention, old man," he exclaimed. "She has picked my horse, and if she's willing to have me go I don't care a—I don't care what the other Montebellians think."

Jack Eldredge looked at his wife and laughed. Then she laughed, too, although she freed herself from the responsibility of the affair by saying:

"I haven't yielded, and I don't approve of it, but of course if you like to take the consequences you may. I shall be sorry for you, though, when you have to meet them all to-night in your proper character."

And as Sam was willing to take the consequences, a perturbed and harassed hostess waited for her guests at Edgecourt on the evening after Tommy Sands' hunt. She had not seen her husband and cousin

since their return from their ride, although she had heard their shouts of laughter ascending from the billiard room. The run had been unusually long, and the guests would all be late; but that fact was not sufficient to disturb Mrs. Eldredge's equanimity.

All day long she had been picturing to herself the consternation that would ensue when she presented to her guests, as Bishop Durden, the man who had been riding with them all day. She blamed herself for it, for she felt quite sure that if she had remained firm Sam would not have gone; but she had known so well what the ride would be to him, how much he would enjoy it, that it had not seemed possible to resist his appeal.

She had just come from the telephone, where she had been listening to a disjointed series of remarks from Edith Maybury. Her own share in the conversation had consisted of exclamations and smothered groans.

"You lucky girl!" Edith had said. "So the bishop didn't come, after all! Have you heard where he is? Or when he is coming? Well, my dear, you don't know what you missed by waiting at home for him. It was the jolliest day I've ever seen. Tommy, of course, was in great form, but Pinky's cowboy was the whole show in himself. I can't hear you at all. What did you say? You haven't seen Pinky? He got home safely, didn't he? Oh, well, he'll tell you all about it. You won't hear anything else at dinner. Pinky put him up on *Diablo*, too, and the brute hasn't been out since he broke little Pete's arm, has he? But, good heavens, I must dress, or I'll never be there, and the others will tell you first. Good-by, dear, for half an hour. I'll not be longer, and don't let the others talk much until I come, will you?"

Pinky's cowboy! What had Sam done to earn that nickname? Something gruesome, of course. She was walking up and down the long drawing-room in uneasy misery, but there was nothing for her to do but wait, and, when the appointed time came, hear the worst.

III.

THE guests arrived all together, and in a babel of sound. Each one greeted Mrs. Eldredge with the same phrase:

"So glad, dear, that the bishop didn't turn up. He won't come tonight, will he? No? That's good."

And after that the confusion of voices began once more.

"Who is Pinky's friend?"

"Where did he come from?"

"You know it was only at the very last, after they had gone off, that we realized that we didn't even know the man's name!"

"Pinky may have said it, but you know what a whoop hurrah Tommy always starts things with. All we knew was that he was from Texas."

"You know, my dear, when we saw that old brute Diablo coming in at the gate we were furious, simply furious. More gore! More deaths! More smashups! But ride! Why, you don't know what riding is until you see the cowboy!"

Mrs. Eldredge answered not a word, but stood quite still, feeling that each wave of sound might submerge her, and almost wishing that it would. Was Jack never coming down-stairs to her rescue, she asked herself? Would Sam have the audacity to show himself in his proper character?

"Even Elena lost her head over him. You know how hard Bobby's been trying to teach her to ride. Well, she was in some sort of difficulty this morning before the start, and up rode the Texan, offering to help her out. She does look stunning on that big blue mare of Bobby's, and he wasn't much to blame; but there they sat, he holding her hand and presumably fixing her lines."

"Well, you needn't talk, Edith!"

"No, Edith dropped her stick. The cowboy was racing with her neck to neck, and with only a swerve and swoop he picked it up and gave it back to her. She's been in a daze ever since."

"And you'd never believe it," continued Edith, with a glance of withering scorn at the last speaker, "but Elena was the only one in at the finish with the Texan."

"Bobby'll break his engagement if that sort of thing goes on."

"My dear, we'll all break our engagements and everything else if the man stays."

"If he stays! Is he still here?"

"But, Gertie, who is he?"

"Has Jack known him long?"

"Has he been at Edgecourt?"

"Where's he stopping?"

"Don't you know anything about him?"

The air was full of interrogation, but Gertrude Eldredge felt that her questions would rise above all the others.

Would Jack never appear? Had Sam in sheer shame and contrition disappeared from the house? This thought, unpleasant as it was in its most sinister aspect, held a modicum of relief. She, at least, would have no part to play in the absurd comedy.

But even this comfort was denied her. While her eyes had been fixed on the portières screening the hall, Jack Eldredge and the bishop had slipped through the conservatories, and had entered the drawing-room at Mrs. Eldredge's elbow. There was nothing for her to do but rise graciously to the occasion.

"My cousin, Bishop Durden. I think he has met all of you, and—"

But her conclusion was lost in the confusion of sound that ensued.

"You said he was a bishop!" was the first indignant protest that Gertrude heard.

"So he is," she answered.

"You said he was from Texas!" This was addressed to Jack Eldredge.

"So he is—he's Bishop of Texas."

"You said he was your grandfather's cousin!" Edith protested violently.

"I said our grandfathers were cousins," corrected Gertrude.

"You said he hadn't come." Edith Maybury was now confronting Jack. "I don't think it's nice to lie, even in fun!"

"My dear girl," he laughed, "you may remember that you asked me if 'his dignity' had come. I congratulated myself that I could get out of the thing without lying, although I did think it was a very irreverent way for you to speak of a bishop."

"Quite reverent enough for a cowboy bishop," scoffed Edith as she turned away to find herself laughing into the glinting blue eyes of the bishop himself.

And she was his sponsor. For, unfortunately for the dignity of the Right Rev. Samuel Carter Durden, he lived in the annals of the Montebello Country Club as "the cowboy bishop."

THE DIFFERENCE.

BEGGED Friendship: "Let his jeats destroy
The dullness of each morrow;"
But Love: "I care not whose his joy,
So I but share his sorrow."

Charlotte Becker.

THE TEXAS TRAIL.

BY M. J. REYNOLDS.

ONE OF THE MOST STIRRING CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WEST, AND ITS ENDING WITH THE ADVENT OF THE FARMER AND THE BARBED WIRE FENCE—THE COWBOYS OF THE SEVENTIES AND THEIR SUCCESSORS OF TO-DAY.

THERE has always been a cow country in the West. Its insidious and relentless enemy is the barbed-wire fence. As fast as those silent wires creep across the plains, so does the cow country retreat before them; so that to-day the cattle range, which once stretched from Canada to the Gulf, is but a small and decreasing part of the vanishing frontier.

"There were always cows in Texas," said an old cowboy; but as a matter of fact the cattle business, the first industry of the West, except trapping and mining, practically began in the seventies. In the sixties came the Civil War, and the decade was over before the Indians were fairly cleared from the plains. Texas was the great range then, and its entire product was driven to Kansas for shipping. There were many different trails, but the chief were the Western, the Middle, and the Chisholm. John Chisholm was the first man who drove cattle to Kansas over the trail named after him, which was heavily traveled in later years. In Texas it took the form of great paths, spreading out over a wide extent of country. These converged at Done's store, on the Red River, whence a road led northward through the Indian Territory to the Kansas line. Here it split into several branches leading to various shipping points.

It was a wild life on the Texas trail; wilder than the cow country will ever see again. Let us follow the course of one outfit from western Texas to its shipping point in Kansas.

Early in the spring of 1875 the Rube Centrefit outfit started on its six-hundred-mile tramp from Lampasas County, Texas, to Newton, Kansas. It consisted of three herds, containing in all eight thousand head of cattle. To every thousand head there were fourteen men, where five would handle the same number of steers to-day; but the Indians were still dangerous in '75, and each man went

prepared to defend the cattle and horses in his charge from prowling Comanches. Every soldier of the little army carried a Winchester, a six-shooter, and plenty of cartridges; and every one was in chaparros, the characteristic leather "chaps" of the cowboy. They were hampered in their work, too, by having only three horses to a man, where to-day each would have six or seven at his disposal. Every superfluous horse was dispensed with on account of the trouble in guarding them from the Indians.

THE HARDSHIPS OF THE TRAIL.

The mess wagon was drawn by a team of oxen, and driven by the cook, usually a negro. Sometimes he could cook and sometimes he could not; and in the latter case it was hard times on the Texas trail. The grub was poor enough under any circumstances. There were usually four items on the menu—corn bread, bacon, black molasses, and coffee. There were no flour mills in Texas in those days, and flour was ten dollars a hundred pounds. Beef was never killed on the trail, and potatoes were almost impossible to get at the time when the drive started.

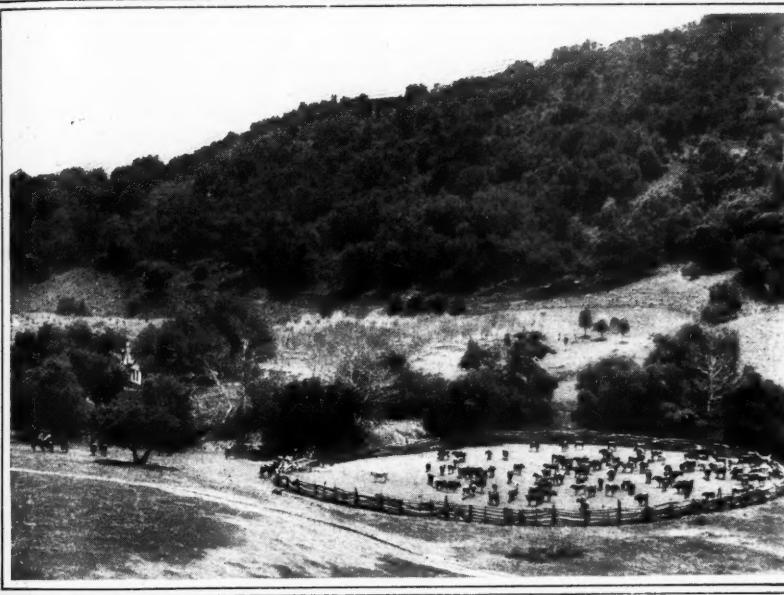
"I can never forget the punishment of living on that fare," said the old cowboy, with a sigh of thankfulness for present mercies. "Once during that trip I spent three days and nights in the saddle, and the only grub I had was what I could snatch from the cook and eat as I rode. It was storming all the time, and the cattle were stampeding continuously. Every man was on duty for seventy-two consecutive hours. Cattle in a bunch are natural born fools! Scatter them out over the country, and give them all the food and water they want, and they won't run; but bunch them up and they will scare at nothing. Everything will be quiet and peaceful, when suddenly one evil-minded fool will give a snort, and the whole bunch will start. And there was

danger, plenty of it; for cowboys were often run over by stampeding steers and killed. And yet I never felt better in my life than I did on the Texas trail. Must have been the open air life that did it."

And the prosperous citizen leaned back in his luxurious library chair and heaved a little sigh for the days of the Texas trail.

Every cowboy in those days was a fin-

When there were two shifts, each shift worked half the night. In case of three, each set of men worked three hours. Their duty was to ride round and round the herd all night. According to orders, two men rode one way and one in the opposite direction. Thus each party "kept cases" on the other, and if one came in without having met the other, it was inferred that the latter was shirking



IN THE "COW COUNTRY"—CATTLE ROUNDED UP IN A CORRAL FOR THE BRANDING OF THE CALVES.

From a photograph by A. H. Rogers.

ished rider and horse-breaker. Nowadays there are men who make a regular business of "bronco busting," going from one outfit to another in the spring, and breaking in the range horses for use; but in the old days every cowboy had to train his own horses. So many gentle and so many wild "bronks" were issued to him in the spring, and he was expected to ride every horse the first time he mounted it. If he was thrown, he rose from the ground out of a job. His wages ceased from that moment. As a consequence, the world has never seen more wonderful horsemanship than that of the Texas trail.

Night herding was one of the dreariest duties of the drive. Travel ceased at night, and three men had to be constantly on duty, guarding the cattle.

its duty in some way. Every moment they rode they kept up some noise; either singing, whistling, or talking. As long as the cattle heard a man's voice, they felt safe. The moment it stopped, there might be danger of a stampede.

"Gee, how many times I've sung cattle to sleep all night," said a city official in Colorado to me once. "That's the way I lost my voice, so I can't make any campaign speeches."

And when asked if that were the reason of his frequent election, he acknowledged that it might have something to do with it.

The orders were that no man should dismount from his horse within a hundred yards of the herd. The shake of the saddle given by the horse as he was freed from his burden was enough to

create a stampede. The horses were always hobbled at a considerable distance, in charge of the night wrangler.

One night, when our outfit was camped on Blanket Creek, in Texas, the wrangler came to camp with the report that Indians had run off most of the horses. It was necessary to wait for daylight to find the trail of the thieves. This done, six cowboys started in pursuit, leaving the necessary guards for the herd. It was timbered country, interspersed with little glades and prairie-like parks. They followed the trail till night, and after dark saw the light of a campfire. They slipped up in the darkness to make sure that they had found the thieves. Satisfied on this point, they waited till break of day, and then crept to within fifty yards of the Indian camp. Two men went to the place where the horses were hobbled, leaving four cowboys to handle a dozen Indians. Then they suddenly began yelling. As the redskins sprang up from their sleep, the attacking party began to shoot, killing three of the raiders and scattering the rest; whereupon the herdsmen, calmly taking the Indians' ponies along with their own, returned to the outfit.

It was the rule in those days to begin shooting as soon as an Indian came in sight. The Comanches had been settled by the government upon a tract at Fort Sill, in the Indian Territory; but they frequently left their reservation on marauding expeditions, stealing cattle and murdering settlers. In many cases, when complaints were sent to Washington, the local agent would report that no Indians had been off the reservation, and the government consequently took no action; hence cowboys felt justified in taking the law into their own hands. The Indian Department once received a despatch to the following effect: "We have often informed you of depredations committed by Indians from the Comanche reservation at Fort Sill, only to be confronted by the statement of the agent that no Indians had been off the reservation. The purpose of this despatch is to notify you that if you will order your agent to proceed to such and such a point, he will find twenty Indians off the reservation."

The agent proceeded to the point named and found the twenty Indians. They were dead.

"Seems to be a disposition back East," said the old cowboy, voicing the sentiments of the West in general, "to blame the Western man for all the troubles between him and the Indians. They forget that the Westerner has only been doing

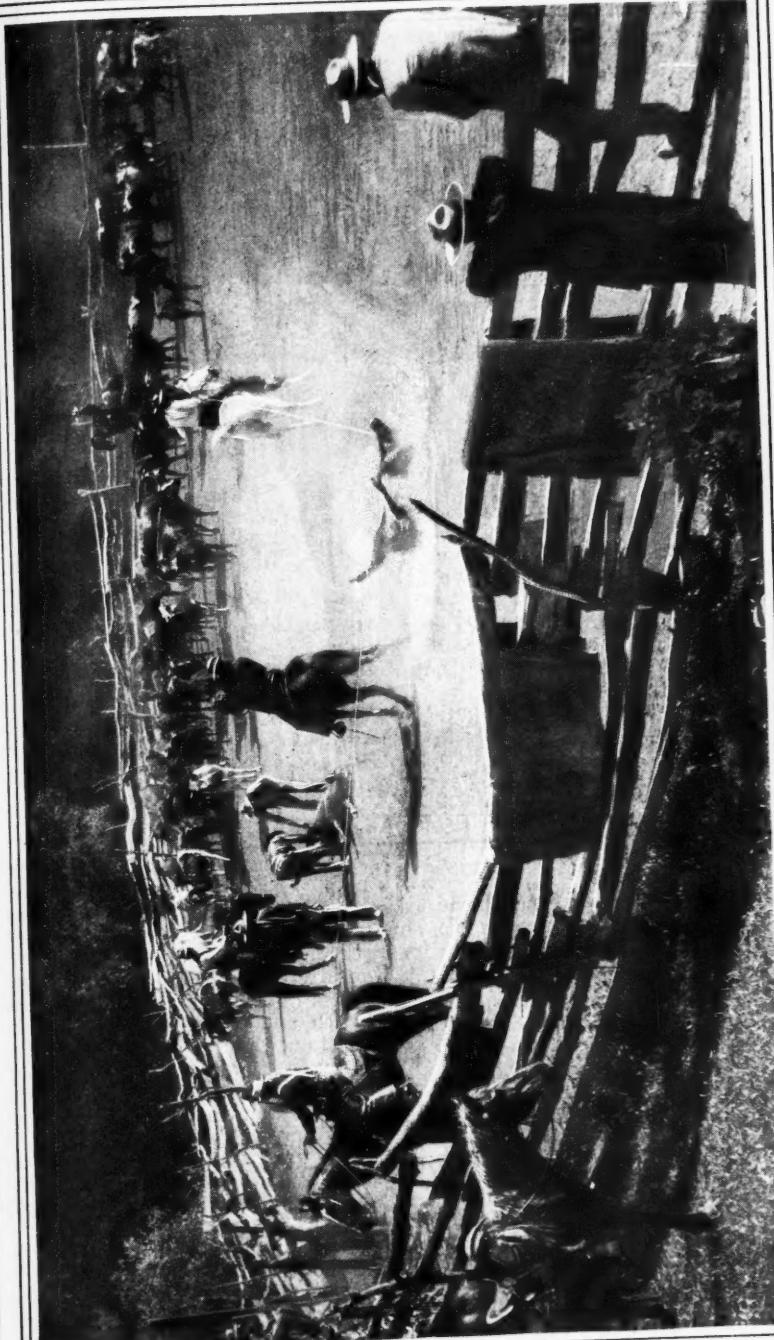
for the last thirty years what the Easterner did long before. The red man had just the same rights, I take it, to the Alleghanies as the Rockies. The Comanches, the Pawnees, and the Sioux haven't had anything handed out to them that wasn't first handed out to the Mohicans and the Delawares."

In July the Centrefit outfit crossed the Red River, at Red River Station. It was an exciting operation. The river was swollen by storms till it measured a mile and a half in width. In went the struggling thousands of cattle, driven by the cowboys, who swam their horses and filled the air with yells of encouragement and command. In the middle of the stream the cattle began to mill. Round and round they swam, trampling and drowning each other, and threatening the men with a like fate. The cowboys were obliged to swim their horses into the struggling mass, cut out small bunches, and bring them to land. It was three hours before the crossing was accomplished. There were several other streams to be crossed in the same way, among them the Canadian, noted for its steep banks and rapid current.

THE WEAK ARM OF THE LAW.

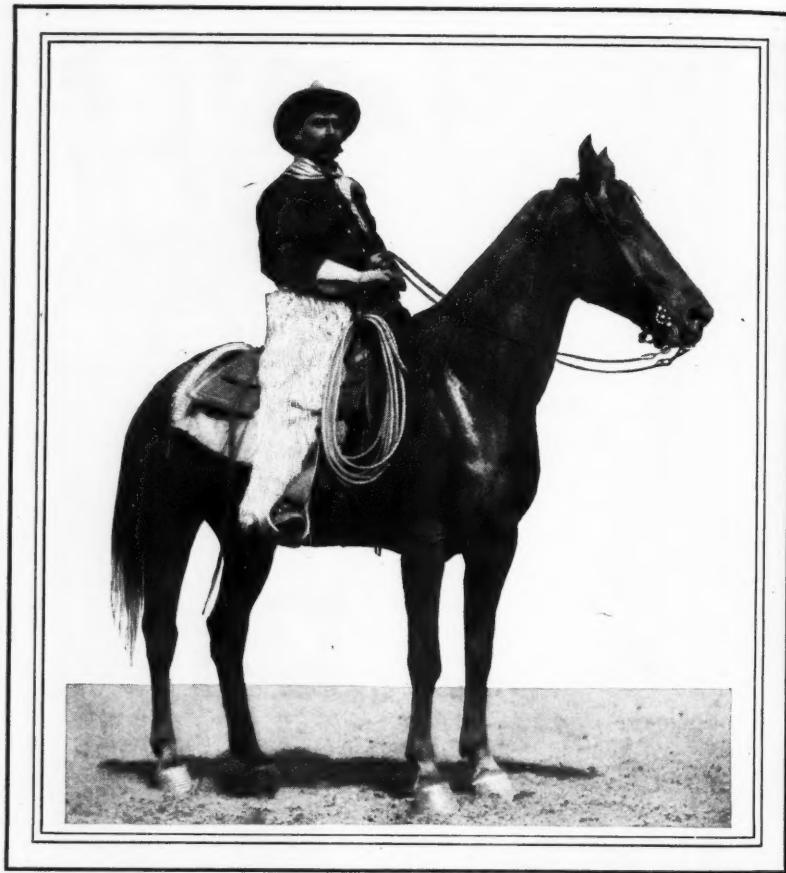
When Kansas was reached, there were the settlers to reckon with. Each settler had a square one hundred and sixty acres of land. He plowed a furrow all around this tract, and by the Kansas law this furrow served in place of a fence. The homesteaders tried to make the cow outfits respect the so-called "no fence law," but it was impossible. One evening, when our outfit had camped inside a furrow, a settler came out with fire in his eye, and demanded to see the boss. He was politely pointed to the youngest man in the outfit, a stripling of sixteen. The "kid" caught on, told the visitor he had made a mistake, and referred him to a sunburned graduate of Harvard. The Harvard man, with the easy courtesy of the effete East, passed him on to a seven-foot frontiersman. The frontiersman, looking down from heights above, directed him to a Mexican, gravely insisting that the "greaser" owned the camp. Finally the settler went off mad, followed by gusty Herculean laughter.

He was a brave man, and also a fool, for he came back with a gun. His arrival was awaited in perfect silence; then his gun was gently removed from his keeping, broken in pieces, and returned to him, with an intimation regarding his good luck that the weapon had been used



A TYPICAL SCENE AT A ROUND-UP ON THE COLORADO RANGE—COWBOYS ROPING AND BRANDING CALVES.

From a photograph by A. H. Rogers.



THE MODERN CENTAUR OF THE WESTERN PLAINS—A TYPICAL BRONCO RIDER OF THE CATTLE COUNTRY.

for no other purpose. He turned home again, and as he went every man in the outfit tried his wit in some facetious remark at the poor fellow's expense.

The only way to argue with a Texas cowboy was to kill him. There was no other way to manage him.

And there was killing in plenty. Those were lively days around Abilene, Newton, Dodge City, Ellis, and other Kansas shipping points. Our outfit was bound for Newton. Arrived there, they found hundreds of herds awaiting shipment, covering the plains for miles around. Night herding and all the routine of camp life was in operation, but the boys had a great deal of spare time, much of which they spent in the Newton saloons. During the whole of the long, hard, monotonous drive they had not had a drink; now they made up for lost time. The presence of hundreds of fearless, reckless men, camped in close proximity,

drinking heavily and gambling continuously, could have but one result. Fights were frequent and fatal.

One afternoon our substantial citizen, then a lad in his teens, was relieved from his watch and started for Newton, intending to get his supper at a restaurant. As far as he knew, he had not an enemy in the world; but as he entered the town some one began shooting at him. He jumped from his horse and took refuge in a lumber yard. He stayed among the lumber piles for hours, firing whenever any one shot in his direction. After dark he made a sally and got safely to a hotel called the Cowboy's Corral. Among the modern conveniences of this hostelry was a big room up-stairs, where the cowboys could go and "make down" their own beds on the floor. He followed this custom and slept as usual.

In the morning, when he went out to the pump to wash, he found a dead man

under the spout. Corpses were scattered all about the town, fourteen in all. How many escaped with wounds no one knows, but probably not many, for shooting generally meant killing on the Texas trail. The Centrefit outfit took off its dead, two of them, and buried them that day. The fight had started in a saloon, and had developed into a general mêlée, with the toughs and gamblers of Newton on one side, and the cowboys on the other. While the battle was in progress, everything seen moving was shot at.

The Texas trail was followed till 1884, when it was blocked by a quarantine against Texas cattle, on the alleged score of Texas fever, a foot disease. The old cowboys who used to drive on the trail will one and all darkly assert that it was a measure devised by the railroads, in order to force shipping from Texas points. Be that as it may, the great herds have never since passed northward through the Indian Territory, and to-day the old trail lives only in the memories of the boys who once traveled it.

THE CATTLE COUNTRY OF TO-DAY.

There is still cow country in northwestern Kansas, northwestern Texas, in Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Dakota, Utah, Nevada, Washington, Oregon, California, Nebraska, and the Indian Territory. Routt and Rio Blanco Counties, in northwestern Colorado—the President's favorite hunting ground, a region larger than Vermont and as yet untouched of the rail—form one of the best ranges left in the whole country. The short, rich grass, growing among the sagebrush and drying in autumn into a natural hay, is the most nutritious in the world, and every season cattle from as far away as Texas and Dakota are shipped here to fatten. It is a natural horse country, too, and range horses will do better than almost anywhere else.

Life on the Colorado range is generally typical of that in all the cow country to-day. It is one of the last chapters of the frontier story, soon to be told and ended, like that of the Texas trail. In the spring the wild range horses are broken for work. An outfit like Ora Haley's, in Routt County, with fifteen thousand head, will break about twenty horses a year. It takes a first-class man about six weeks to accomplish this. About one-third of each bunch of range horses will turn out "mean." It is an interesting sight to watch a "mean bronk" put all four feet together, stiff as steel rods, and buck straight into the air; or deliberately

throw himself and roll over and over in an amiable attempt to kill the man upon his back. It is exciting and fascinating work to the men engaged in it, but killing work, too. Most "bronco busters" wear out early in the game.

In April the round-ups begin. The round-up camp is pitched near a water hole, and each day's drive will cover all the territory within a radius of ten miles. The cattle will not wander so far that they cannot reach water each day. Round-ups are usually held at certain designated points; and here all the cattle owners, or their foremen, congregate on the appointed day, with their cowboys. Here also come independent cowboys, on their own horses, looking for work. The mess wagons, the cooks, and the wranglers, with bunches of extra horses, are on hand.

As fast as the cattle are rounded up the calves are branded, each with a brand carefully registered in the State brand office. The animals are then pushed up into the mountains, away from the lower country where they have passed the winter. The next day the round-up moves on to another point, from which to cover another piece of territory, and so it goes on all summer. Late in October there is a round-up called the "shove down," when the cattle are driven down to the lower country for winter. Some cattle will feed on the range all winter, growing fat on the grass that sticks up above the dry, light snow. Others must be fed hay on the ranches, or die; just as some men will pick up a living where others will starve.

The cowboys move with their mess wagon from point to point all summer; but it is a very different life from that on the Texas trail. It is a pleasure to sleep out of doors any summer night in Colorado; but the luxurious fellows have tents nowadays, and even descend to the effeminacy of mattresses, in lieu of the pair of blankets and slicker that served on the old trail.

The history of the range, if fully written, would contain as much wild romance and bloody tragedy as almost any chapter of the world's annals. Border feud and civil warfare; bloody battles between sheep men and cattle men, bitter warfare between cattle barons and the small owners, would all be told therein. The reign of terror in Routt County, which ended with the capture and conviction of Tom Horn in Wyoming within the past year, would alone furnish material for the most thrilling story of adventure ever written.

STORIETTES

Jimmy Hayes and Muriel.

I.

SUPPER was over, and there had fallen upon the camp the silence that accompanies the rolling of corn-husk cigarettes. The water-hole shone from the dark earth like a patch of fallen sky. Coyotes yelped. Dull thumps indicated the rocking-horse movements of the hobbled ponies as they moved to fresh grass. A half troop of the Frontier Battalion of Texas Rangers were distributed about the fire.

A well-known sound—the fluttering and scraping of chaparral against wooden stirrups—came from the thick brush above the camp. The rangers listened cautiously. They heard a loud and cheerful voice call out reassuringly:

"Brace up, Muriel, old girl, we're 'most there now! Been a long ride for ye, ain't it, ye old antediluvian handful of animated carpet-tacks? Hey, now, quit a tryin' to kiss me! Don't hold on to my neck so tight—this here paint hoss ain't any too shore-footed, let me tell ye. He's liable to dump us both off if we don't watch out."

Two minutes of waiting brought a tired "paint" pony single-footing into camp. A gangling youth of twenty lolled in the saddle. Of the "Muriel" whom he had been addressing, nothing was to be seen.

"Hi, fellows!" shouted the rider cheerfully. "This here's a letter fer Lieutenant Manning."

He dismounted, unsaddled, dropped the coils of his stake-rope, and got his hobble from the saddle-horn. While Lieutenant Manning, in command, was reading the letter, the newcomer rubbed solicitously at some dried mud in the loops of the hobble, showing a consideration for the forelegs of his mount.

"Boys," said the lieutenant, waving his hand to the rangers, "this is Mr. James Hayes. He's a new member of the company. Captain McLean sends him down from El Paso. The boys will see that you have some supper, Hayes, as soon as you get your pony hobbled."

The recruit was received cordially by the rangers. Still, they observed him shrewdly and with suspended judgment.

Picking a comrade on the border is done with ten times the care and discretion with which a girl chooses a sweetheart. On your "side-kicker's" nerve, loyalty, aim, and coolness your own life may depend many times.

After a hearty supper Hayes joined the smokers about the fire. His appearance did not settle all the questions in the minds of his brother rangers. They saw simply a loose, lank youth with tow-colored, sunburned hair and a berry-brown, ingenuous face that wore a quizzical, good-natured smile.

"Fellows," said the new ranger, "I'm goin' to interduece to you a lady friend of mine. Ain't ever heard anybody call her a beauty, but you'll all admit she's got some fine points about her. Come along, Muriel!"

He held open the front of his blue flannel shirt. Out of it crawled a horned frog. A bright red ribbon was tied jauntily around its spiky neck. It crawled to its owner's knee and sat there, motionless.

"This here Muriel," said Hayes, with an oratorical wave of his hand, "has got qualities. She never talks back, she always stays at home, and she's satisfied with one red dress for every day and Sunday, too."

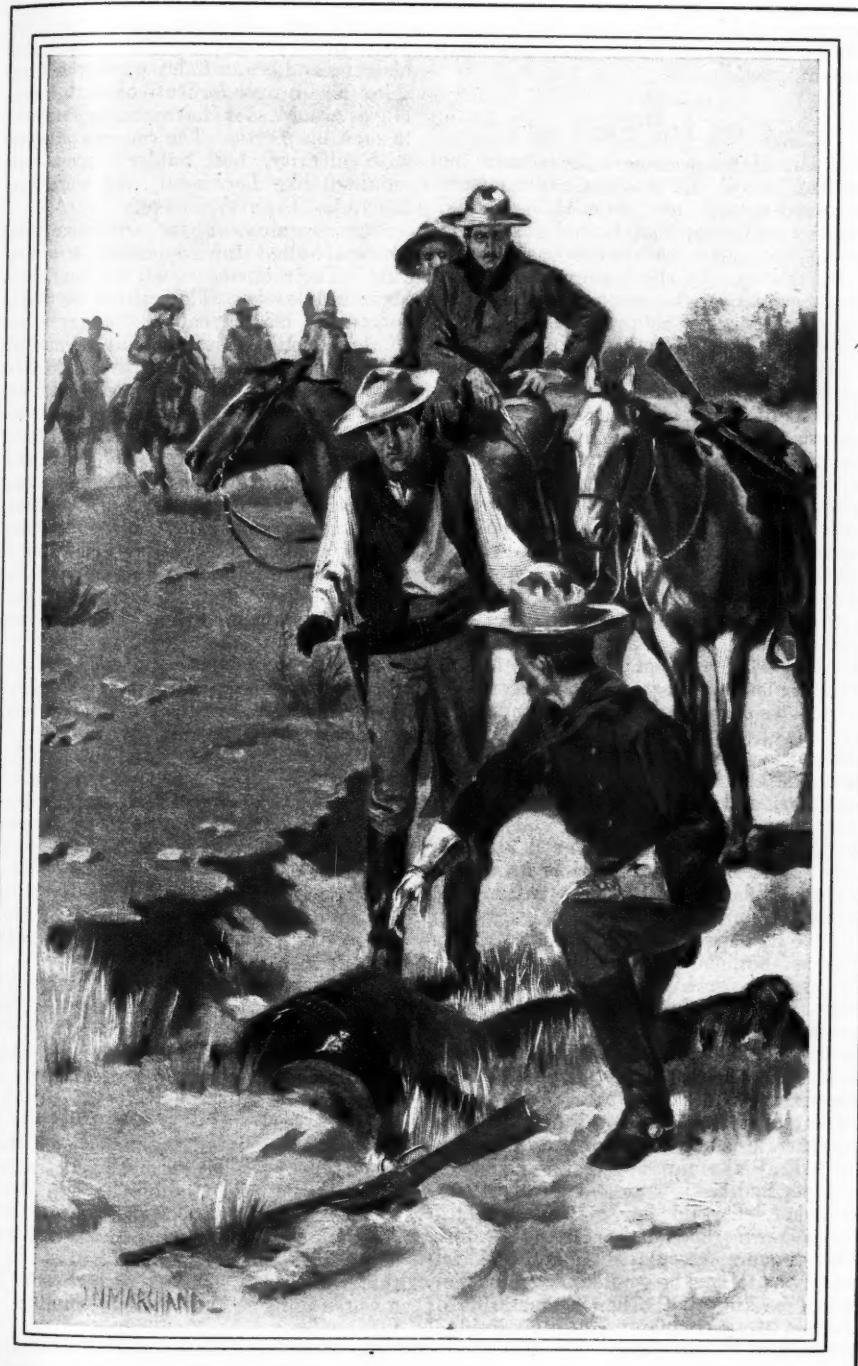
"Look at that blame insect!" said one of the rangers with a grin. "I've seen plenty of them horny frogs, but I never knew anybody to have one for a side-partner. Does the blame thing know you from anybody else?"

"Take it over there and see," said Hayes.

The stumpy little lizard known as the horned frog is harmless. He has the hideousness of the prehistoric monsters whose reduced descendant he is, but he is gentler than the dove.

The ranger took Muriel from Hayes' knee and went back to his seat on a roll of blankets. The captive twisted and clawed and struggled vigorously in his hand. After holding it for a moment or two, the ranger set it upon the ground. Awkwardly, but swiftly, the frog worked its four oddly moving legs until it stopped close by Hayes' foot.

"Well, dang my hide!" said the other



THE HORNED FROG SAT UPON THE SHOULDER OF ITS LONG-QUIET MASTER.

ranger. "The little cuss knows you. Never thought them insects had that much sense!"

II.

JIMMY HAYES became a favorite in the ranger camp. He had an endless store of good-nature, and a mild, perennial quality of humor that is well adapted to camp life. He was never without his horned frog. In the bosom of his shirt during rides, on his knee or shoulder in camp, under his blankets at night, the ugly little beast never left him.

Jimmy was a humorist of a type that prevails in the rural South and West. Unskilled in originating methods of amusing or in witty conceptions, he had hit upon a comical idea and clung to it reverently. It had seemed to Jimmy a very funny thing to have about his person, with which to amuse his friends, a tame horned frog with a red ribbon around its neck. As it was a happy idea, why not perpetuate it?

The sentiments existing between Jimmy and the frog cannot be exactly determined. The capability of the horned frog for lasting affection is a subject upon which we have had no symposiums. It is easier to guess Jimmy's feelings. Muriel was his *chef d'œuvre* of wit, and as such he cherished her. He caught flies for her, and shielded her from sudden northerns. Yet his care was half selfish, and when the time came she repaid him a thousand fold. Other Muriels have thus overbalanced the light attentions of other Jimmies.

Not at once did Jimmy Hayes attain full brotherhood with his comrades. They loved him for his simplicity and drollness, but there hung above him a great sword of suspended judgment. To make merry in camp is not all of a ranger's life. There are horse-thieves to trail, desperate criminals to run down, bravos to battle with, bandits to rout out of the chaparral, peace and order to be compelled at the muzzle of a six-shooter. Jimmy had been "most generally a cow-puncher," he said; he was inexperienced in ranger methods of warfare. Therefore, the rangers speculated apart and solemnly as to how he would stand fire. For, let it be known, the honor and pride of each ranger company is the individual bravery of its members.

For two months the border was quiet. The rangers lolled, listless, in camp. And then—bringing joy to the rusting guardians of the frontier—Sebastiano Saldar,

an eminent Mexican desperado and cattle-thief, crossed the Rio Grande with his gang and began to lay waste the Texas side. There were indications that Jimmy Hayes would soon have the opportunity to show his mettle. The rangers patrolled with alacrity, but Saldar's men were mounted like *Lochinvar*, and were hard to catch.

One evening, about sundown, the rangers halted for supper after a long ride. Their horses stood, panting, with their saddles on. The men were frying bacon and boiling coffee. Suddenly, out of the brush, Sebastiano Saldar and his gang dashed upon them with blazing six-shooters and high-voiced yells. It was a neat surprise. The rangers swore in annoyed tones, and got their Winchesters busy; but the attack was only a spectacular dash of the purest Mexican type. After the florid demonstration the raiders galloped away, yelling, down the river. The rangers mounted and pursued; but in less than two miles the fagged ponies labored so that Lieutenant Manning gave the word to abandon the chase and return to camp.

Then it was discovered that Jimmy Hayes was missing. Some one remembered having seen him run for his pony when the attack began, but no one had set eyes on him since. Morning came, but no Jimmy. They searched the country around, on the theory that he had been killed or wounded, but without success. Then they followed after Saldar's gang, but it seemed to have disappeared. Manning concluded that the wily Mexican had recrossed the river after his theoretic farewell. And, indeed, no further depredations from him were reported.

This gave the rangers time to nurse a soreness they had. As has been said, the pride and honor of the company is the individual bravery of its members. And now they believed that Jimmy Hayes had turned coward at the whizz of Mexican bullets. There was no other deduction. Buck Davis pointed out that not a shot was fired by Saldar's gang after Jimmy was seen running for his horse. There was no way for him to have been shot. No, he had fled from his first fight, and afterwards he would not return, aware that the scorn of his comrades would be a worse thing to face than the muzzles of many rifles.

So Manning's detachment of McLean's company, Frontier Battalion, was gloomy. It was the first blot on its escutcheon. Never before in the history of the service had a ranger shown the white feather.

All of them had liked Jimmy Hayes, and that made it worse.

Days, weeks, and months went by, and still that little cloud of unforgotten cowardice hung above the camp.

III.

NEARLY a year afterward—after many camping grounds and many hundreds of miles guarded and defended—Lieutenant Manning, with almost the same detachment of men, was sent to a point only a few miles below their old camp on the river to look after some smuggling there. One afternoon, while they were riding through a dense mesquit flat, they came upon a patch of open hog-wallow prairie. There they rode upon the scene of an unwritten tragedy.

In a big hog-wallow lay the skeletons of three Mexicans. Their clothing alone served to identify them. The largest of the figures had once been Sebastiano Saldar. His great, costly sombrero, heavy with gold ornamentation—a hat famous all along the Rio Grande—lay there pierced by three bullets. Along the ridge of the hog-wallow rested the rusting Winchesters of the Mexicans—all pointing in the same direction.

The rangers rode in that direction for fifty yards. There, in a little depression of the ground, with his rifle still bearing upon the three, lay another skeleton. It had been a battle of extermination. There was nothing to identify the solitary defender. His clothing—such as the elements had left distinguishable—seemed to be of the kind that any ranchman or cowboy might have worn.

"Some cow-puncher," said Manning, "that they caught out alone. Good boy! He put up a dandy scrap before they got him. So that's why we didn't hear from Don Sebastiano any more!"

And then from beneath the weather-beaten rags of the dead man there wriggled out a horned frog with a faded red ribbon around its neck, and sat upon the shoulder of its long-quiet master. Mutely it told the story of the untried youth and the swift "paint" pony—how they had outstripped all their comrades that day in the pursuit of the Mexican raiders, and how the boy had gone down upholding the honor of the company.

The ranger troop herded close, and a simultaneous wild yell arose from their lips. The outburst was at once a dirge, an apology, an epitaph, and a paean of triumph. A strange requiem, you may say, over the body of a fallen comrade;

but if Jimmy Hayes could have heard it he would have understood.

Sydney Porter.

The Feud and the Heroes.

SIDE by side the Caseys and the Dwyers had dwelt in amity for more years than they often took the trouble to count. Amazingly uninterrupted had been the neighborliness between them. The men had voted the same ticket, smoked the same tobacco, marched together in the "Patrick's Day" parades, and employed the same methods of family discipline. Their opinions as to the proper degree of authority of the church in the United States coincided—which was fortunate for both of them, as it enabled them to present a united front against their wives, who argued in a futile, loyal, ignorant, feminine fashion for the maintenance of the temporal power everywhere.

John Dwyer had bought the lot of land on which his small frame house stood at the advice of Michael Casey. Casey had bought the adjoining tract, and had built his duplicate small frame house on the enthusiastic testimony of John Dwyer that there was not another such real estate chance in New York—despite the fact that within a stone's throw of their dwellings were whole rows of similar little houses, standing in similar little rectangles of earth, bulging with monotonous little piazzas, and boasting brick walks that led down beside the grass plots to the gates in the wicket fences.

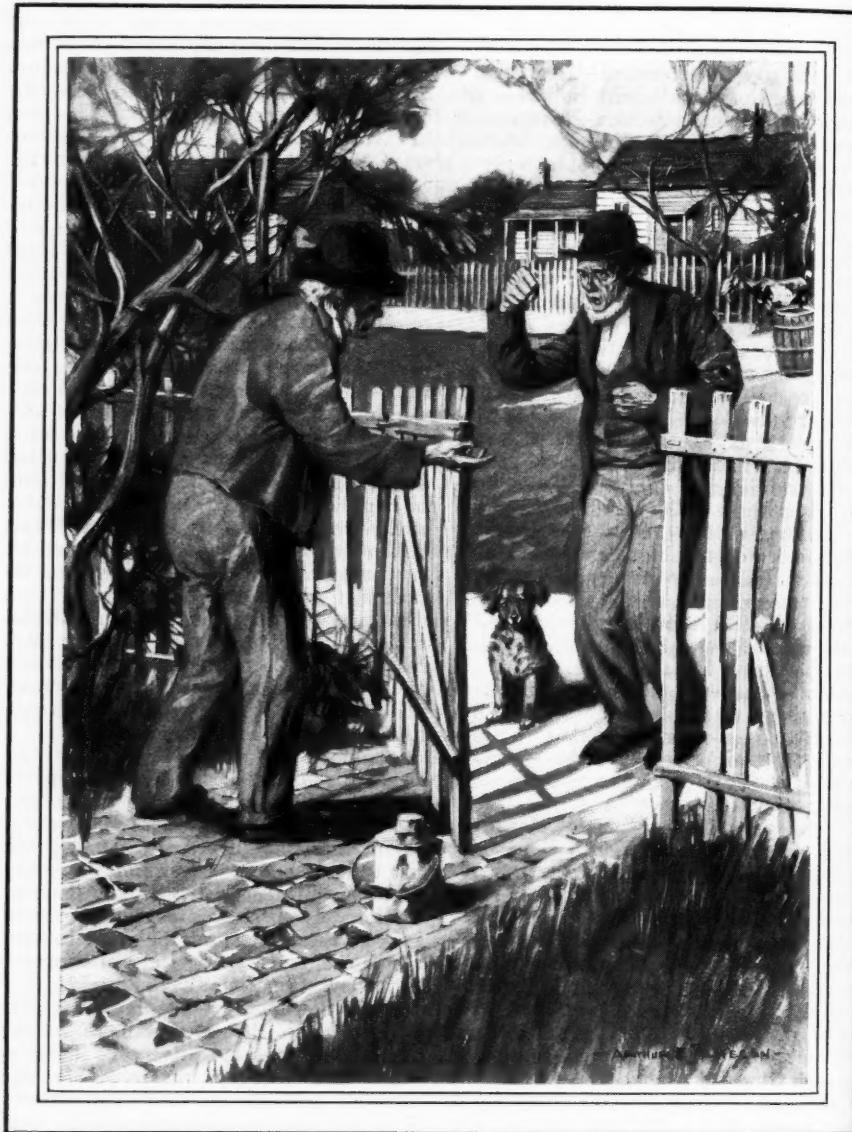
The men had "stood godfather" for each other's first-born. The women had been as proud, almost, in their godmotherhood for the second children of each family as they were of their own motherhood. Mrs. Dwyer and Mrs. Casey had talked together cheerfully and affectionately on uncounted Monday mornings as they hung out the wash in their respective back yards. On innumerable Saturday afternoons they had taken their broods down to One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street, making a holiday of shoe-buying, a festivity of bringing home the Sunday roast. They had nursed each other's sick and sorrowed with full hearts over each other's dead, sharing their deeper life as simply as they shared cuttings from each other's garden plots, or "drawings of tea."

It was war that ended the idyl. The spring afternoon when John Dwyer had met Michael Casey with the tidings that his eldest son, Jim, had enlisted in the Sixty-Ninth was the fatal day.

"Yis, sorr!" the proud father had rumbled. "Niver a worrud to me, mind ye, till the thing was done, the young rascal! Oh, I had a notion to give it to

they'll be togither all the time, savin' each other, belike. It's two hayroes we'll be havin' out on Locust Street."

"If my Johnny makes anny such fool



"IF MY JOHNNY MAKES ANNY SUCH FOOL OF HIMSELF, IT'S A BOOTIN' HE'LL GET FROM ME."

him hot an' heavy. But I tell ye, Mike, I was proud of the scamp. Only twenty-two, ye mind. Now, if your Johnny gets in the same company of the Sixty-Ninth—the Fightin' Sixty-Ninth, ye mind, they called it durin' the Civil War—

of himself," Mr. Casey had announced heavily, "it's a bootin' he'll get from me. The Sixty-Ninth, is it? Let him be larnin' his trade an' mindin' his business an' helpin' his parents, not runnin' afther the first band that brays."

The father of the hero eyed Johnny's father with an indignation almost speechless, but unfortunately not quite so. And when the Casey gate slammed behind its owner with a vicious click, the friendship of more than a quarter of a century was broken. The head of each house, raging greatly, issued his patriarchal orders to his clan—"No colloquiu' wid the people next dure!"

The "colloquiu'" had ceased. The two wives might sigh and shake their heads over the back fence, might even whisper that "this couldn't last long"; but the habit of obedience was strong. Moreover, the quarrel was augmented rapidly. Mr. Dwyer was reported to have called Mr. Casey's courage, and that of all his house, into question at a neighboring resort of refreshment and conversation. Mr. Casey, so the obliging intermediary informed Mr. Dwyer, had met the criticism with a threat.

The whole neighborhood became divided. Jim Dwyer took to feeling himself a hero in very truth, though the idea had been far enough from him in the first flush of his half patriotic, half adventurous enlistment. He adopted what he considered a heroic swagger in consequence. John Casey, on the other hand—a good, steady, hard-working youth, with no deep-seated prejudices against the bearing of arms when that might be necessary—soon found himself cherishing opinions of the most contemptuous sort toward "fire-eaters" and "jingoes."

When Jim Dwyer, from the State camp, used to make occasional descents upon his home, the Casey house next door was darkened. When his regiment was ordered South, and all Locust Street affectionately decided to go to the station to see him off, the Caseys invited relatives to a merry-making. When poor Mrs. Dwyer, weeping out her frightened heart on her pillow that night, and praying incoherently for her boy, heard the piano in the next house jingling with the loudest, most joyous tunes, she decided that after all her husband had been right. They lacked not only patriotism, but every good feeling, those Caseys!

Locust Street was divided with the families. The attendance at St. Ann's fell off woefully when Michael Casey bore his flock and his following from the parish church, polluted, he said, by the devotions of the bloodthirsty Dwyers, to St. Stephen's. There were days when the fierce old man, reading the papers, half longed to have his hatred of the whole affair justified by the death of the foolish

boy whom lust of battle had lured from the path of every-day duty. But when he found himself thinking this thought, he always hastily crossed himself and said: "The saints forgive me!"

When Jim came back, stripes upon his sleeve, his hollow cheek tanned by the Southern sun, even the part of Locust Street most disaffected toward the Dwyers turned out to give him greeting. Only the Casey house put out no welcoming banner, sounded no jubilant note of praise. Ella Casey, to be sure, looked through a chink in the blinds in her mother's room and thought Jim marvelously improved. But Ella was just beginning to read Shakespeare's plays at school, and was dipping privately into "Romeo and Juliet."

There was another feminine fancy to whom the return of Sergeant Dwyer proved a little disquieting. Mollie Husted did not live so far from Locust Street that rumors of its great feud did not reach her from time to time. Though she was keeping "steady company" with Johnny Casey, and was glad and proud in the assurance of that earnest, steady, successful young man's affection, yet, when the hero came home and the old stories were revived, she sometimes looked questioningly at Johnny. She half envied the girls with whom Jim danced at the ball given by the Fordham Heights Young Men's Pleasure Society. Her John had not gone to that festivity, declining to run the risk of meeting his enemy and of precipitating a row. Even a row, it seemed to Mollie, would have been preferable to this questionable biding at home. Could it be, after all, that Johnny was—well, not quite brave?

The months passed, and a steady, sullen hatred replaced the old blazing of wrath. The Caseys began to talk of moving, Mr. Casey with a somber sense of wreaking a revenge upon an unappreciative neighborhood, Mrs. Casey with a homesick feeling that no other place could be so alien to her as this one, now that she had no sisterly friend across the fence. The Dwyers, to whom the intention was immediately reported, favored it.

"The sooner he goes the better, the coward!" said Mr. Dwyer.

"I don't think I'd feel so bad to be bad friends with Mary Casey," said Mrs. Dwyer, "if I didn't see her every day."

Johnny was walking home from Mollie Husted's late one night, revolving these things and others in his mind. It was not a very quick mind, but it was a fairly sure one. It was considering pa-

tiently the cause of Mollie's capriciousness, which had been scarcely good-tempered that evening; it was also considering that his father, though so well obeyed, seemed unhappy and even unappreciative.

"Sometimes I think," said Johnny to himself, "that for all he was so mad at the thought I might enlist, he's sort of disappointed that I didn't. There's no denying that Mr. Dwyer's son got to be a sergeant, and that he come home alive and well, and that people talk more of him than they do of Mr. Casey's son. And that frets my father against me. But about Mollie—"

He could not so clearly follow the workings of Mollie's mind. Mollie liked him; she had said so; she had said so when she knew that he was no hero, but a mere builder. Well, then, why was she captious and flighty?

He slammed the little wicket gate behind him. The two houses were dark for the night. The big lilac bush between the two yards distilled a pungent sweetness into the air. It was so still, so peaceful. Johnny paused a moment. He was not imaginative, but a memory stirred him of his childhood, when he had played with little Jimmy Dwyer beneath that big bush. He recalled how their mothers had always filled the big, gaudy parlor vases with the purple blossoms. And this spring neither woman touched the flowers! It was too bad! He wished he could settle it!

Across the aroma of the lilacs another odor grew, more strong, more stifling. Johnny sniffed at it for a moment. It was smoke.

"They've been cleaning up the yards, I suppose," he said. "It's some old brush-heap smoldering."

But the odor was not that of burning brush. It was more powerful, less of the earth and leaves. He ran around the narrow space between the two houses. From the Dwyers' he thought he could perceive a blur of smoke.

He ran to their front door and began pounding upon it, forgetful, for the second, of the uses of the bell. Then he remembered, and pulled and pulled. There was no answer. He hurled his weight against the frail door as a window of his own house went up and his father's irascible voice demanded if he was to be waked out of a night's sleep by drunken reprobates that had forgotten their keys!

"Fire, father, fire!" called the boy as a panel gave way before him. He put in

his hand through the opening, unlocked the door, and dashed in, a gust of air with him. The smoldering fire leaped into life at this new fuel. He rushed up the stairs. No voices answered his shouts. The upper rooms were filled with smoke. The Dwyers were sleeping a suffocated sleep.

How they were aroused with water dashed upon them and carried down the stairs by Johnny and his father before the arrival of the engines summoned at Mr. Casey's command by another neighbor; how the Casey house sheltered them; how Johnny's eyebrows were missing for several weeks; and how Mollie Husted vowed that she adored him for the lack—these are matters of Locust Street history. How Mr. Casey and Mr. Dwyer were able to find all their estrangement the work of "thim meddlesome busybodies that have nothin' better to do than to run from one honest man to another wid lies," is not so widely known among the neighbors. But that the Caseys came back to St. Ann's, gave up the thought of moving, and were entirely modest about the hero in their own ranks, is joyfully witnessed by an entire community.

The grateful Dwyers consider that the finest proof of Michael Casey's nobility of intellect and heart ever vouchsafed the world was what he said when it was discovered that Jim Dwyer had thrown a careless match into the wood-box that night.

"It's nothin'. I often do it meself. An' anyway, a man that's served his country—there's allowances to be made for him!"

Anne O'Hagan.

The House That Bobby Built.

IT was Sunday afternoon, and Bobby had come up from the city to see Miss Grey. The city was not far away—a matter of six hours on the vestibuled limited—and Miss Grey, in extending the invitation, had thought of Bobby, and of the express.

She had gone with him down to the river. They sat on the rocks far out in the stream, and talked of the willows, and of their greenness above the water; of the mill's picturesqueness, of the dogwood flowers that lighted the woods.

Suddenly Miss Grey leaned back and studied him attentively. The clear cut, cleanly shaven face, the handsome head with its wavy hair, the laugh that rang pleasantly on her ear, all these had not changed, but it was not quite the same



"JEANIE, DON'T YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT?"

Bobby with whom she had parted six months ago.

"Bobby," she said, her contemplative eyes still on his face, "you have changed."

"Yes," said Bobby.

"A woman?"

"Yes," said Bobby. He laughed.

For the first time Miss Grey felt a jarring note when Bobby laughed.

"Is her picture in your watch?" she questioned.

"No," he answered promptly, "it's in my heart."

"Bobby!" Miss Grey put out her white hand—it was like a sudden, wistful appeal. "I hope you will be happy."

"Expect to be," said Bobby. In the silence that followed he looked up-stream and whistled cheerfully.

Of course she had known that it would come some day. Since his eighteenth birthday—he was now twenty five—when he had formed the habit of flinging his tempestuous heart at her feet, in season and out, she had advised this step; but somehow she had not expected him to be so cheerful about it.

A shadow, fleeting, like the flying wing of some bird far overhead, crossed her face. Dear Bobby—she would be lonely without him. She would miss the oft repeated declarations, and the flowers. Other men sent her violets, roses, orchids—Bobby brought pinks, fragrant, old fashioned, grandmother pinks. Other men sent expensive candies; Bobby brought peanuts. Why, she felt, with a sudden sense of desolation, there wasn't anybody in the whole wide world who understood but Bobby.

Perhaps, if it had not been for the stupid accident of years, she might have loved Bobby as he demanded, instead of in a maternal, protective way; but her milestones outnumbered Bobby's, and no amount of arithmetic would set it right.

"Jeanie"—there wasn't anybody else in her world who called Eugenia Grey "Jeanie"—"don't you want me to tell you about it?"

It seemed as if without warning the clouds had swept across the smiling landscape, and blotted out the blue; it rained in torrents, and the wind shrieked itself into a hurricane.

"Jeanie"—his voice was reproachful—"don't you want to hear about it?"

"Yes," said Miss Grey, lying bravely.

"It's to be in June. Surprised?"—for she had moved slightly. "We are going to keep house in a cottage, with a white-pillared porch—lots of porch. I've wanted that particular kind of a cottage on that particular spot all my life. You'll love it, Jeanie. And I have not been extravagant—that is—I forgot the rugs. You remember the old fellow who wept

when he gave up the keys to the Alhambra? His mother said he wept like a woman for what he could not defend like a man; she didn't know what she was talking about, but I know that he wept because those rugs were going to lie in a white-pillared cottage by the sea. The dining-room is furnished in Flemish oak—the figures in the chair-backs make faces at you—it's very somber and beautiful there. The cabinet you'd call a dear—it was. But then, you see, my wife will need it for the presents."

His wife! Dear Heaven, Bobby's wife!

"There's a couch and lots of pillows in the den; the furniture is mahogany there. The library table is the best looking one I ever saw; there's a tall vase on it for flowers, and a Browning and a Rossetti lie there. You see," he added gravely, "I am trying to please her."

Miss Grey turned on him in white and speechless indignation.

"Jeanie dear"—the color had come into his cheeks—"it's the twilight that I think of, for us, there. And my wife stands at the open window—tall and slender and white—and the breeze, the strong, joyous, night wind from the sea, flutters her gown and streams the curtain out into the room—it floats like a bridal veil in the darkness—and I go to her silently, and put my arms about her. She doesn't say, 'Don't,' or 'You forget yourself, sir!' She's silent, too."

"It is late." Miss Grey spoke coldly. "You'll miss your train." She rose as she spoke. The sun was gone, and the warmth from the sunny river. They walked back to the house in silence. At the steps Bobby stooped and kissed her brow.

"You always said you would be glad, Jeanie; but you have been good to listen so patiently. Now I must run for my train."

He was gone.

She took out her handkerchief and vigorously rubbed her brow. The touch of the cool, brotherly kiss stung.

In the library she lay quite still among the cushions piled on the couch. She had asked for quiet, and the library without lights. Dusk crept stealthily into the room, and suddenly the curtain at the wide open window, moved by a passing wind, blew out like the curtains in the sea cottage. A fierce, barbaric hatred for the woman who was to live there with Bobby possessed her. The arithmetic of hearts cannot be counted by years; and for a foolish question of arithmetic she had lost Bobby.

"Arithmetic be——" She sat up, dashed the tears from her cheeks, and searched wildly for what she wanted. "Be—be hanged!" she sobbed. "There are only two—two measly little years between us."

After a little while she got up, went to the window, and stood there looking out.

The curtain streamed out again like a white sail; then, homeward bound, wrapped itself about the silent figure.

The room was very quiet.

"Bobby!" she cried, for a stronger clasp was about her.

"I missed my train," said Bobby the shameless.

He held her from him. It was dark, but he knew that her eyes were wet, her lips trembling; held her from him, and gave her a soft little shake.

"You are called clever," he said, "and you are stupid—awfully stupid, Jeanie Grey—not to know your own house when it's faithfully described to you by your faithful lover!"

"Oh, Bobby," she cried ecstatically, "is there really such a place?"

"No," said Bobby the shameless, "there isn't—but there will be, Jeanie, there will be, and soon, too!"

Mary Lindsay.

When the Strong Tides Lift.

THE tide waits upon no man. Therefore, the farmer-fishermen of Block Island watch its moods and fancies closely; for the sea, a fickle mistress, holds the island in an embrace which is to-day caressing, but may to-morrow be as the clutch of a ravening beast. In the spring and fall, when the heavy tides bring in their burden of rockweed and other deep sea vegetation, torn from its roots by the ground-swell, the windrows cast up along the shores must needs be secured to feed the sterile farms.

"Shore rights" are jealously guarded then, for the weed, together with the shackfish from the traps, constitutes the island's main supply of fertilizer. When the proprietors of these tide-water privileges have stacked such weed as they need for the year, their less fortunate neighbors are allowed to glean as they may among the rocks and along the stretches of beach. And it galled Abram Biddle mightily to be classed with the gleaners.

The Biddle place had fallen to him heavily mortgaged, however, and when he sold the "home lot" to Anson Sprague the shore rights went with it. He had

built himself a comfortable cottage on the remaining ten-acre piece; but while he gleaned as he could, first upon the shore of one friendly neighbor, and then another—sometimes obliged to cart the heavy stuff all of a mile to his little place—his heart grew bitter against Anson, whose shore right lay at the foot of the bluff, and almost within arrow-shot of his barn. Anson, who had fallen heir to the mortgage as Abram had to the farm was a lucky fellow. It is ill for one man to consider another "lucky" when he himself has been unfortunate; but Abram's feeling had been passive until the day he saw Anson walking about the old farm with Belle.

Abram was no mean carpenter. He had built much of the cottage himself, and every nail he drove riveted a thought of Belle Allen into the structure. Of course he could not ask her to share it with him yet—not for a long time, perhaps; but they had been sweethearts in the sober, practical island way for years.

"Better to have a small place clear of debt than a big farm loaded down with a mortgage, Abram," Belle had said before his settlement with Anson Sprague. He had taken her advice, and now he saw her going over the old farm, every foot of which was dear to him, with the new owner.

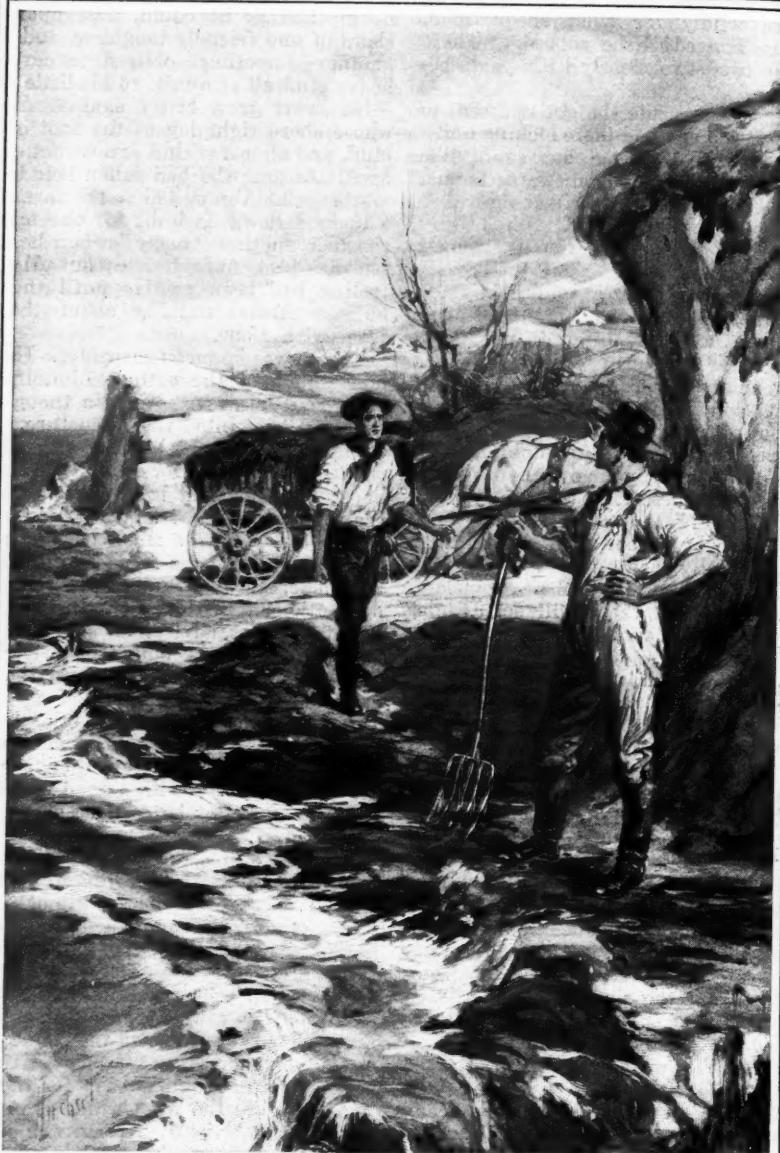
"Wal," opined Uncle Bozzle, "can't expect a gal to take a poor man an' a little, wuthless ten acres when she kin git a well-to-do un with a good house and farm. You better be castin' sheep's eyes at some less favored woman, Abe."

And so Abram, sore and heartsick, went his way, and no longer lingered at the church door for Belle on Sunday evenings, or drove a roundabout way to the harbor for the sake of passing her father's door.

There had been several severe storms; and when they were passed, and spring rain and sunshine blessed the island, most of the neighbors were too busy getting in their crops, or making ready for the fishing, to secure the weed which the surges threw up so lavishly. Abram was able to draw some from the stretch of beach next to the old Biddle place, as Anson's property was still called.

The wagon track over the bluff to the beach led by the end of the Allen house, and as his wagon rumbled past in the early morning Abram heard Belle's clear voice through the open window as she sang about her work:

When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?



"IT'S NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS WHAT I LIKE. YOU AIN'T GOT NO CALL TO TALK ME OVER!"

The words of the camp-meeting hymn rang in his ears as the plodding horses took the slope to the beach. His gloomy eyes noted the tide lifting among the rocks, heavy with its burden of brown and green weed. He turned his team at

the foot of the bluff, and then, with the fork in his hand, waded into the water and began to draw the great masses of weed ashore. The sun was rising; now and then an oily wave slapped against a rock and playfully drenched him with

a shower of glittering drops; a big eagle mounted like a lark into the heavens; the shore birds called to each other cheerfully as they ran along the sand. All these things were not for Abram. He turned his back on the sea and the mystery of its sparkling resurrection from the night, and heaved the weed with swelling muscles and lowering brow.

Suddenly the rattle of another wagon smote upon his ears. He glanced swiftly upward, to see Anson's span of grays coming over the bluff, and Anson himself on the wagon seat, careless, care-free, recklessly urging his horses into a trot.

"When the strong tides lift and the cables strain," bawled Anson, not un-musically. "Hullo, Abe! Got ahead of me, didn't ye? Ye always was an early bird." Abram grunted and lifted a huge forkful of dripping weed into his cart. "Great tide this morning!" shouted Anson, bringing his horses around with a flourish. "Won't be many more like it this spring."

Abram kept at his work feverishly. The strong tides of passion were lifting in him—and they were the stronger that there seemed so little reason for his hatred of this man. He feared to speak. He desired only to get his load and depart.

"Gettin' yer weed from Littlefield's patch, air ye?" pursued Anson, wading into the water himself. "Plenty of it along here on my shore, if ye want it."

"I don't," growled Abram, without raising his eyes.

"Oh, well, suit yerself. It's easier to git than that over there." Then he hummed the air of the hymn again. "Say, that Belle's got a great voice, ain't she? I'd come down here ev'ry morning just for the sake o' hearin' her sing."

Abram's fork clashed against the side-board of his cart. He had not got on what he considered a good load, but he flung the fork upon it and gathered up the reins.

"Them hosses o' yours don't draw much, do they?" shouted Anson, leaning on his own fork. "That's a mighty slimpsy load. Seems to me, Abe, ye ain't doin' much. Belle said to me she didn't think ye was doin' as well as common."

Abram dropped the reins and turned on him in a rage that smothered in his eyes and whitened his lips.

"So you and she discuss me between ye, do ye? Ain't ye got nothin' better to do?"

"Oh, well," and Anson laughed, "she

can't help bein' some int'rested, I s'pose. An' I tell her I don't b'lieve *you* like farmin' any better 'n *I* do."

"It's none o' your business what I like. You ain't got no call to talk me over, let me tell you!"

"Oh, you'm mad this morning, Abie. Guess there ain't no law ag'in me speakin' about ye."

Abram strode up to him. Anson had come ashore now, and stood with his back to the clay bluff which rose above their heads. Just here the sea, in some moment of passion, had torn out several tons of the clay and gravel until the cart-path which wound up the face of the bluff fairly overhung the shore. Now and again the bank crumbled and a mass of earth was precipitated upon the beach, there to be sucked away by the tide, while the weed-laden carts from the waterside cut their tire-marks deeper and deeper into the hill.

"There *is* a law against your talkin' of me," Abram said. "I forbid ye!"

"Hoity-toity!" cried Anson, his own face flushing. "Who do you think you air? I s'pose ye reckon nobody can speak ter that gal but you?"

There was a hot mist in Abram's eyes. Through it he saw the leering face of the man he hated, and at this he struck. Instantly Anson flung aside his own fork, and the heavy blows—quite unscientific, but terribly effective—were given and taken in silence. Anson tried to seize the aggressor in his long arms, but the latter eluded him. Then Abram delivered a mighty blow, and his antagonist went down.

Anson fell flat upon his back, his head coming in contact with a stone. A single gasp, and—he did not move again. He lay directly under the overhanging cliff, with the morning sun blazing into his drawn face.

Abram, unsoftened by the sight, turned away. He picked up his reins and chirruped to the horses. The brutes started, straining in the harness to draw the cart and its burden over the loose shale of the beach. When the broad-tired wheels struck the clay, the horses pulled more easily.

They went up the steep path with a rush. Abram knew well when they reached that point overhanging the hollow in which the senseless Anson lay. A little jar, a sudden weight upon the outer edge of the cart-track, might start an avalanche of clay and gravel down upon his enemy. He pulled the rein gently, and the horses swerved toward the brink

of the bluff. Across the fields, distinct as a herd-bell in the Alps, floated the voice of the singer :

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll !

"My God!" groaned the man, dragging suddenly on the other rein. The hubs of the cartwheels tore a long red line in the hillside on the inner edge of the track. They were at the top in another minute, and Abram climbed to his seat on the load with trembling limbs. He rode on past the Allen house with his head on his breast, not noticing the girl who watched him from the window. He was throwing off the last of the weed in the barnyard when Uncle Bozze puffed into view.

"Jes' what I been tellin' 'em!" wheezed the old man. "Another slice of it gone. Some o' you boys 'll have a wreck over there yit." Abram looked at him dully. "More of the bluff gone. Jes' seen it myself. Wonder 't yeou warn't caught by it, Abe. Jes' come up from there, didn't ye? Ain't ye goin' ter draw no more weed to-day?"

"The bluff caved again?" gasped Abram. "Where?"

"Right down behin' Crook Allen's house; jes' where I been tellin' of ye—"

Abram shrieked aloud, and, leaping from the cart, seized the first implement to his hand—a shovel—and started for the shore. Uncle Bozze watched him breathlessly.

"Wal, th' dern fool!" he ejaculated at last.

And while he ran Abram saw naught but the drawn face of the man he had left lying beneath the overhanging cliff. He reached the edge of the bluff. There on the beach below was piled a great heap of fallen débris. The spot where Anson Sprague had lain when he left him two hours before was hidden by clay and gravel. That Anson was under it he did not doubt, for a little way along the shore stood the patient team of grays and the half-loaded wagon.

Abram plunged down the side of the bluff, his heavy boots plowing deep furrows through the clay. Once upon the beach he began to dig madly into the heap. How Anson could be alive under that weight he did not ask; what he hoped to accomplish by uncovering the dead and broken body he did not know. Nevertheless, he strained his muscles at the task, and the sweat dripped from his face. Suddenly he was aware of a foot-step on the beach.

"What in tarnation ye doin' there, Abe—burrerin' like a ground-haug?"

"Anson—he's under there!"

"Git aout! He ain't nuther."

"He is, I tell you, Allen! See his team along yonder? He was drawin' weed this mornin'."

"Ya-as, I know. An' he left things at sixes an' sevens 'bout as us'al. He fell an' hit his head, he said, an' got me ter draw weed for him the rest o' the day. I seen him a-startin' off for the harbor not half an hour ago. Jiminity, man! What's the matter o' ye?"

"He—he ain't dead?" whispered Abram.

"Not very. But *you* look some as though ye might be. Ye're atcherly white, man! Ye're weak's a gal. Say, that remin's me, Abe. Sister Belle wants ye ter stop at the house most pertic'lar. Guess ye been too busy with yer spring work lately to do much courtin', hey?" and young Allen chuckled. "And I s'pose ye'll have more farmin' ter 'tend to nex' year. Dad's bought a big slice of the old Biddle place from Anson, an' is goin' ter give it ter Belle for her marriage portion. She picked out the lots she wanted her own self. Pretty shrewd, Belle is, if she is a gal! I knowed Anson wouldn't stick to farmin' long. He ain't got it in him. He 'lows he'll foller the fishin', an' to buy into Cap'n Amazon's boat. Mebbe if Belle hadn't got her cap set for a feller 'bout your size, Abe, Anson'd stayed ashore. No tellin';" and his laugh rang out jovially.

Abram climbed the bluff slowly, passing the broken place in the path with averted gaze. And as he drew nearer to the house Belle's sweet, high tones fell upon his ear once more. She had begun the old hymn all over again:

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life?

W. Bert Foster.

The Defeated Candidate.

I.

WHEN the chairman of the inspection board announced the closing of the polls, Ainsworth, who stood just within the rail, was conscious of a quick thrill of anxiety and doubt. His reason told him that his plurality of a year before was an earnest of success, but his instinct warned him of failure. He relit his cigar and leaned against the railing with studied carelessness. He wished to keep his face expressionless during the count. Directly opposite him stood the Tam-

many captain, and he knew that the Tammany inspectors were watching him as they prepared their tally sheets. He could suppress any sign of exultation if he won; he meant to steel himself against visible disappointment if he lost. For him the result in this one district would tell the story of the election.

The room was tense with excitement as the formalities prescribed by law were complied with. The folded ballots were separated into piles of ten, passed from inspector to inspector for verification, then opened and examined one by one. The "straights" of each party were placed by themselves and called off to the tally clerks. The "splits" were laid aside for further examination.

As the count progressed, Ainsworth noted that he was running ahead on the split tickets; but while this pleased him, he was aware that it was of little consequence. The result, he knew, was written in the ballots with the single cross-mark. Very soon he became conscious that these were dangerously even. He must emerge from this district twenty-five ahead or he was sure to lose; a tie vote here meant defeat in the entire district by a thousand. And the straights were alternating exasperatingly. There was a brief space of hope when Ainsworth's party forged ahead, eight, nine, then ten; but here it halted and slowly receded. At five the alternation began again, and it continued until the last pile was exhausted.

The candidate watched the opening of the final ballot listlessly. As the inspectors turned to re-examine the split tickets, he called out a quick "Good-night, boys," and went out. Beyond the glare of light from the voting booth, he paused and ran his hand across his forehead. Then he walked briskly toward headquarters. He knew that he was beaten.

At the club-house he pushed his way through the crowd and entered the executive committee room. The secretary, in his shirt sleeves at the telephone, turned half way around. He held the receiver in his right hand, but offered his left to the candidate.

"It is all over," he said.

The district leader sat at the end of the table, jotting down figures with a pencil on the back of a circular. District captains reported at intervals, some by telephone, some in person, handing over their slips with brief comment.

"It was simply hell in the Eighteenth," announced one as he gave the secretary

his report. The secretary scowled at it and then passed it to the leader.

"No worse than the rest," he said.

The telephone rang again, and the secretary turned to Ainsworth.

"Your wife wants to speak to you."

The candidate glanced at the leader. "No use to wait for more districts?" he asked.

The leader shook his head, and Ainsworth spoke into the transmitter.

"We will postpone our winter in Albany," he said. "The people don't appreciate us."

The light tone and the jest were for those who stood around him. The candidate knew that no assumption of carelessness would deceive the woman at the other end of the wire. The first sound of her voice brought him a realizing sense that he need make no pretenses with her; that she understood. The thought gave him momentary relief from the pain and bitterness of his defeat. She made no effort at verbal consolation.

"I was afraid so," she said. "You would not have waited if you had won."

"I wanted to be sure."

"Of course. You will come home as soon as you can?"

That was all. Ainsworth resumed his seat on the edge of the table.

"You were going to take her with you?" asked the leader.

Ainsworth nodded.

"Too bad," said the leader, relapsing into silence.

Returns from other parts of the city now came in rapidly.

"The Thirty-First is lost, too," announced the man at the telephone.

"That means the State," declared one of the captains; but the secretary fixed him with a keen, unfriendly eye.

"You wait awhile," he ordered.

The man who marked the bulletins came in for more copy, and, as he retreated, left the door open. There was a favorable report from an up State county, and when he chalked it upon the blackboard the crowd responded with a feeble cheer. One of the captains slammed the door with a smothered imprecation. The leader smiled grimly.

"Let 'em holler, if they feel like it," he said.

Presently it was certain that the State had been saved by the unexpected magnitude of rural majorities.

"They are getting up a parade in the Thirty-First. They want us to send some men," said the secretary, with the receiver at his ear.

"For what—a funeral?" asked the leader.

"For the Governor."

"Confound the Governor!"

"What shall I tell them?"

The leader rose, stretched himself, and, as he passed, placed his hand lightly on Ainsworth's shoulder.

"Tell them we think too much of our local candidate," he replied.

For a fraction of an instant Ainsworth thought he saw the firm jaw relax in the faintest shadow of a quiver, and a wave of quick emotion engulfed him. When it passed, he pressed the leader's hand.

"You didn't expect it—even you?" he asked anxiously.

The leader made no direct answer. It was not his way.

"We have stood victory; I guess we can stand defeat," he said sententiously.

II.

THE streets were quiet as Ainsworth walked home. He listened curiously to his own foot-falls, and noted as if for the first time familiar buildings and shop windows.

His wife met him in the hallway.

"Dearest, poor dearest!" she said, with her arms around him.

They went into his study and he sat down at his table, pushing an accumulation of papers from him distastefully. His wife sat opposite, watching him.

"Well?" she said presently.

"I'm just simply beaten," he answered. "That's all."

"Badly?"

"Pretty badly. I don't know just how much. It doesn't make any difference."

There was a long silence. He noticed a wistful look in her eyes, and came across to her.

"I'm a brute for thinking only of my own disappointment," he said. "Poor old lady, your winter is spoiled, too. You were looking forward to it, I know; but you are braver than I am. You don't show it as I do. To look at you, one would think you were only sorry because I am sorry. You are mothering me now, but to-morrow you will think of what you have lost yourself."

She smiled—rather curiously, he thought—and stopped him with a tender hand over his mouth.

"Hush!"

"But you will."

"How blind you are!"

"Blind?"

"Yes. Shall I tell you the truth?"

"Of course."

She walked away from him a little, still looking at him and smiling curiously.

"Then listen," she said. "If it were not for your disappointment, I should be glad, glad, glad! What do I care for a winter in Albany, or anywhere, when I am not a part of your life? Oh, you don't know how I have *prayed* to keep from wishing, hoping, that you would lose! I wanted to have you win, because your heart was bound up in it; but I—oh, I only wanted you! I am a foolish woman, perhaps, but I was jealous of your other life. It took you from me and made you forget me. You did not know that you forgot me, but you did. I am not reproaching you. A man must play a man's part, they say, and I suppose he must; but it left me so alone. I tried to follow you in it, and you were kind to me. You are always kind, but it was as if I were a child. I half expected to hear you tell me to run away and play. You did not need me. And all the time I was hungering and thirsting to be by your side, to help you, to be a part of your life as I was in the old days."

She was sobbing passionately as Ainsworth caught her in his arms.

"Dearest," he said humbly, "I never knew!"

"No, you never knew."

"And you care so much?"

"Do I care? Oh, my husband!"

The silence which followed was broken by the sound of bare, tiny feet in the hallway. A curtain was parted doubtfully, and a small voice cautiously announced:

"I got lonesome, muvver. I'm a-comin' in!" And then a joyous "Oh, there's my papa!"

Seated on a beloved but unfamiliar knee, a curly head nestling against the defeated candidate's waistcoat, an anxious inquiry followed:

"Has you got to go in just a minute, papa?"

"No, darling. Why?"

"I was 'fraid you had to. I've been wishin' I'd see you, ever so long!"

Half an hour later the door-bell rang, though it was long past midnight. The child was fast asleep in Ainsworth's arms.

"I saw your light as I was turning in," said the visitor, "and, late as it is, I could not keep from coming in to tell you how we all feel about your defeat. It is simply a shame. It is disgusting. It makes one suspicious of our institutions, popular suffrage and all that!"

The candidate stared blankly.

"Oh," he said, after a little, "you are speaking of the election. I had forgotten all about it!"

Edward Bronson.

Her Chippendale Desk.

"YES," said Brent, answering the deferentially questioning look in the eyes of the clerk, "I like these rooms very much. Did you say they are the only vacant apartments in the house?"

"Yes, sir," returned the polite clerk promptly; "and we shouldn't have these to offer only that the young lady who had them was ill, and obliged to go home. It's something unusual for rooms like these to be vacant in the middle of the winter, and, of course, they won't stay so long."

Stanley Brent knew, by reason of a two weeks' futile canvass of New York apartment houses, that what the clerk said was probably true. Here at last was almost exactly what he wanted, in the center of things, and furnished with a rare tastefulness and coziness.

"I will take the rooms," he said. "But tell me: do all these pictures and this desk go with them, or do they belong to the young lady?"

"Well, it's this way," said the clerk; "they are to stay here if you wish them, not unless. You see, the young lady, Miss Castleton, is an artist—you may have heard of her—and these pictures are mostly her own work. She used this room as a studio. And the desk is hers, too. She left them here until she should call or send for them. I suppose this desk is more of a lady's desk than a man's; so if—"

"Oh, no," interposed Brent hastily; "let it stay here, please. I merely asked the question because one doesn't find a Chippendale desk every day in furnished apartments, that's all."

"No, indeed, sir," acquiesced the clerk obligingly; "but you are quite welcome to it until Miss Castleton claims it. She didn't even lock it, you see."

Stanley Brent was a young man of enough wealth to enable him to indulge his fancies; but he had concentrated all his energies and ambitions upon a novel, which had finally been accepted by a New York publishing firm on condition that he would make certain changes in the plot. Much as Brent disliked what seemed to him an injury to the artistic value of his book, he had consented to undertake the task, and had come to New York to do it.

He found his new apartments all that could be desired in the way of stimulus.

He whimsically attributed his success to the Chippendale desk, at which he did most of his work. Oftener than he knew, he found himself wondering about the girl who had had the rooms before him. For one thing, the sketches she had left were really remarkable for a young artist. They were true, spirited, and done with a bold, rapid hand. There were studies of the Orient, rich splashes of bright hues, the interior of a mosque, or a peasant woman with her brown baby at her breast.

Hanging directly over the Chippendale desk, there was one picture which roused Brent's admiration and imagination more than all the rest. It was a study of a young man, with features faultlessly Greek, who looked the epitome of youth and poetry and love. It set Brent to weaving a romance at a faster pace than his pen could follow.

"Yes, that's the man she loves, or did love when she painted it," he said to himself as he lighted his briar, and gave himself up to the joys of speculation. "That shows in every bit of color and in every inch of line. It's not quite so good as the other things, you see. Not so much decision, and verve, and dash. It's too introspective and sentimental. That's the way with women. The minute they fall in love, farewell to art! They might as well acknowledge it first as last; but they won't for another generation or so, I suppose. The clerk said Miss Castleton had gone home ill from overwork. Well, that may be so; but I would be willing to wager she fell in love with Apollo up there, and he said that art wasn't in it with love. Probably she got all broken up trying to decide which she'd do, and had an attack of nerves. Oh, these modern girls!"

And Brent put down his briar, and started on a prolonged search for a note from one of them, Miss Kingston, who had invited him to dine with her and her chum in the minute apartment where they played prettily at keeping house in the pauses of writing for magazines.

"Here it is," he said at last, spying a blue-gray sheet of note-paper in the far corner of a pigeonhole.

He pulled it out, and began to read. A puzzled expression came over his face. He could not remember having received this strange letter.

It is such a joy to love you that I feel as if I must tell you so. I fancy most women don't tell a man that they love him. They allow him to do all that. Well, my heart, I am different, that is all. I sit here looking at your wonderful face to-night, and it seems to me that you were born for love, just as a Greek statue was born for immortality. I can-

not help adding my tribute of adoration, even while I feel that it will not touch you very deeply. Why should it? You must have wearied before this of the countless oblations offered on your altar. Nevertheless, because I love with a love which is as fresh and pure as it is lasting, I dare to tell you so, and to sign myself

Yours devotedly,
ALICE CASTLETON.

As Brent came to the last word, he started as if he had been struck. So this, after all, was the secret he had been trying to grasp! Not for the world would he have secured it in this way had he but known what he was reading. He looked up at the picture. The lips still smiled serenely; the classic brow knew no cloud.

Brent was furious. He saw exactly what had happened. She had painted his portrait. He had sat to her for it. She had fallen in love with him; and this was the end of it all!

But why was the note never sent? This, too, was easy to explain. Either she had thought better of writing it, or she had suddenly fallen ill, as the result of overwrought brain and nerves, and had gone home.

This, then, was the way some women loved, Brent reflected, as he carefully replaced the tell-tale letter. He wished he had ever known that sort of girl. He made up his mind then and there to meet Alice Castleton, no matter what the pretext, as soon as he finished his novel.

He did not have to wait so long, however. As he entered the house late in the afternoon of the next day, he was met by the clerk with a smile and the information that Miss Castleton was in his rooms.

"She's come for some of her sketches," said the man, "so I thought it would do no harm to give her the key. You'll find her there now."

Brent turned and ran up the stairs without waiting for the elevator. He was more excited than he had been for years. At last he was to see the one woman who appealed to him as he wished a woman to do. Rapturously he knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a calm, level voice.

Entering, he saw a plump, merry-faced girl in the act of jumping from a high-chair with the fatal picture in her hands.

"How do you do?" she laughed. "I suppose you are Mr. Brent. Well, I am Alice Castleton. I hope you won't mind my taking away Narcissus. You see, I've had an order for an ideal Greek head, and I happened to think of this study I made last year in the Louvre. Isn't he a dream of manly beauty? Really, Mr. Brent, I fell so much in love with Narcissus while

I was doing him that I've never been able to get over it!"

All this in one breath, with little, irresistible laughs at her own confession.

"The loquacious gentleman at the desk tells me you are a literary man," she continued, still in a serio-comic way. "Why don't you put us into a story, Narcissus and myself? I've even written him love letters in odd moments when I'd nothing better to do!"

Brent started visibly.

"That sounds most interesting and unusual," he said, to cover his confusion. "And I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Castleton. If you will stay while I make you a cup of real Russian tea, I shall be glad to make use of your suggestion. Only you must tell me more about it."

He was surprised at his own temerity. He was more than ever surprised when Miss Castleton accepted his invitation, quite as a matter of course.

"I like to see men do little things about the house," she said laughingly; "and I'm flattered that my Narcissus romance appeals to you."

Over the teacups Brent came to the conclusion that a plump, short girl, with a distracting dimple and dark melting eyes, is one of the most absorbing things in life. Finally he summoned up sufficient courage to tell her about the note he had discovered, and his romantic deduction. Miss Castleton could not restrain her mirth.

"And now," she said, "which do you prefer, Mr. Brent—the blighted violet of your fancy or the prosaic reality?"

Brent was silent for a moment.

"Might one be permitted to be glad that a Narcissus seems to be his only rival?" he said finally.

"But you forget," laughed Miss Castleton, "that Narcissus spells art, and that art is long." Brent grew bolder still; for with her last words she had risen to go, and he felt that he might lose her forever.

"May I not see you again?" he pleaded.

"Certainly," returned Miss Castleton. "I was just about to ask you to come to tea next Sunday at my new studio. Here is my card. I am sending for the desk tomorrow. Good-by, Mr. Brent. Until I see you again, remember, I am consoling myself with Narcissus!"

Brent looked at the bit of pasteboard she had left in his hand, kissed it with reverence, and placed it in a conspicuous position on her Chippendale desk.

"And there are four beastly days," he sighed aloud, "until Sunday!"

Mabel Warren Sanford.

The Poet of Merontic.

THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLES OF AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

BY KATHERINE HOFFMAN.

MRS. PILLOTTY surveyed her visitor grimly.

"So you," she said with a most unflattering inflection, "are another of those reporters?"

Miss Crystal repressed a smile as undiplomatic.

"I am," she admitted. "Have we been bothering you terribly since your little boy became famous?"

Mrs. Pillottty sniffed, and grew grimmer than ever. Her mouth made a straight line across her fresh-colored face; her eyes snapped.

"You're the first one from New York," she confessed accurately. "But land's sake! The *Curyer* an' the *Bee*—they're our two daily papers besides the *Sent'nel*—have just wore the steps down with their comin'! What does a New York paper care about it, miss?"

"The *Trumpet*," replied Miss Crystal, "has a Connecticut edition on Sunday. It is for that that I wish to interview your son and get his picture, and any other verses he may have written. Local features like this, you know, increase our circulation in the—suburbs."

Miss Crystal had bethought her of "suburbs" just in time to save her from speaking harshly of Merontic.

"I hate those Sunday papers," declared Mrs. Pillottty, vigorous and discursive. "They litter up a place so! I wish you could see this room of a winter Sunday after church! Of course, when it ain't cold, I make pa an' the boys read out of doors on the piazza."

Miss Crystal looked about the spotless, shining kitchen, took note of the giant range polished to a miracle of blackness, the blue and white agate-ware winking cheerfully from hooks and shelves, the green plants on the window-sills, guiltless of a single withered leaf, for all November's dreariness, the white oilcloth gleaming on the tables, the flour chromos and the life insurance calenders neatly pinned against the walls. A strange atmosphere, this, for the development of a poetic prodigy!

"I am sure," she said politely, "that it would take more than the Sunday Trum-

pet to make this room anything but wonderfully tidy. But tell me, Mrs. Pillottty, when may I hope to see the young poet?"

"You won't see him here to-day," said his mother with a terseness that sounded almost rude. "He ain't here. I've sent him to his gramma's, out beyond Willimantic. I'll tell you the truth, miss—I was worried about him."

"Overdeveloped brain and imagination, I suppose," hazarded the reporter.

"N—no, I can't say as it was exactly that. But I was worried for fear he'd think serious of poetry for a livin'. I thought a while on the farm with his gramma and granpa, doin' the winter chores, an' tendin' to the stock, would do him a heap of good after all this poetry nonsense. He's got the gold watch the *Sent'nel* offered to the boy that could write the best poem to the Merontic River—the boy under twelve, I mean. Well an' good. Now let it end there, I say. There's no livin' to be made in poetry—every one agrees to that. So I've sent Willie away where the other papers won't be after him—the *Curyer* an' the *Bee*—to see if he ain't got some more poems somewhere. When all this is quieted down, why, then he'll come back."

"I'm sorry not to see him," sighed Miss Crystal. "But if you'll give me his picture, and any other verses besides the prize-winner, I'll try to make my story out of those. I can't go to Willimantic to-day."

"I can give you Willie's picture, but I ain't kept none of his writin's. I haven't got even the 'Lines to the Merontic.' What's the good of clutterin' up a place with a lot of truck that's better forgotten anyway?"

"Willie must be really a remarkable boy, Mrs. Pillottty," said the reporter, "to have developed a fondness for verse under such—such sensible conditions. When did you first notice his fondness for writing?"

"I ain't never noticed it yet," declared Mrs. Pillottty. "You could have knocked me down with a feather when I seen in the *Sent'nel* that Willie 'd won a poetry prize. Why, Willie's a healthy boy, miss,

an' ain't never took very much to books. My oldest boy, Tom, he's a great newspaper reader—he hasn't much time for it, though, he's in the mill—an' my second boy, Fred, he used to be great on the 'Old Sleuth' detective series of stories. But Willie—well, I was surprised when I see that he'd won a poetry prize! That's what worried me most. He'd been wastin' his time in secret. It was more like a real vice, miss, if you can understand what I mean."

Miss Crystal laughed so heartily that the wholesome red of Mrs. Pillotty's face was deepening into something more angry.

"I do understand, indeed I do!" cried the visitor. "I wish several friends of mine back in New York could hear you talk and could profit by your point of view. But meantime I must get more of a story, as we call it, out of this. Do you not think that your husband may have been more in Willie's confidence as to his aspirations? May not Mr. Pillotty have Willie's verses, and be able to tell me some interesting details about his poetic fever?"

"Maybe," said Mrs. Pillotty laconically and uninvitingly. "Willie's pa always has been taken up with all that kind of truck. That's what has made me so down on poetry, miss. It's poetry that has kept us poor, poetry that has kept me in the country. Why, when we was first married we lived in New York, in an elegant little flat, miss, with the cars goin' by outside, an' plenty of neighbors, an' we was plannin' for a piano on the instalment plan, when this country notion took Pillotty, an' he began savin' up for it. An' here we moved, an' here we've stuck ever since; an' I hope he's had enough of his sunsets an' his thrushes an' his white vi'lets! That's what I've got against poetry, miss. If John Pillotty had never seen a book of poems, instead of always moonin' around with a volume of something or other under his arm, he'd never have had those notions, an' we wouldn't have moved out here, an' he'd have been a better provider, miss. I ain't never goin' to let Willie get a notion about poetry, not while his gramma's got a farm for him to work his notions out on."

"Do you think," Miss Crystal asked, "that Mr. Pillotty will have all of Willie's verses, and more details about his—ambition?"

"Oh, I suppose so," answered the exasperated mother of the poet. "If you want to find out, you can inquire for him

at the Great Central Hotel, near the station back in New York. He's a watchman there."

"In New York?" said Miss Crystal, rising to go. "He doesn't have much chance to enjoy his beloved country, does he?"

"That he doesn't," said his wife with vindictive satisfaction, "an' it serves him right. Good-day, miss. I'm sorry you had all the trip for nothin'!"

Miss Crystal proceeded to New York, and created considerable excitement at the Great Central Hotel by leaving a note for one of the watchmen, John Pillotty. In pursuance of the instructions contained in the note, Mr. Pillotty presented himself at her lodgings that evening, very neat in his frayed linen and his rusty, well-brushed blackcloth. His wide, pale blue eyes were lighted happily, his weak mouth smiled tremulously.

"It's so seldom," he said, "that I see any one that cares to talk about poetry!"

Then, as Miss Crystal forbore to explain to him that she had no intention of conducting a poetical *conversazione*, he fumbled at the string of a little parcel which he carried, and in another second the *Sentinel's* prize poem was unrolled before her gaze:

Oh, fair blue river, flowing down
Past forests hoar and old and deep,
Past many a red-roofed, nestling town,
Past hollows where spring's violets sleep,
There is one spot thy light waves see—
The dearest spot on earth to me.

"Well, miss!" cried Mr. Pillotty eagerly as she finished the prize poem. "What do you think of it? What do you think of my Willie's poem?"

"Indeed," said Miss Crystal earnestly, "I think it very remarkable for so young a boy, and especially for one who hasn't seemed particularly interested in verse. Have you some more of his work?"

"This is what the *Curyer* published, miss," answered Mr. Pillotty, handing her the next of the lot.

It was on "Snow." It had a refrain that made Miss Crystal frown and look up puzzled.

The earth is fast locked, and the trees are enshrouded,
The Dryads come forth in the moonlight no more.

Willie's classical education had gone farther than was to have been expected. The Dryads would not be likely to be household words in the Merontic home.

"Let me see the next one," she said, evading the breathlessly pleading look of

Mr. Pillotty's eyes. That one was on "Sunset":

When the day in beauty bright
Sinks into the arms of night—
When the twilight's purple pall
Gathers over cot and hall,
Hesper, lead us home!

"Hesper" finished what the Dryads had begun. Miss Crystal was convinced that the young poet of Merontic was a vulgar little half-cheat—perhaps a whole one. Somewhere he had delved and found references, refrains. He had used them. The sapient committee of award would never know the difference! And Willie wore a gold watch as a result. Still, one could not say these things to John Pillotty, sitting eager, embarrassed, hopeful, on the edge of one's Morris chair. So Miss Crystal formulated the society falsehood. Willie had a truly lyric quality, which with years and education and reading and—oh, well it was impossible to say, but perhaps, some day, he might do something worth while. To which John Pillotty listened with the light gone suddenly out of his face. It was so palpably done to order.

He tied up his treasures again, when Miss Crystal had copied them. He found his hat. He turned to leave the pretty little room with its books and its soft lights, its cushions and its flowers. Then Miss Crystal's heart smote her. She remembered his wife, hard, unloving, and crude, his boys with their callow tastes, and pictured him among them—him, the lover of the sunset and the thrush.

"But anyway," she cried warmly, "whether Willie ever writes any more verse or not, I hope that he will grow up to be a great credit and comfort to you!"

Mr. Pillotty looked up to smile his perfunctory thanks for her easy benevolence, and met her eyes—they were warm, honest, kindly eyes—full of friendliness upon him. His mouth twitched suddenly, and the muscles of his face and throat worked.

"Oh, miss," he cried, "he won't! He can't! I've not been honest, and he can't be!"

For a few minutes he fought the desire to sob, his shoulders shaking, his face twisted. Then he grew calm and raised the pathetic blue eyes to her face.

"Sit down," said Miss Crystal gently, "and tell me about it, if you want to."

"It's like this, miss," he began quietly. "I've always wanted to write poems. It seemed to me sometimes, when I was walking by myself in the country, that I could—almost. When I was a young man,

I meant to educate myself so's I could. I read a lot of poetry—Byron and Moore and Adelaide Proctor. I was apprenticed to a carriage-painter in those days, but I used to read and study nights, till I met Susan. We got married, and I gave up studying. You can't educate yourself to be a poet and keep your house at the same time. And Mrs. Pillotty, she thinks it's all nonsense, anyway. And so it is. I realize that. So I never told her when I tried to write a little, now and then. Nobody knew anything about it."

He waited a minute, but Miss Crystal did not speak.

"Well, one time there was trouble in our carriage shop, and I left and got into the Great Central as extra help. I've stayed ever since. I've saved enough to buy our little place at Merontic, for all Susan doesn't think much of me as a provider. She thinks I'm a half asleep sort of man. I never could have saved without her, though—the carefulest woman! I like our place. I'd ask nothing better, if only Susan was contented, or if any of the children had any taste for reading. But they don't, Miss Crystal, not one of them. I expect they get that from their mother. At first she just didn't like it. Now she hates it. She says except for books and poetry I'd have done better. Maybe she's right. Anyway, when the *Sentinel* offered the prize, I had a temptation. I didn't think I could write anything to win, but I thought it might get printed. It was only for children, though, and I couldn't send it in under my own name; so I got Willie to copy it and sign it. And it won the prize! It won the prize!"

There was despair in Mr. Pillotty's voice.

"Well, when Willie found that he'd won the watch, he came and begged me not to tell. He cried, and I was a little anxious about what Susan might say. She doesn't know, of course. And then I thought how folks might think the poetry all right for Willie, but ridiculous for me. And—well, you see how it was. Willie got the watch. And then the other papers wanted more of his poetry, and so he copied some more of mine—'Snow' and 'Sunset'—and then his mother got worried, and sent him to his grandmother's."

In the silence that followed, Miss Crystal heard again the hard voice of Susan, she saw the children, elbowing their way about the house, loud, harsh, with their mother's eyes and their mother's sordid,

fretful mouth. Then a charred stick fell in the hearth, and she looked up. Mr. Pillotty was gazing at her, gray with fear.

"I forgot, miss," he said, "that you were a reporter."

Miss Crystal laughed.

"So did I, Mr. Pillotty," she answered, "and I'm not much of one. I can't preach. Willie ought not to have the watch. But don't be afraid of me. I shan't write anything."

"You see," he said, "it wouldn't make much difference to a paper like yours; but in Meronic—" He shuddered.

"I shall not write anything about it,"

she repeated; and then, as he stumbled toward the door, he found that he was holding in his hands two volumes which she had taken from the shelves—quaint little blue books, garlanded in gold.

Every Christmas since then Mrs. Pillotty rages against the receipt of similar volumes from some undesignated source.

"Such truck!" she exclaims. "When there are so many things we need, too, for the house an' for ourselves. But he—you'd think some one had left him a fortune or paid his taxes, wouldn't you? What is it this year? 'Whittier's Poetic Works'? If it ain't enough to wear out the patience of a saint!"

LITERARY CHAT

IN A LIBRARY.

Here in their stately or their sober dress
They wait, who first held out life's
wealth to me.
This for my town-bred eyes unrolled
the sea;
That starred the meadows with pale love-
liness.
A gipsy here, I braved the storm's wild
stress,
And here I was a queen of pageantry;
Here had rude share of peasant toil and
glee,
There strove toward some dim height of
holiness.

Which pages hold the dearest message
now?

Which do I touch with thrilling finger
tips,
And lay, for love, a moment to my
lips?

The answer canst thou hear so far, O thou
Of whom each task, each joy, has
aching need!—

The books we two together used to
read.

A LIFE OF BRET HARTE—The famous Californian portrayed by a friendly hand.

T. Edgar Pemberton's "Life of Bret Harte" is an interesting book, largely for the reason that Mr. Pemberton lets the

very interesting man who is his subject tell much of the story in his own words. Bret Harte was possessed of rare gifts, a most attractive personality, and some very human weaknesses. There is a certain pathos in the narrative of his life, from his youthful adventures as a miner and an express messenger to his death, after more than twenty years of exile from his native land, in the house of his friend, Mme. Van de Velde. He never achieved the great things that the brilliance of his early work seemed to promise. Financial success never came to him—partly, no doubt, because he cared nothing for business. Of his lack of "money sense" Mr. Pemberton tells a story on the authority of the late Noah Brooks, a comrade of Bret Harte's California days, and afterwards a well-known New York journalist.

It seems that one New Year's Day a rich New Yorker, whose acquaintance with Harte had cost him various loans of twenty-five and fifty dollars, had returned a bunch of his literary friend's L. O. U.'s with the well-meant suggestion that he should start clean for the new twelve-month.

"Damn his impudence!" said Harte. "I have made a new note for the full amount of these, and have sent it to him with an intimation that I never allow pecuniary matters to trespass on the domain of friendship."

It would probably be a safe guess, how-

ever, that the "new note for the full amount" remains unredeemed to this day.

FROM THE CYCLOPEDIA — The doubtful practise of borrowing its information without making any acknowledgment.

A passage in the book noticed in the preceding paragraph suggests the query: To what extent is it legitimate to transfer facts from the cyclopedia?

Mr. Pemberton's knowledge of America is derived from his reference books, as a few comparisons will show. That standard work the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—we quote from the oft reprinted ninth edition—says that Albany, Bret Harte's birthplace, is

the capital of the State of New York, and of the county of Albany, picturesquely situated in a beautiful and fertile country on the western bank of the Hudson.

This Mr. Pemberton reproduces verbatim, changing only "bank" to "banks"—not an improvement, as the Hudson, like most rivers, has but one western bank. It would be well had he been equally faithful with a later sentence. The *Britannica* says:

Albany was founded by the Dutch in 1623, and is thus one of the oldest European settlements in the United States, dating sixteen years after that of Jamestown in Virginia.

This Mr. Pemberton edits disastrously:

He soon found out how Albany was founded by the Dutch in 1623, and was thus the oldest European settlement in the United States, with the exception of Jamestown in Virginia, which dates from 1607.

Has Mr. Pemberton never heard of the founding of New York in 1614, or of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in 1620? Both of these are tolerably prominent incidents in American history. But to continue our researches in the cyclopedia:

It was captured by the British in 1664, who changed its name from Beaverwyck or Williamstadt in honor of the Duke of York and Albany. It received its charter in 1686, and became the capital of the State of New York in 1797.

To this Mr. Pemberton adds a mere touch of personal color:

It stirred his young blood, moreover, to find how it was captured by the British in 1664, who changed its name of Beaverwyck or Williamstadt in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, and how it received its charter in 1686, and become the capital of the State of New York in 1797.

We do not know just how excitable young Bret Harte may have been, but our

pulse is not quickened by these doses of ready-made information. The cyclopedia has its proper uses, but it seems to us that piecemeal reproduction in a biography is not one of them.

STODDARD AS A REVIEWER—

The sturdy, old-fashioned independence of the veteran poet and critic who lately passed away.

When Richard Henry Stoddard died, his country lost almost the last of the poets whose fame may be said to belong to the classical age of American letters. Much has been written in praise of the rugged old poet, the friend of Thackeray, of Bayard Taylor, of Fitz-James O'Brien, of Edwin Booth, and of scores of others famous in the literary and artistic life of New York; and in nearly everything that has been printed there lurks a note of regret at the decadence of American poetry.

It should not be forgotten that Mr. Stoddard was not only one of the last of the old-fashion poets, but also one of the last of the old-fashioned literary reviewers—men who wrote as they believed, with an eye single to the interests of honest literature and a judgment untempered by advertising patronage or more venal personal considerations.

It is only when we pause for a moment to consider the life-work of such a man as Mr. Stoddard, and of the influence that he exerted up to the very last, that we realize the extent to which literary criticism has been emasculated since literature itself was pushed into the background by "sellers," and the business of book-publishing entered upon its present acute stage of humbuggery. Time was when the literary critics were a power strong enough to destroy a genius like Keats; but the idea of their modern successors destroying or maiming a writer of even the humblest ability is simply ludicrous to those familiar with the book-making craft and its tricks.

While literary criticism has decayed, log-rolling and mendacious puffery of worthless books have become an awful power for evil. The modern literary reviewer is generally employed also as a reader or literary adviser for some publishing house; and the novelist who wishes to be properly "boomed" by his publisher knows that there is no surer road to the favor of that worthy man of business than that which lies through genial "appreciations" of other authors on his list. Of course log-rolling is not

new in literature, but in the old days it was merely a private matter among two or three writers banded together for mutual exploitation. Now it has become an important department in the business of nearly every great firm of book-publishers.

That Mr. Stoddard, although for nearly half a century a book reviewer by profession, had not, up to the last years of his life, learned the arts of the log-roller, is plainly evidenced by his attitude in regard to a certain writer of verses whom a yellow newspaper undertook to boom into undeserved popularity three years ago. The veteran was passing the summer in Sag Harbor, in company with his wife and son, and had determined to return to the city late in August, as his limited income did not warrant a continuance of his holiday. Just at this time very strong pressure was brought to bear upon him to write an appreciation of the new poet for the sensational newspaper which was trying to profit by the man's meager poetic gifts. The sum offered to Mr. Stoddard for a few sentences of conventional praise—such as almost any reviewer who is also a publisher's reader will gladly furnish for a very few dollars—would have enabled him to remain in his country quarters until the end of the heated term; but he not only contemptuously refused it, but finally put an end to the yellow journal's importunities by declaring, over his own name, in his column in the *Mail and Express*, that the so-called epoch-making poetry was nothing more nor less than "cheap chin-music."

RUSKIN'S GROWTH—A new edition of his works which reveals the suc- cessive changes in his point of view.

For some time past it has been more or less the fashion to disparage the teachings of Ruskin, as it was at an earlier time the fashion to look up to him as an inspired prophet on art, political economy, and other important subjects. The reaction against the foolish hero worship of the days of his great popularity is itself upon the wane, and the appearance of a new and important edition of his works probably marks his coming into his true place as a writer, critic, and guide.

The new edition will prove to be one of the most interesting ever published, in one sense. No man was ever less bound by any narrow regard for mere consistency than Ruskin. As his mind grew, as his beliefs changed, he relentlessly overthrew his past opinions, and avowed his

new creed with the absolute honesty which so often looks like rank dishonesty.

From time to time what he had previously published was revised to fit his enlarged knowledge and changed opinions. The result was that the reader who quoted the Ruskin of one period might be flatly contradicted by the reader who quoted the same work in a later edition—and both of them might be right.

The new edition of his works has taken due note of this habit of his. Everything that he wrote is included in it—the opinion for which he was willing to die at one time, and the totally unlike belief which commanded his entire allegiance later, together with all the intermediate opinions which led from the first to the last. The result is a real study in mental development and change—a psychological study of a most unusual mind. Of course all of it is informed with the beauty and power of language which Ruskin despised as his least gift, but which his commentators regard as his one undoubted claim to lasting greatness.

STUPID BOOK PEOPLE—The ridic- ulous misunderstandings on which some novelists build their plots.

How tired one gets of those dark tragedies which continually occur in the book world owing to the proud reticence of the heroine, or the impossible blindness of the hero! People are stupid enough and blind enough in real life, but their stupidity is nothing to that of the brilliant personages of fiction. One often wades through three hundred pages of unhappiness which in real life would have been averted by a few plain words. It would be unromantic, no doubt, if the heroine were to ask the hero: "What are you mad about?" but it would be good common-sense. The reason why she does not do it is that it would be absolutely fatal to the so-called plot of the story.

"The Circle" is a book of this kind. The heroine is presented as a clever person of strong character, but she withholds the truth from the hero at a crucial moment for no reason that any one can see except that the author had to have a complication to unravel. If a heroine is to "suffer," the reader likes to feel that it happened as the unavoidable outcome of her character and of the circumstances of her life, and not because the author arbitrarily forced her to lie, or caused the dazzling hero to become imbecile long enough to misunderstand the obvious.

Another recent book, "The Traitors," exists in its present form only because of the unbelievable indiscretion of a character described by the author as a brilliant and experienced man. One could mention book after book whose plots are manufactured in this silly way. To enjoy such work the reader must be as gullible as children reading "Jack the Giant-Killer."

The same thing is to be seen on the stage, though playwrights are forced, by the nature of their medium, to pay more attention to the plausibility of their work. Richard Harding Davis' comedy, "The Taming of Helen," is a conspicuous instance of unconvincing complications and artificial misunderstandings.

AN ENGLISH ACTOR—Whose reminiscences are interesting, though not very important.

To the philosopher who has enjoyed opportunities for the study of contemporary life and morals in those cafés and clubs most frequented by English actors, Charles Brookfield's volume of "Random Reminiscences" is likely to prove interesting reading, though perhaps not in precisely the way intended by its author.

He is a son of the Mrs. Brookfield whose correspondence with Thackeray attracted so much attention when published here a decade ago. In early life, according to his own account, he was brought in contact with Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, the Hallams, and other notable people who visited his father's house; but these seem to fill but a small space in his memory. He does recollect, however, with vivid distinctness a vast amount of commonplace green-room legendry, stories about tap-room beats, and certain transactions of his own which most men would have tried to forget. It is to these anecdotes that the book owes its peculiar flavor, and it is because of them that the philosopher may find its pages worthy of perusal.

One of his stories describes with much gusto how he formed the acquaintance of the valet of an earl whom he was about to visit, and, without revealing his identity, encouraged the servitor to retail all the gossip of the servants' hall. The climax of this story is reached when the earl clasps him by the hand and appoints his former *compagnon de voyage* to wait on him.

Another anecdote, equally replete with good taste, relates to the poet Tennyson, who, while dining with a party of friends,

insisted upon putting his feet on the table in what he fancied was the most approved American style. Of course, all Americans dine with their feet on the table, unless there is a mantelpiece in the room. The poet's friends remonstrated with him, but without effect, until one who knew the laureate's weak points said: "If you keep your feet on the table, people may think you are Mr. Longfellow," whereupon the pedal extremities came down at once.

Mr. Brookfield spent four days in New York, where he visited the Chinese quarter, Steve Brodie's saloon, several clubs—in which he has the grace to say that he was hospitably entertained—and other intellectual centers of the town. The prominence of the word "elegant" in the vocabulary of the ladies and gentlemen whom he met supplies a theme for the exercise of some satire in comparison with which the touch of the trip-hammer on the anvil is as that of the hummingbird on the rose petal.

Not since Ward McAllister naïvely showed himself to the world as the simple, unpretending, good-natured snob that he was, has any man turned himself inside out as artlessly as has this English actor.

ROOSEVELT AND BOOKS — The President-Author's recent activity as a critic and discoverer.

Just at present Mr. Roosevelt reminds one of the late Mr. Gladstone. We all remember how, in the intervals of attending to his ministerial duties, the Grand Old Man used to chop trees and discover authors. Mr. Roosevelt has his strenuous physical exercises, too, and of late he has been exploiting littérateurs diligently.

First he launched his famous race-suicide thunderbolt, thereby attracting much attention to "The Woman Who Toils," by Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst, in whose pages he had discovered the dread information that poor working women sometimes think twice before marrying and bringing an indefinite number of children into the world. Later he has announced himself as a sort of advance agent for Charles Wagner, best known here as the author of "The Quiet Life."

Mr. Wagner's new volume, "L'Ami," translated into English as "The Better Way," elicited from Mr. Roosevelt a very pleasant note. "I am glad," the President said, "to take this chance of telling you personally how much I appreciate and value your work. I preach your books to my countrymen."

Mr. Wagner's manner and aim are very different from the reportorial-investigator style of "The Woman Who Toils." He is an apostle of the simple life, of religion, of mysticism. If the President's indorsement brings us under the influence of his doctrine of the beauty and power of simplicity and calm, Mr. Roosevelt's countrymen will have much for which to thank him.

SERIOUS TRASH—Pretentious but worthless collections of light-weight essays and sketches.

Among the things that are most discouraging to the reader of current literature are the trivial collections of essays or special articles which get into book form, are taken seriously, reviewed, and deemed worthy of a place on library shelves, when they are utterly unworthy of either preservation or presentation.

Take, for instance, Clifford Johnson's last book. It is a portly and moderately expensive volume, the second of a "series," and is called by the ambitious title of "New England and Its Neighbors." Read it, and it turns out to be a series of scrappy sketches far inferior to most magazine articles, not as good as much of the matter of the same sort that appears unsigned in the daily newspapers. What is true of this book, which is merely an account of some commonplace excursions taken by the author, is true of many volumes of essays, sketches, and "studies." Some, especially those bearing on art matters, are compiled chiefly for the sake of the illustrations. A showy cover is put on, and a collection of trite rehash becomes a book which the public is asked to buy and to take seriously. These pretentious frauds deserve as much criticism as the poor novels which usually receive all the blame for the alleged decadence of literature.

DICKENS "IMPROVED"—A milk-and-water version apparently intended for the young.

Most people of the present generation, probably, have an early recollection of hearing Dickens read aloud. One did not have to be very old before one plodded through the books oneself. But here we have in "Ten Girls From Dickens" a modern improvement on the old method, a sort of homeopathic Dickens for the use of the young. Sometimes the author, or editor, uses the novelist's actual words; again, she cuts loose and tells the story in

her own way. The real and the imitation Dickens are so mixed that there is nothing to show a reader unfamiliar with the original where the one ends and the other begins. To any one who has read Dickens, these stories will seem very tame affairs. The author has taken pains to make the heroines lady-like.

The trail of the modern "improver" is over everything—even the Bible. We have improved Shakespeare, and it is only a matter of time when we may expect to see "Vanity Fair" adapted for schoolgirls. This rehash of the classics is a doubtful business at best. To those who would prefer to read Dickens to their children undiluted, and to allow them to read the Bible and Shakespeare unedited, this "Ten Girls From Dickens" will seem one of the worst books of a bad class.

PICTURES IN NOVELS—Too many of them are mere collections of lay figures.

The *Academy* was probably in a bad humor when it told how one writer of popular fiction made up his tales. "An artist," it affirmed, "makes four striking drawings. After these drawings have been reproduced the prospective author is sent for, and is told that there he has his four principal dramatic situations. From those four drawings springs a story running to one hundred thousand words."

When one looks at the illustrations of most of the current novels, one wonders if this method, so contemptuously described, would not produce more harmonious results than the fashion now more widely in vogue, that of handing the manuscript to the artist for illustration. The average book illustrator seems to despise the average author's conception of situation and of character. Volumes admirable in typography and binding are half ruined by the artist's indifference to the text. All that he seems to wish is to present his idea of a pretty girl and a good looking man in some tame and easily imagined situation.

"Lady Rose's Daughter" is a sad example of the utter indifference of the illustrator to the author's intentions. The fascinating, tempestuous, melancholy, brooding *Julie* is drawn by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy as a young person who would do admirably as the frontispiece of a life insurance company's calendar. All the other characters are on the same level—monotonous clothes-horse figures without a suggestion of the natures their creator gave them.

LITERARY LONDON.

BY W. P. RYAN.

A CLEVER REVIEW OF THE BRITISH CAPITAL'S WORLD OF LETTERS AS IT IS TO-DAY, AND OF THE MOST NOTED AND MOST NOTEWORTHY MEN WHO FIGURE IN IT.

LITERARY London, in the strict sense, might be described as a place in which people meet to talk about something which they imagine to be literature. Such at least is the impression one derives from the conversations and discussions of the best known writers. Scarcely one of them is pleased to admit that he or she actually lives and works in the British capital.

When one meets a stately lady novelist outside a shop-window or at a "literary dinner," it always happens that she has just returned from a visit to the king and queen at Windsor, or from some great continental resort where an emperor traveling incognito had assured her with tears in his eyes that her fiction is the main item in the education of his young princes and his footmen. If one encounters a popular novelist in Fleet Street he invariably assumes an air of hurry, and rapidly gives one to understand that he has just come up from his country seat in order to implore his impatient publisher to allow him to take a holiday in Norway or run over for a lecturing tour in America. The literary journals scarcely recognize a writer who has not a distant castle, or a shooting lodge, or is not on the point of starting for Abyssinia, or has not just returned from Mesopotamia. The admission that an author rents a house in London would reduce him to the level of the commonplace.

THE AUTHOR OF "ZENDA."

Some, indeed, have managed to dwell in London and conciliate public opinion by appearing to stay there only periodically, and in chambers. Of such are Anthony Hope and Max Beerbohm.

Chambers fit in neatly with the picture of Anthony Hope. Select, sequestered, daintily and proudly apart from the bus-encumbered Strand, the public thinks of them as a not unfitting temporary haunt in which the man whose happiest thought was to drop the name of Hawkins prepares a splendid toilet and arranges his

epigrams for the coming evening's literary party. One never sees Mr. Hope in London except at a literary party. The novel-reading multitude is confirmed in the idea that he really lives in Ruritania, and he discreetly helps the illusion by never walking in the streets after the manner of common men. Possibly he drives to all his parties in a covered coach. At all events, he suddenly but gracefully enters, as if from some mysterious passage, and takes his seat with an artistic sprightliness. He imparts a tone to the hall which even the waiters feel, for he is the best-groomed figure among the literary men of England. He sets his neighbors at laughing ease by the *bon mot* that has been mellowing in his mind all day, and departs half mysteriously, half gaily, at the close—to his semi-shadowy chambers en route for Ruritania.

Every one realizes that to expect such a character to endure the daily round of normal life in London would be much the same as to expect that a butterfly should be condemned to an apprenticeship to a common carrier-pigeon. Mr. Hope is an *Ariel* in broadcloth, and his delectable descents on the literary parties of men and boys and interested ladies are at all times welcome; but an ordinary or strenuous life in the midst of his fellows would ruin his romance and his sales.

BEERBOHM TREE'S HALF-BROTHER.

The case of Max Beerbohm is in some respects more striking at first sight than Mr. Hope's, for he has boldly admitted that not only does he live in London, but that he condescends to take an interest in the place. Max, however, is really one of nature's pleasant vagaries, the modern Marvelous Boy. The British public found a piquant interest in the thought that one of his years had the precocious audacity to set up house on his own account. Some, indeed, have not been quite sure whether he is an *enfant terrible* or a troll. His name suggests dark German forests, or a high-walled orchard beneath

some robber baron's frowning castle, where the normal is barred, and the only commonplace is the unaccountable.

Again, though Max was reputed to be a dweller in London, his precise abode scarcely any one knew, although up to the end of the nineties almost everybody had an uncomfortable feeling that it was near enough for uncomfortable observation. He was always felt to be peering from a top window on the follies and futilities of life, and it was known that presently he would sum them up in little essays having all the dreadful directness and unabashed candor of the too observant child, together with a style and temperament bespeaking all the worldly experience and a little of the weariness of gray old age.

This slight, old-infantile essayist had a really chastening effect upon London. It felt that it could never be sufficiently dainty for him. His "Works," at their best, left the impression that he has been a rare soul in a coarse age, who could not help studying life with his nose. Of late he has somewhat weakened his position by conscientious work as a dramatic critic. The British public can never overcome the feeling that there is something radically wrong with a man or boy who takes the drama seriously.

In point of fact, of course, a number of more or less literary folk spend most of their year in London, though it is not good literary "form" to admit it. The why and wherefore of this aversion to London would raise curious questions far beyond my present purpose, which is descriptive, not philosophical. Still, we are again and again reminded of the increased value of a littérateur's labor when he has come to be identified in some special way with almost any place other than London.

It is also a significant fact that a large portion of what is regarded as Literary London is an element which earns a competence by keeping the public well informed as to pursuits and pastimes of the poets and novelists who live out of town. How Thomas Hardy trims a bush in Wessex is always acceptable "copy." Periodically some noted club which is called literary because it dines under the presidency of somebody who has published something goes by brake to Boxhill in Surrey, sees George Meredith's chalet among the trees, comes back and tells its friends the precise shade of the leaves that look down on the great and subtle novelist. That club is specially distinguished for a whole week afterwards.

Once such an organization actually saw, spoke with, and severally shook hands with Meredith. The club became famous, but all except the hardest-headed of its members have been spoiled for the ordinary tasks of literary life ever since.

THE NEW ENGLISH POET.

But if literary London has a world of irony, extravagance, and comedy, it has a few figures almost Greek in their intensity and sincerity. There is Stephen Phillips, for instance. Mr. Phillips is an anomaly in the British literary sphere. He is a true poet who has become prosperous. In some respects he is an established irony. He passes through modern life with an air of irremovable melancholy, yet he has an abiding fascination for a London that usually craves what is new and cheap and volatile.

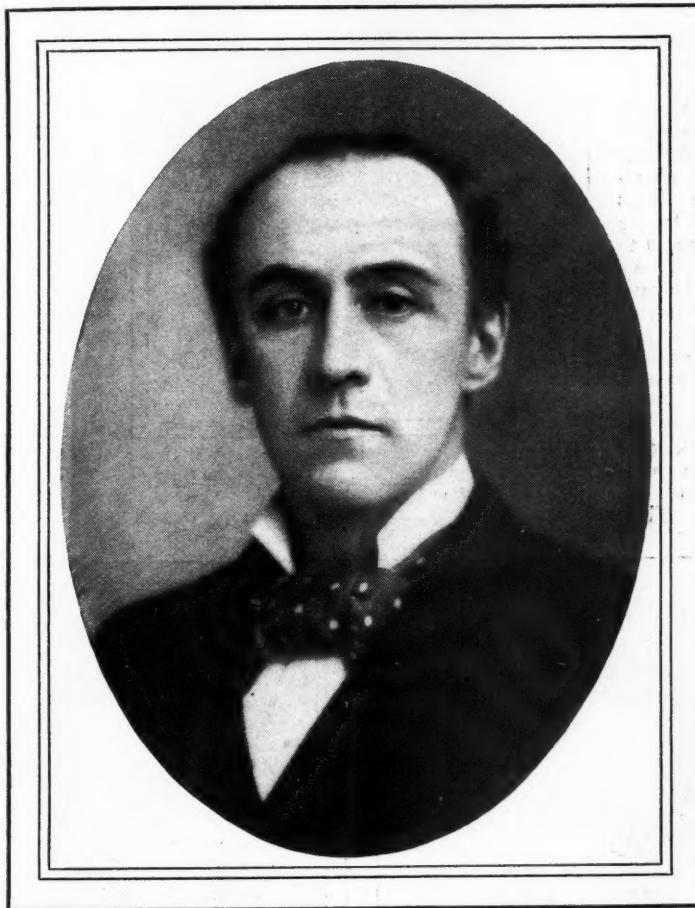
A few years since he did what only a profoundly serious young man pathetically unconscious of the forces that make fame could have done. On the overstocked, seething, light-minded London book-world he cast a real poem without the slightest notice, without any grand accompanying shock and clangor of advertisement. An astute author would first have secured a place in Parliament, climbed Nelson's Monument clad as a medieval knight, thrown stones at the clock tower of the House of Commons, or proclaimed himself the rightful King of England—anything to stir the public mind to a proper expectancy. Mr. Hall Caine would have had lanterns swaying for seven nights round the entire Manx coast, would have announced that he was living on cocoa and seeing visions, and eventually would have swept to London in a roaring, fire-scattering special; and then, clutching his sword in one hand and his manuscript in the other, with his sombrero romantically tilted and his Shakespearean eyes aflame, he would have descended on his publisher's office.

Mr. Phillips' "Christ in Hades" was quietly offered to the multitude in a cover as unpretentious as a tea-wrapper. The professional critics cannot now remember if they even sniffed at it. An evening and a weekly paper with which the present writer was connected saw the things that were good in the little book, and its exceptional promise, and spoke accordingly. Mr. Phillips came in to see us occasionally. A pensive, thoughtful young man, he stood gallantly by the idea that somewhere in the restless, chaotic soul of the British public there was a feeling for poetry, and that there was room for somebody who

would face even the ugliest of modern problems and treat them with a classic reserve and balance.

For the most part, London took no notice. Then it began to be whispered that

senting him with a hundred pounds. It was a splendid stroke of business. The thousand thousand writers read the announcement, and talked of it. The British love any sort of coronation, and the



ANTHONY HOPE, CREATOR OF "ZENDA" AND OF "DOLLY," AND A LION OF LONDON
LITERARY PARTIES.

From his latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

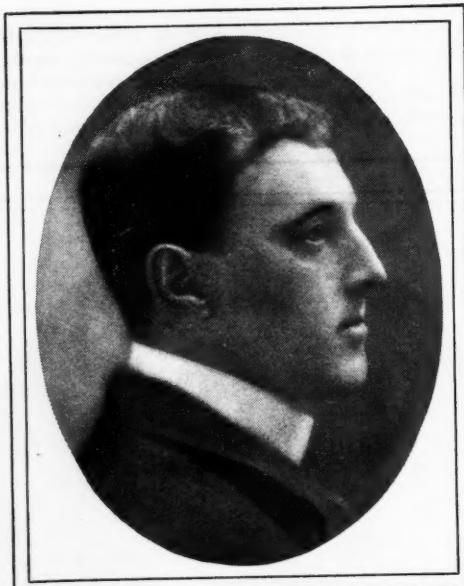
the grave young man came of a clerical family and had once played the ghost in "Hamlet." The piquant association of church and stage made one of the little ironies that London loves, one of the little things by means of which the masses can pleasantly identify a poet when it forgets or fails to comprehend his poetry.

Later on the conductors of a weekly literary paper called the *Academy* had the astute idea of "crowning" the writer who in their judgment had published the most appreciable work of the year, and of pre-

interest, of course, is intensified a thousand-fold when there is a whole host, each of whom expects to be the central figure in the ceremony. In the event, Mr. Phillips was the crowned! Forthwith he stood out before the empire, envied, distinctive, easy to be identified.

Taking occasion by the hand, he wrote a play, and literary and dramatic critics hurried to the private reading thereof. Presently notes stole into the papers hinting that the drama was saved, raised from the dust, that the desired dramatist was

in the land. Mr. Phillips wrote another play and another, taking big subjects like "Herod" and "Ulysses." They contained some sonorous poetry, but that was not a fatal disadvantage, as they afforded splendid scope also for staging and dressing. The West End went to see the dresses and to hear Mr. Tree's or Mr. Alexander's elocution. After dinner the aristocratic sense likes gorgeous color and solemn music, while the roll of blank verse is no bad accompaniment to digestion. Thus



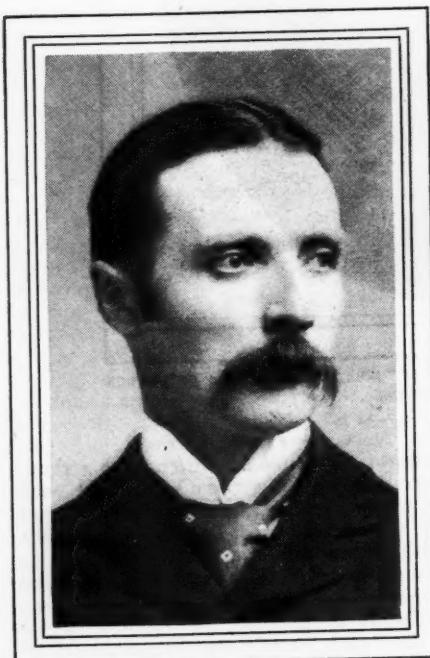
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, WHO HAS BEEN HAILED AS THE ONE TRUE POET THAT HAS APPEARED IN THESE DEGENERATE DAYS.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

Mr. Phillips is famous, though the real nature of his genius is as little pondered on by theatrical and literary London as is the region from which comes *Hamlet's* ghost by the average playgoer.

Now and then a writer in an evening paper starts a "silly season" discussion on the question of Mr. Phillips' meter. Are his "feet" what they ought to be? And if not, why not? The intelligent suburbs are asked if they can "scan"—

Motionless in an ecstasy of rain



WILLIAM ARCHER, A SCOTTISH CRITIC AND LITTÉRAUTEUR WHO IS KNOWN IN NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Russell, London.



MAX BEERBOHM, ESSAYIST AND CRITIC, HALF-BROTHER OF BEERBOHM TREE.

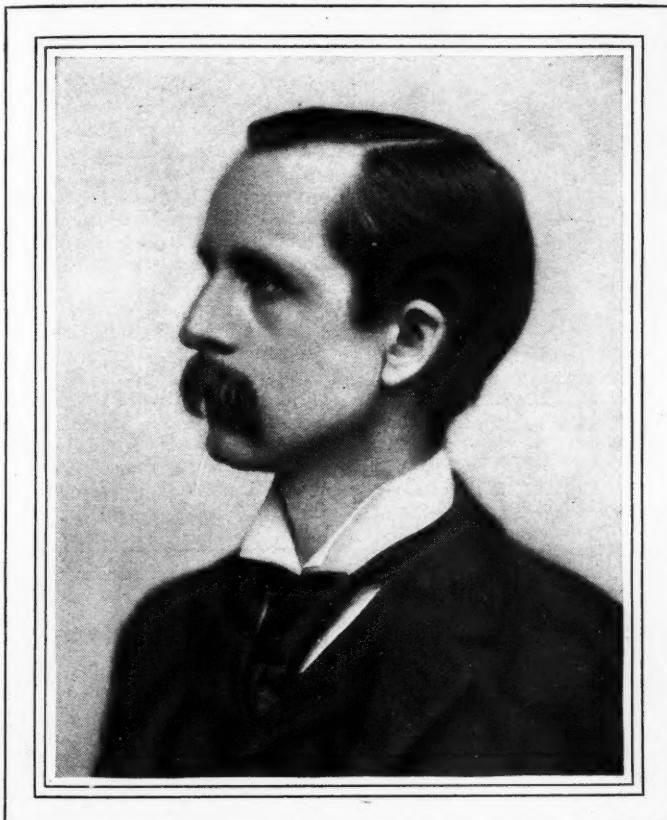
From a photograph by Russell, London.

and such lines. But the good, homely public prefers to read of Mr. Phillips in more adventurous phases. Thus a short time ago, as he wrote in the dead vast and middle of the night in a seaside boarding-house, a man opened the door, and to the poet's unpoetic "Who are you?" he courteously answered, "I beg pardon; I am a

riddle. *Punch* has tried its little jests upon him, but he takes no more notice than Buddha might take of a street arab calling after him in a foreign language.

TWO NOTABLE SCOTSMEN.

Literary London is striking in contrasts. Mention of the drama recalls William



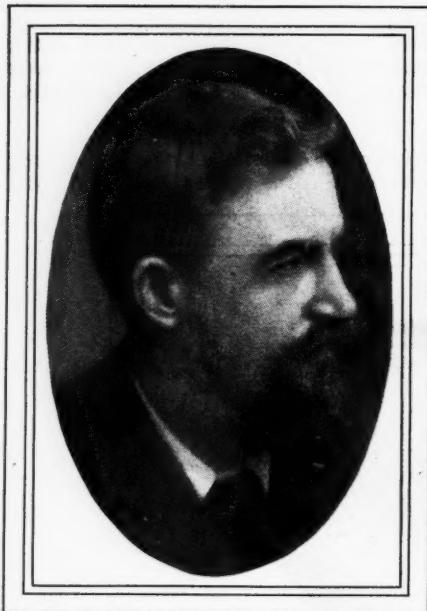
JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, THE BRILLIANT SCOTSMAN WHOSE BOOKS AND PLAYS ARE SAID TO HAVE YIELDED HIM AN INCOME OF A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS LAST YEAR.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

burglar." The literary possibilities of the situation were great, but the poet's matter-of-fact "Come down-stairs with me" touched the British heart with an appeal beyond the potentialities of epic.

Lately the fascinating rumor has crept forth that the young poet has seen ghosts, and this has given him an eerie place in the great heart of the people. Through it all he goes his way with impassive solemnity. Reserved, introspective, he is a youthful sphinx to literary London, but literary London troubles little about his

Archer. Passing from the poetry and mystery of Mr. Phillips to the "noble rage" and distressing energy of Mr. Archer is like turning from the grim and silent Sordello, on Dante's purgatorial mountain, to see Empedocles on the point of leaping down into the crater of Etna. Mr. Archer is something of a northern Calvinist, who realized, even in his childhood, that the world was still very imperfectly enlightened in divine knowledge. Had he remained in his native place, he might have become the greatest elder of



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, THE IRISH NOVELIST,
DRAMATIST, JOURNALIST, AND SOCIALIST
AGITATOR, AN ECCENTRIC FIGURE
OF LITERARY LONDON.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

his time; but at an early stage destiny sent him far. He penetrated into new realms, discovered the British colonies, and subsequently the world of modern thought and revolt.

The grim gloom of Scandinavia and its literature appealed to him in an ironical moment of fate. Here, he thought, was something after his own heart; and he embarked on the cold seas, scaled the snowy mountains, and penetrated into every skeletoned cupboard of Ibsenian and kindred lore. He had—to change the figure—eaten of the modern tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the grim unity of his nature was lost. He was no longer wholly the theologian. Modernity pulled him hither and thither. He could not rest in the world. He was like a Heine trying to anchor his troubled ship with the Shorter Catechism.

In London, nowadays, he tries the atmosphere of the National Liberal Club as a soothing influence; or he camps with the volunteers for a season; or he dashes off a ponderous volume on the younger poets of the period; or, standing on the deck of a Norwegian-bound steamer, he wonders if there may not be balm after all in Christiania. Once he went to America, and for

a while its vast interests shook him out of himself. When he returned he affected laughter which suggested the Rocky Mountains shaking their sides. He even tried jests which overwhelmed literary London with an awe such as might be felt if the Gulf Stream broke in suddenly on some humble, rate-paying, Mudie-minded dwelling.

Mr. Archer refreshes himself, when all else fails, on modern German prose, and there is a pantheon repose about his style for a time. When he turns to his favorite theme, the condition of the drama, there is the charity of a subdued prophet in his strictures. He feels that the evil of the drama is, after all, a consequence of the fall of Adam. Literary London is afraid of him in his stern moments; it shies like the overstrung journalists of Fleet Street when a horse shows signs of bolting.

London finds it a relief to turn to the contemplation of another Scot and interpreter of Scots, James Matthew Barrie. In one sense Mr. Barrie's face is his fortune. There is about it a sad, subtle drollery which has had much to do with his fame. The Barrie of social life says nothing. Some think that he is keeping silent through the years for some colossal wager. When he is spoken to, at literary



WILLIAM WYMARK JACOBS, WRITER OF HUMOROUS
STORIES OF SAILOR LIFE.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

gatherings, he looks a little sad and puzzled; sad that people will do such a stupid thing as to talk, puzzled as to how to treat the peculiarity. In an age when novelists not only talk, but write, at the top of their voices, as the cynic said, this sort of thing becomes refreshing originality.

THE ONE AND ONLY
G. B. S.

Another famous custodian of the drama, also a curious contrast to Mr. Archer, has of late taken much zest from life by retiring from the literary arena, and in sovereign irony giving his intellect to local vestry affairs. This, of course, is George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw spent many years of his prime in making silk purses of sows' ears; but, finding that the sows preferred the originals, he grew tired at last. Few men have been serious social reformers as well as wits, but G. B. S., having grown epigrams all day, donned workman's garb in the evening and made a tour of the Radical clubs, leaving with them panaceas for the world's ills as casually as common men would distribute leaflets. He did not discover for years the salient fact of the situation—that the Briton does not want to be reformed, being quite content to "muddle through."

As a social reformer, in fact, Mr. Shaw suggested a brilliant, earnest man preaching science and advancement to sheep. Sheep, unlike the apes in the Darwinian theory, will not stand on their hind legs, evolve, and talk of their destiny. So Mr. Shaw retired, jesting.

London, or at any rate England, has many hundreds of people who have made fiction a fairly thriving industry. In the region of pure literature the vast majority

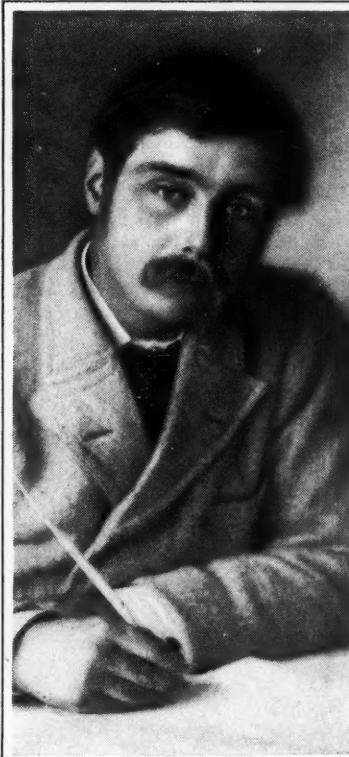
of them have no place whatever. Hosts of them are to be encountered at "literary dinners," where they talk in a matter-of-fact, business way of their "prices"; and their names have become noted through the fact that "literary gossips" have made familiar to men and housemaids their taste in shaving-soap, their cycling adventures, and their preference in walking-canes and door-knockers.

WELLS, JACOBS, GISSING, AND OTHERS.

As a rule, a British novelist whose appeal is simply through his books is in no fair way to popularity. Something lurid, something quaint, or some happy, homely commonplace must distinguish and set him apart. Thus H. G. Wells was helped greatly up the steps of fame, not so much by his quasi-scientific speculations, as by his Panama straw hat, of which interviewers made so much while his reputation was still uncertain. W. W. Jacobs, now well known for his smoked skipper and kindred delicacies, was a marked man in the happiest sense when the empire learned that he possessed a garden in

which seven tomatoes and a cucumber did well in all weathers. Tomatoes in the mass would be ineffective, but there was at once a pleasant and a mystic exactness about seven tomatoes. The cucumber was a happy touch that went home to all the suburbs. There was something good-natured and frankly boyish about Mr. Jacobs in the flesh, and the fact that he had advanced so far as the cultivation of seven tomatoes showed a precocity that delighted the people.

Of course, amid the mass of penmen, there are a few writers really interesting for their actual writing. Yet they scarcely

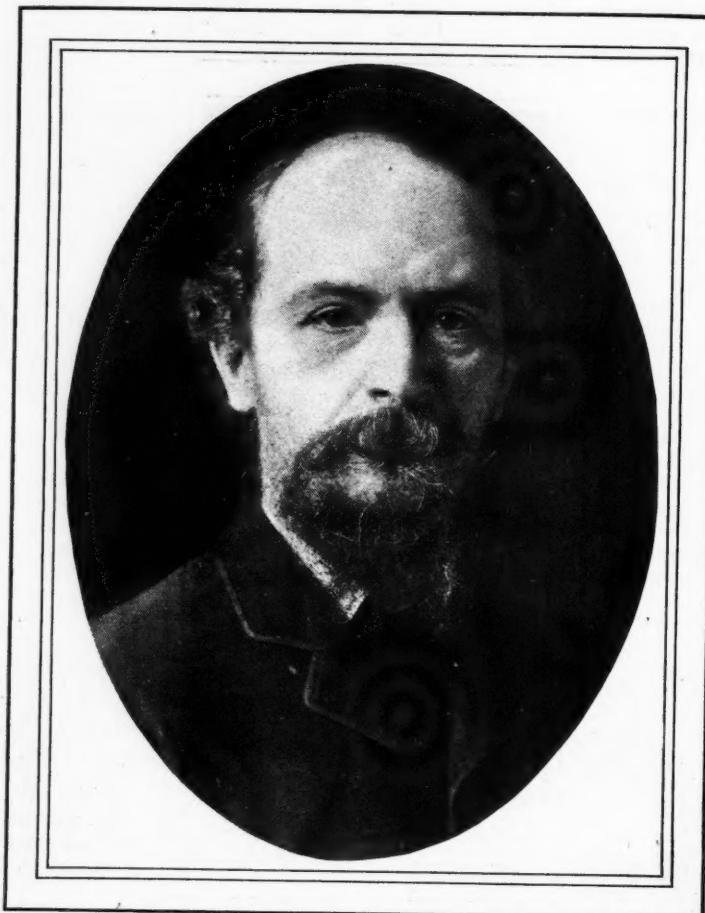


H. G. WELLS, AUTHOR OF HIGHLY IMAGINATIVE SEMI-SCIENTIFIC ROMANCES.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

seem to belong to that clamant, hurrying, calculating world which is usually meant when people speak of "Literary London." George Gissing has well and conscienc-

turned placidly again to his duties as a Latin professor in London University, and sings no more. Other men whose names are to be read on title-pages are working



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, THE VETERAN POET, WHO, THOUGH LIVING IN LONDON, HOLDS HIMSELF ALOOF FROM ITS LITERARY SOCIETY.

From his latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

tiously revealed not the terrible slums of Arthur Morrison's books, but a dreary, lower middle-class sphere where pathos is mean, and melancholy is shabby, and cares are common. Mr. Gissing is a man who gives away the Anglo-Saxon. He shows him in his lack-luster boarding-houses, plodding through a nether world that is run mostly on the hire system. Mr. Gissing is seldom seen at literary gatherings.

Much the same may be said of Mr. A. E. Housman, the author of the pensive and delicate lyrics called "A Shropshire Lad." After these appealing trills Mr. Housman

journalists or editors of magazines, like Max Pemberton, of *Cassell's*.

A STAR OF THE SUBURBS.

Israel Zangwell, for pure irony's sake, lives far away in the suburbs—the Londoner affects a regal contempt for the suburbs, which have come to stand for all that is small-minded and petty in existence. From his suburban resort, nevertheless, Zangwell sends forth almost too brilliant books and critiques, revealing himself as a mixture of Jewish Bernard Shaw and British Heine and other things

that are neither Shaw nor Heine. He himself scarcely knows whether he is more the immemorial Jew or the critical modern. Wit, prose poet, and man of science who sees farther than science, he is rather too mordantly clever for English literary reunions. He is not invited thereto more than once a year, and most of the epigrams he perpetrates are remembered for the succeeding twelve months. Modern London is not spacious enough for him. Had Britain a really brilliant intellectual society, he would come forth and be a memorable figure therein. He

is worthy of the days of the Meredith régime in London, when great intellectual talk was still a reality.

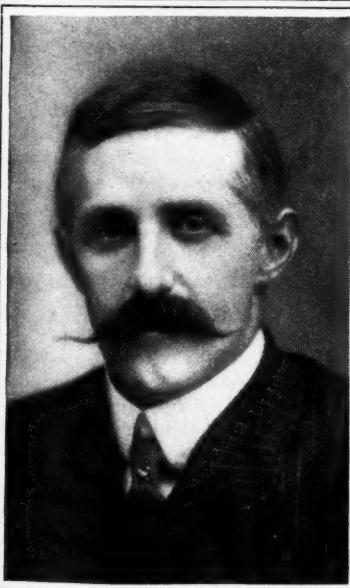
GENIUSES THAT HOLD ALOOF.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is scarcely in "literary London." To the average hurrying seeker for new things therein, she means just as much and just as little as Dante. She has the courage to be serious, to deal with spacious things, sometimes in the manner of a tractarian and sometimes in that of a tragedian with a philosophic bias. So she seems uncommon and even remote; as much out of place at



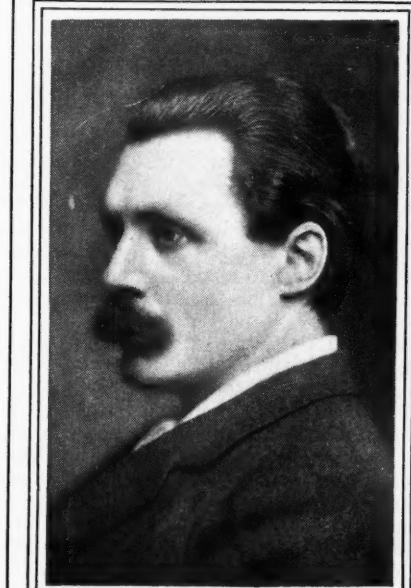
ISRAEL ZANGWILL, THE HEBREW NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



MAX PEMBERTON, MAGAZINE EDITOR AND AUTHOR OF MODERN ROMANTIC NOVELS.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



GEORGE GISSING, WHOSE NOVELS PORTRAY LONDON'S LOWER MIDDLE CLASS.

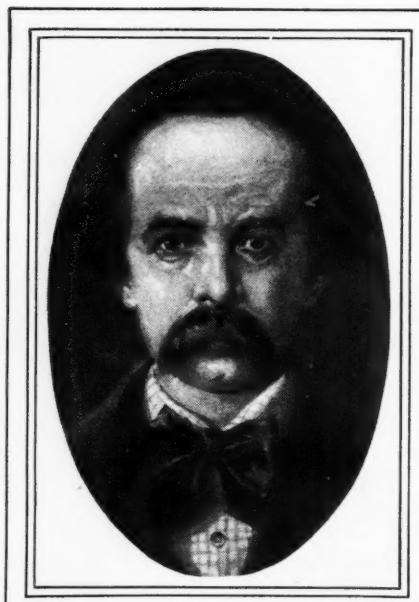
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Mudie's as would be Sophocles himself. Some, indeed, imagine that to affect acquaintance with her books gives high "tone" to their pretensions as readers; but it is plain that to them she is an unreal convention, like royalty. She never plays to the public, unlike Mrs. Craigie—John Oliver Hobbes—who often throws it clever epigrams.

Somewhat aloof, as a rule, from literary London, there are still two links with that Meredithian capital in Mr. Swinburne and Theodore Watts-Dunton. The once fiery poet of revolution and the dreamy poet-critic who has told the tale of

"Aylwin" live under the one roof in the suburb of Putney, and theirs is a friendship as close, as curious, and as touching as any in literary annals. Mr. Swinburne now spends most of his days in a library stocked with volumes of the Elizabethans, but he takes a burning interest in the great national rivalries of the time, though in scarcely anything else save lowly and gentle things like leaves, birds, and children. He is as fine a talker as ever, and his extremest opinions, which so often shock the Briton in cold print, have an interest apart from themselves when spoken, such is the music, such the energy, with which they are uttered, or, one might say, declaimed.

Mr. Watts-Dunton seems placid in contrast to his friend; but he is inexhaustibly stimulating and interesting. His mind is stored with an extraordinary variety of lore, as may be felt in some measure from his literary critiques. The winning historian and poet of Romany days and scenes seldom or never dwells on these things in discourse with his friends. The friend of Rossetti and other noted figures of the last generation, it must not be forgotten that he was associated with them as an intimate comrade and equal, and their fame and memory he treats with a watchful and beautiful tact and chivalry. This poetic thinker and dreamer has his



THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, POET, NOVELIST, CRITIC,
WHO SHARES SWINBURNE'S RETREAT
IN PUTNEY.

ton. For some years, until recently, his home was a modest dwelling in the village of Rottingdean, just outside of the big seaside town that the Prince Regent first made famous. There is no railroad at Rottingdean, but the Brighton sight-seers who came out in omnibuses were too much for Mr. Kipling, and not long ago he gathered up his household gods and retreated to Burwash, a remote country nook on the borders of Kent and Sussex, where the modern "laureate of the empire" has the satisfaction of inhabiting a house with the date "1634" carved above its doorway.

Miss Corelli evolves her voluminous sensations in Stratford-on-Avon, near Shakespeare's dust, of which she has constituted herself the special guardian—at least to the extent of protesting against Mr. Carnegie's well-meant offer to replace a block of ancient cottages with one of his justly celebrated libraries.

As a set-off against these imperial absentees there are sundry civil servants who write verses and criticisms when time hangs heavily on their hands in the public offices. Their works keep several publishers and reviewers busy and well-fed, and their admirers, if economically minded, can buy them cheaply a little later, either singly or in lots, out of the second-hand booksellers' boxes.

own bold scientific and philosophical speculations. He will look thousands of years ahead, picture the march of great spiritual forces and vast human development—nay, more than human—and describe all in such graphic language and with such luminous force that already it has the air of reality.

There are sundry other figures whose books are published in London, but their connection with the English capital is not close. Kipling, whom one might picture as writing his verses in a motor-car, cannot endure the noise and prying interest of even a minor London like Bright-

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THE STAGE

REVIEW OF THE SEASON 1902-03.

One good season out of six—that would be the box office report on the past half dozen theatrical years in New York, the American capital of stageland. The one good year was 1898-99, as appears from an inspection of the MUNSEY files. As to the season just closing, the vendors of dramatic wares affirm, in the slang of the day, that it was "the worst ever." About the only things that have made money have been the musical comedies. These came in a perfect avalanche after New Year's. At one time there were thirteen in the city at once. The one marked exception was the sensation of the season—like last year's great success, a Belasco play—"The Darling of the Gods," with a six months' solid run to its credit. There was no big star from the other side except Duse. Martin Harvey ap-

peared in an ill-chosen repertoire; also Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Langtry in plays that failed to score.

The season started, as often happens, at the Academy of Music, this time with a dramatized novel, "Quincy Adams Sawyer." Charles Dickson was the only known quantity in the cast, and the whole affair attracted but little attention. Close on its heels followed a Frohman failure at the Garrick—"The New Clown," imported from London under the delusion that it had been a success. Jameson Lee Finney and Jessie Busley did all they could for the weak farce, but it was a hopeless case from the start. Later in the season it was passed over to Dan Daly, but he, too, got rid of the hoodoo as soon as he could.

The next venture was practically a



ALBERT PARR AS THE YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER,
"LIEUTENANT TOM WAGNER" OF THE UNITED
STATES CRUISER ANNAPOLIS.



DIAMOND DONNER AS "DOLLIE DIXIE," THE GIRL
FROM NEW ORLEANS IN THE SONG OF
THE CITIES.

From a photograph by White, New York.

TWO FIGURES IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS, "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."

From a photograph by Rice & Fromm, Milwaukee.



ANNIE RUSSELL AS "PEGGY" IN "MICE AND MEN."

From a photograph by Perkins, Baltimore.

foregone winner. Whoever heard of a Rogers Brothers show lacking patronage, whatever may be said for it as a means of elevating the stage? "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard" opened the Knickerbocker on September 1, and kept the big theater full for some two months. Naturally there was very little about Harvard in it, but there were "show girls" galore in new gowns, a new "Reuben and the Maid" song, a catchy class-day affair bringing in the various colleges, and a cleverly sung "I'm a Lady" number, with the changes rung by the leading woman, Hattie Williams.

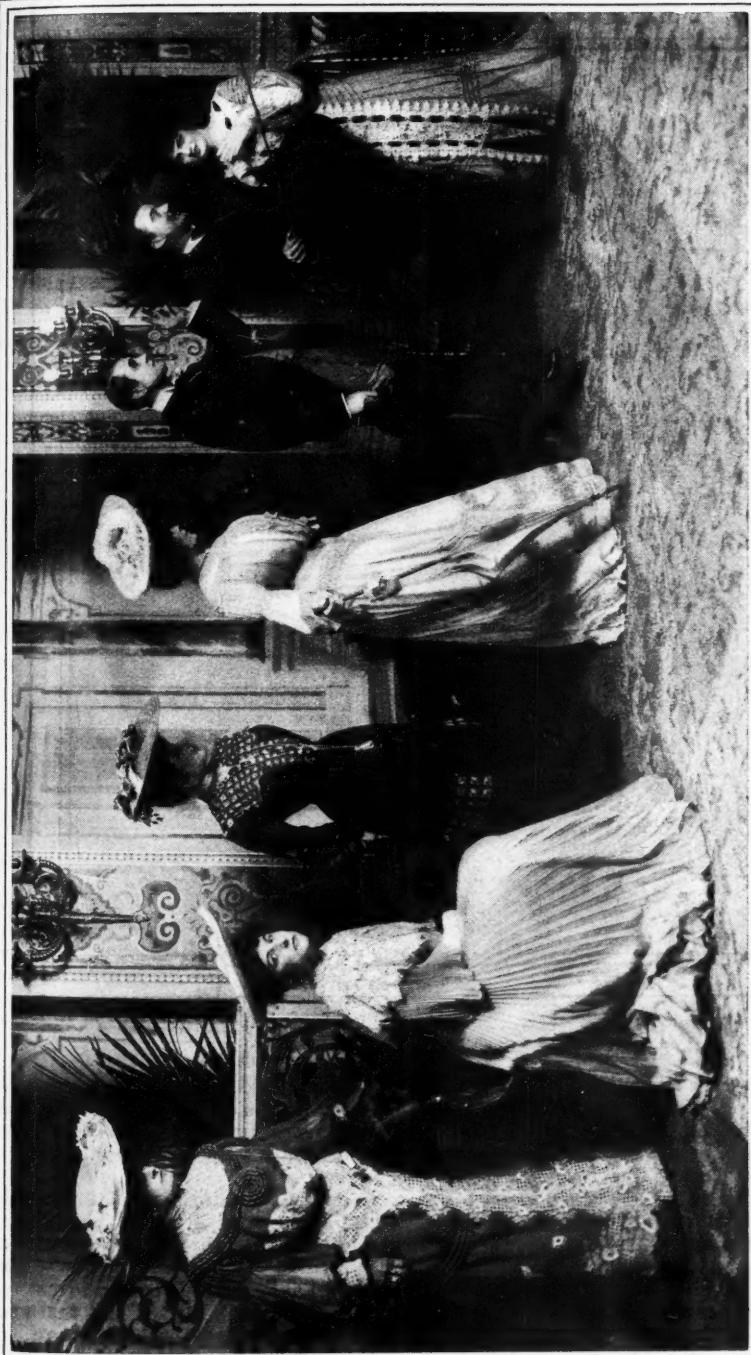
The next night saw another hit—this time for a new star in an old theater—Alice Fischer, at Wallack's. But she wasn't much of a star until the morning

after the first performance of "Mrs. Jack," on which occasion she shone so brightly that orders were sent out to the electric light man to illuminate her name at once.

Very light in weight was the Broadway's inaugural offering—"Sally in Our Alley," with only Marie Cahill's singing of "Under the Bamboo Tree" (of course an interpolated number) to keep the breath of life in the formless thing. Across the street Charles Frohman threw open the Empire to show John Drew in "The Mummy and the Hummingbird"—another English importation, although Isaac Henderson, who wrote it for Sir Charles Wyndham, is really an American. The play won a fair degree of favor, but the warmest praise went to young Lionel Barrymore for a clever little character sketch of an Italian organ grinder. Mr. Drew had a new leading woman in Margaret Dale.

A very decided failure was next on the score board, by a man who, two years ago, had to his credit one of the big hits of the dramatic year, "Mistress Nell." George Hazelton made a grievous mistake in ever writing "Captain Molly," in which Elizabeth Tyree tried her best to hold her head above water at the Manhattan. Meantime prosperity descended upon the Academy with the advent of a show of the sort to which it should be exclusively devoted. The Bostonians went there with a plain, every-day revival of "Robin Hood," and the old house saw such crowds as had not besieged it for melodrama in many a day. Grace Van Studdiford, as *Maid Marian*, sang clear around all the rest in the cast.

It was a revival that opened the Bijou—"Hearts Aflame," tried at the Garrick in the spring. But the public seems to have tired of plays of the "Climbers" type, and in spite of a good cast the piece was not a financial success. The same may be said for the baked-over meats served up at the Garrick and labeled "There's Many a Slip"—an adaptation by Robert Marshall from the French of Scribe and Legouvé. Sydney Herbert, Jessie Millward, Leo Ditrichstein, and a real live lord masquerading as James Erskine, could not save the play from the shelf, and another failure was chalked up to the Charles Frohman account.



Mabel Dixey.

Arnold Daly.

Jameson Lee Finney.

Anita Aldridge.

Grace Hall.

Harriet Hurst.

Helen Wilcox.

A SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF THE COMEDY SUCCESS BY BROADHURST, "A FOOL AND HIS MONEY"—INSTRUCTING THE FRENCHMAN (ARNOLD DALY) HOW TO ELOPE
—"CAB ! CITY HALL ! ALDerman ! MARRIAGE !"

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



CECILIA LOFTUS AS "OPHELIA," WITH SOTHERN IN "HAMLET."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, no longer a novelty, and coming to the Garden at ordinary prices, failed to do the business she did at advanced rates the previous season, under the Lieblers. "Aunt Jeannie," by E. F. Benson, her opening bill, was very milk-and-watery, and her other new piece, "The Joy of Living," a Sudermann concoction, turned out to be a most funeral affair. The highest receipts were taken for a revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Bright as a spring morn in contrast was the English musical comedy, "A Country Girl," employed about this time for lighting up purposes at Daly's. Minnie Ash-

ley was the leader among the women, and William Norris of the men. Norris made a new reputation for himself as a successor—and a very clever one—to James T. Powers.

After a preliminary canter with "David Harum" and his horse-trading proclivities, the Criterion was given over to Virginia Harned and Pinero's latest work, "Iris." Miss Harned did not specially distinguish herself in the name part, that of a lady without a past, but with a decidedly shady present and a future too fearsome for contemplation. An English actor, Oscar Asche, walked away with all the honors as the man who

takes *Iris* under his protection, eventually smashes the furniture of her apartment, and turns her into the streets.

Meantime, at the Madison Square, Charles Frohman was taking another flier in the French comedies of which he seems so fond, but which have done him so many foul turns in the way of small box-office takings. "The Two Schools" failed to stem the tide of ill luck, and

poor Jameson Lee Finney was in for another "frost."

INDIAN SUMMER ATTRACTIONS.

"Mrs. Jack" was followed at Wallack's by Henrietta Crosman in a book play by a new author, Ronald MacDonald. "The Sword of the King" gave the star a chance to wear man's attire, as in "Mis-



BLANCHE BATES AS "YO-SAN" IN THE DRAMATIC SENSATION OF THE NEW YORK SEASON, "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

From a photograph by Platt, Brooklyn.

tress Nell," but beyond this the piece was not particularly well adapted to the actress, besides being very ordinary in itself. The public seemed to like it, nevertheless, and it held the stage throughout her six weeks' New York engagement.

At the Savoy Ethel Barrymore came forward in a double bill that caught the

book melodrama, "The Ninety and Nine," by Ramsay Morris, succeeded in attracting large crowds of the unthinking to the Academy of Music, while another of the down-town theaters, the Fourteenth Street, did excellent business from about mid August until the latter part of October with an Irish play, "Robert



A SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF THE COMEDY SUCCESS BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS, "THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET," SHOWING LAWRENCE D'ORSAY AND ELIZABETH TYREE AT BREAKFAST IN THE PALM ROOM OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA.

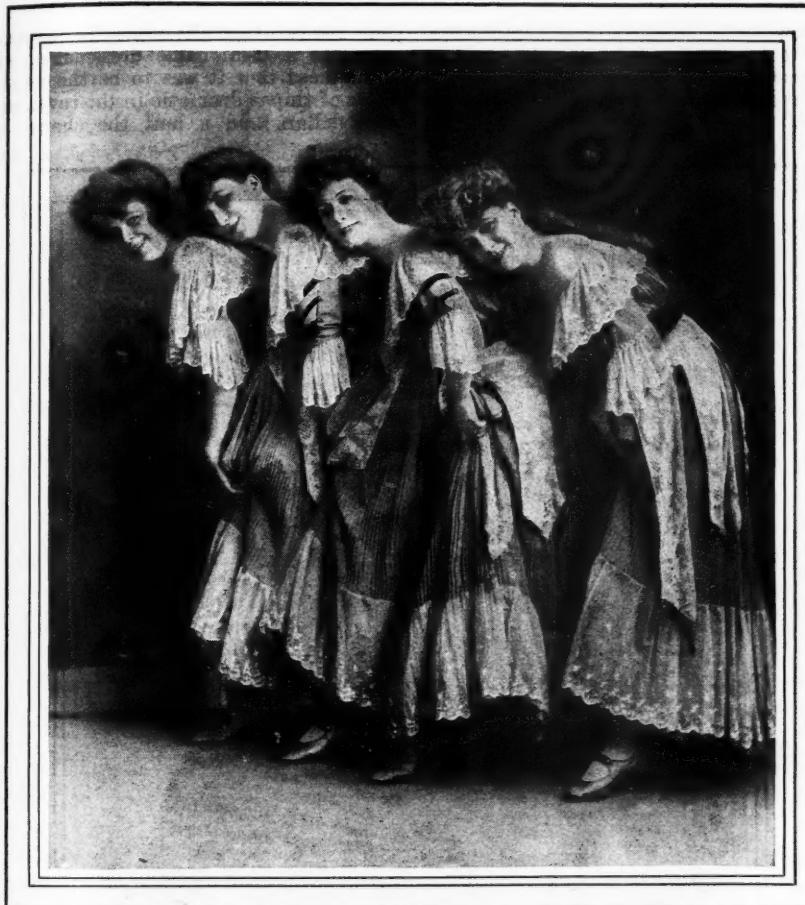
From a photograph by Hall, New York.

public's fancy. In a curtain raiser from the French, "Carrots," she made a pathetic figure as a boy misunderstood by his parents, and in an English comedy, "A Country Mouse," in the guise of an apparently innocent girl from the provinces, she led some fashionable Londoners delightfully by the nose. Bruce McRae did excellent work as her leading man.

A combination locomotive and hymn-

Emmett," written and acted by a very clever young Thespian, hitherto comparatively obscure, Brandon Tynan.

Early in October a long untenanted Broadway house was reopened, having been refurnished throughout in tasteful fashion and renamed the Princess. The inaugural attraction was a farce from England—where it had been a great hit—presented by the author, Weedon Gros-



THE FOUR NEW ENGLAND SCHOOLMA'AMS IN GEORGE ADE'S MUSICAL COMEDY HIT, "THE SULTAN OF SULU."

From a photograph by Tonnele, New York.

smith, surrounded by his original company. Strange to say, although the critics spoke well of the piece, "The Night of the Party" failed to win the general good will of theatergoers; and instead of playing through the season, as had been planned, the troupe went out about Christmas time, and returned to England before the snow ceased to fly.

Another failure was scored at the Bijou with "An American Invasion," written by the Englishwoman, Madeleine Lucette Ryley, to serve as a starring vehicle for J. E. Dodson and his wife, Annie Irish. Mr. Dodson, English to the backbone, was made to serve as a typical American, and there were other absurdities that brought about disaster.

The mismanagement of the English

player, Martin Harvey, through either his own pig-headedness or the stupidity of those having his tour in charge, was one of the regrettable episodes of a season pretty well crowded with such things. Mr. Harvey opened at the Herald Square in "The Only Way," already made familiar at this very house by Henry Miller, and his receipts were meager. Then he went from bad to worse by substituting a fairylke affair, "The Children of Kings," which showed how poor an actor a good one can sometimes be. The strongest feature of his repertoire, a double bill consisting of a touching curtain raiser on the history of the national air of France and a dramatization of Crawford's novel, "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," was kept to the fag end of his

engagement. It scored mightily, but too late to recoup him for his losses; and on the road tour, for some inscrutable reason, recourse was had again to "The Only Way."

The new venture was under the management of a fashionable dressmaker, who announced that it was to be the *ne plus ultra* of things dramatic in the town, with two dollars and a half the charge for



E. H. SOTHERN AS "HAMLET."
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

An enterprise destined to make much talk both in and out of theatrical circles was launched on October 21 at the tiny hall known as the Berkeley Lyceum, but now dubbed Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse.

seats, and nine o'clock the hour for beginning. The opening bill was an affair which the program itself did not dare classify, simply presenting it under the title "Tommy Rot"; and if ever a play

justified its name this one hit the nail on the head. There were music and girls and Blanche Ring, its one redeeming feature; but neither these nor the changing of its title to "Fad and Folly" on Thanksgiving night could save Mrs. Osborn's costly experiment from final extinction around Christmas time.

The first Clyde Fitch play of the season brought Mary Mannering and prosperity in a pleasant duo to the Garrick. "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," with its realistic steamer scene, while it gave Miss Mannering no special opportunity to act, was a pleasant evening's diversion. Ada Rehan's nephew, Arthur Byron, was the leading man, and Amy Ricard sprang to the front at a bound as a lively girl from Butte, Montana.

About this time Eleonora Duse played a fortnight's engagement at the Victoria in a repertoire of her favorite D'Annunzio's gruesome plays. It included "La Gioconda," involving the taking off of a woman's arms; "La Città Morta," with a story too horrible for explanation; and the modern Italian's version of that much adapted theme, "Francesca da Rimini." The attendance in town was good, but the results of the tour were such that if the Italian tragedienne returns to us next season she will be required to extend her repertoire to something more cheerful, if not so original.

AT HOLIDAY TIME.

A sad affair at the Garden was Mrs. Le Moyne's third attempt at starring, this time with an impossible piece by May Irwin's play-writer, Glen MacDonough. He called his offense, "Among Those Present," and there were very few who paid for their seats after reports of the nature of the entertainment went forth.

Decidedly refreshing, on the other hand, was Mabelle Gilman's effort in the same ambitious direction, made at the Bijou with "The Mocking Bird," a rollicking and tuneful comic opera, something in the style of "Dolly Varden," written by Sydney Rosenfeld, with score by A. Baldwin Sloane. Miss Gilman herself was charming as the ward of a citizen of New Orleans at the close of the eighteenth century, and she had able assistance in leading work from Edgar Atchison-Ely in the guise of a young and lively Virginian. The piece remained at the Bijou for some weeks.

Maud Adams electing to rest for this season, the time that had been saved for her at the Empire, following Mr. Drew,

was given to William Faversham, in what turned out to be a very pleasing comedy from England, "Imprudence," by H. V. Esmond. The piece also served to introduce to metropolitan audiences Fay Davis, a Boston girl who had won laurels in London, and in "Imprudence" she carried almost all of them away from Mr. Faversham himself.

Duse was followed at the Victoria by Viola Allen in Hall Caine's "Eternal City." The play was a flimsily constructed piece of work, but the combination of the *Pope* who appeared in it, the star who played it, and the well advertised Manxman who wrote it, gave Mr. Hammerstein's theater a succession of crowded houses during the long term of its stay. Edward Morgan was the hero, Frederic de Belleville the villain, and E. M. Holland the *Pope*.

Good business also waited on James K. Hackett at Wallack's in "The Crisis." Mr. Hackett signalized this engagement by coming out flat-footed in curtain speeches and other ways against the theatrical syndicate—which combination of managers, by the way, has had to face more strenuous opposition during the past six months than at any previous period since it became all-powerful.

The Madison Square housed still another weakling in "Audrey," a dramatization of the Mary Johnston story, in which clever Eleanor Robson was featured. Her work was good, but it could not save a weak-kneed play. At the Knickerbocker, after a revival of William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," the house was given over to N. C. Goodwin and his wife, Maxine Elliott, who did satisfactory business with a pleasant little play from Mrs. Ryley's pen, tried last year with disastrous results by John Mason—"The Altar of Friendship."

A notable event of the season was the reopening of the Republic as the Belasco Theater, so lavishly redecorated and fitted that it became the handsomest playhouse in town. Mrs. Carter, in "Du Barry," played to crowded houses from the latter part of September until December 3, when Blanche Bates opened in what was destined to prove the sensation of the season—a drama of Japan written by John Luther Long (author of "Madame Butterfly") and David Belasco, and bearing the euphonious title, "The Darling of the Gods." The scene pictures were acclaimed as the most beautiful and marvelous ever shown on the stage, and the story was found to be deeply interesting, a novelty being the fact that all the char-

acters were Japanese, with not a single European among them. A notable cast had been engaged in support of Miss Bates, including Robert T. Haines as leading man, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcot, and Ada Lewis, Harrigan's "tough girl"; but the critics had most praise to bestow on the English actor, George Arliss, who played the villain. J. Harry Benrimo, as a fisher of carp, was credited with a brief but powerful bit of work. The play had the longest continuous run of any of the season's purely dramatic offerings, but many who saw it averred that they would not care to witness such a collection of horrors again.

Richard Mansfield played an eight weeks' midwinter engagement at the Herald Square, appearing in a well-dressed presentation of "Julius Caesar," with himself as *Brutus*, but failing to win as many encomiums as did *Mark Antony* and *Cassius*, impersonated respectively by Arthur Forrest and Joseph Haworth. A third heavy production of the year was "Mary of Magdala," a translation from the German of Paul Heyse, shown at the Manhattan with fair success by Mrs. Fiske. While she did not exactly embody the popular conception of the Magdalen, she acted with earnestness and discretion, and the piece won the indorsement, rather than the opposition, of the religious element. Tyrone Power's *Judas* was voted the finest performance in the cast, while Harry Woodruff, as a young Roman, showed marked improvement upon his previous work.

A FEW HITS TO MANY MISSES.

"Iris" was followed at the Criterion by Julia Marlowe in a dramatization of the George Cable novel, "The Cavalier." Miss Marlowe herself was kept very busy doing things from the rise of the first curtain until the going down of the last one; but they were not always the things that real people would have done, and while the play proved fairly successful, it did not come anywhere near achieving the popularity she won with "Barbara Frietchie" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Frank Worthing was her leading man and villain at one and the same time, while William Lewers made quite a name for himself as a manly and soldier-like lover.

At the Garden, an English actor who spends most of his time in this country, E. S. Willard, played for four weeks in repertoire and a new drama by Louis N. Parker, "The Cardinal." Willard was excellent in the name part, and the play proved a very satisfying affair. For his

leading woman he had that perennially "youngest American actress" from Denver, Maud Fealy, lately with Gillette in London.

That big barn of a place, once the Olympia, now the New York, having come into the possession of Klaw & Erlanger, opened its doors in mid December to a spectacular military opera by the makers of "Dolly Varden." The chief attraction in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" appeared to be the hoop-skirts of the Southern girls shown at a dance in the first act. At any rate, the houses were not very large during the engagement, which lasted for some six weeks. William G. Stewart was *Johnny*, and Lucille Saunders made good use of her fine contralto.

At the Princess, on the same date, "The Night of the Party" made room for "Heidelberg," but the luck did not change with the change of bill. "Heidelberg" was an adaptation by Aubrey Boucicault of a play that had scored a great success at New York's German theater, the Irving Place. Boucicault played the leading rôle, that of a prince who hates ruling, and he thought he had gaged Anglo-Saxon taste correctly in leaving out the second act, which was all Heidelberg. But it seems he made a mistake. The public cared very little for his version, whereas in London a direct translation of the piece, played by George Alexander at the St. James, proved very popular. The acting honors at the Princess were won by Max Freeman, as tutor to the prince. The leading woman was Minnie Dupree, who had made a failure as a star in "A Maid o' Plymouth Town" earlier in the autumn at the Manhattan. Miss Dupree, it may be added, resumed with the "Maid" for a spring engagement in Boston.

A second Clyde Fitch play, "The Girl With the Green Eyes," brought Clara Bloodgood to the Savoy, and ran for more than a hundred performances, although not always to crowded houses. Its characteristic touch of realism was an irruption of Cook's tourists in the Vatican. Its strongest act was the third, after which it fell into an attempt at tragedy that brought only smiles to the faces of the spectators. Robert Drouet furnished efficient support as a husband who patiently endures his young wife's jealousy.

The last week in December saw the start at Wallack's of the biggest success that house has held in many a season—Henry W. Savage's production of George Ade's "The Sultan of Sulu," with music

by Alfred G. Wathall, and with the *Sultan* in the competent hands of Frank Moulan. The public eagerly welcomed a musical comedy whose chief drawing power lay in the real humor of its story, and not in the garb of its show girls or the uniqueness of its specialties. The house was crowded steadily, and the run at Wallack's lasted five and a half months.

A far different fate waited on Mrs. Langtry and her own play, written in conjunction with one of her players, J. Hartley Manners. "The Cross-Ways" came to the Garrick with the semi-indorsement of the King of England, and met with the slighting comments of the reviewers and the cold shoulder of the public. Fortunately Mrs. Langtry's New York engagement was limited to three weeks, and later, on tour, she produced Paul Kester's "Mlle. Mars," with success.

Meantime at Daly's "A Country Girl" was followed by "The Billionaire," a musical farce which was designed to exploit Jerome Sykes, but in which he did not cut very much of a figure. Its chief notability was a theater scene on the stage, showing the opening night in a new metropolitan music hall, and giving a glimpse of another auditorium and another stage. Nellie Follis distinguished herself as leading soubrette, and May Robson added another absurd portrait to her gallery of eccentric females. The piece was well liked by the public, and ran into April.

The Madison Square, being now ready for another "frost," found it in the shape of "Gretna Green," a romantic comedy by Grace L. Furniss, with which Elizabeth Tyree made her second attempt of the season to soar to stellar heights. The cast was composed of rather unfamiliar timber, but Georgie Lawrence made her mark with a very brief bit as a blushing bride come to Gretna to be married by the traditional blacksmith.

At the Fourteenth Street, "Pike County Ballads," Secretary Hay's youthful volume of verse, furnished the idea for a steamboat melodrama, "Jim Bludso," in which Robert Hilliard returned to the legitimate boards from vaudeville. The stuff was done in pretty bold outline. After Hilliard himself, the center of attention seemed to be tiny Harry Le Van as *Little Breeches*.

A third Clyde Fitch offering turned up at the Bijou, in the shape of an adaptation from the German entitled "The Bird in the Cage." It was splendidly acted by such good people as Guy Bates Post,

Arnold Daly, Edward Harrigan, Sandol Milliken, and Grace Henderson, but was so impossible in story that it played to the smallest houses of the season.

MIDWINTER BILLS.

Charles Frohman's stock company opened at the Empire on Tuesday, January 13, with Robert Marshall's deeply interesting play, "The Unforeseen." Charles Richman acted the blind clergyman; Margaret Anglin had a prevaricating rôle somewhat similar to her *Mrs. Dane*, while Fritz Williams furnished some of his old-time diversion as a marplot youth with teasing tendencies. But in spite of good notices and good work on the part of the players, the public did not evince any wild desire to crowd the Empire during the three months or so during which the play was kept on the boards. It was followed for two weeks in April by the return of John Drew and his "Hummingbird," after which, on May 2, the Empire was turned over to the architects for extensive alterations.

The old Lyceum being no more and the new one not yet completed, Annie Russell played her annual New York engagement at the Garrick. She appeared in "Mice and Men," the *Mrs. Ryley* comedy in which Gertrude Elliott and her husband, Forbes Robertson, were so well liked in London. Miss Russell did nicely with the piece, but made no particular sensation. John Mason was adjudged to be not quite up to the rôle of the elderly philanthropist, taken on the other side by Forbes Robertson, but Orrin Johnson pleased as the soldier-lover. The play ran from the third week in January until the first of May.

At the Herald Square, De Wolf Hopper came forward on the same evening in "Mr. Pickwick," a musical production rather clumsily constructed from Dickens' famous book. Some people thought it very diverting; others cared little for the thing, deeming it almost sacrilege that their favorite novelist should have descended so low as to serve for background in musical farce. Digby Bell made an acceptable *Sam Weller*, and Grant Stewart, who wrote the lyrics, acted the rôle that has been done in England by Irving—*Alfred Jingle*. The show ran to fair patronage for seven or eight weeks.

The Knickerbocker now brought forward the Drury Lane spectacle, called here "Mr. Blue Beard." There was very little *Blue Beard* to a great deal of girl gorgeously clothed, while an aerial flight of

a Grigolati lady on a wire over the heads of the audience proved a magnet for the curious. The spectacle played to packed houses from mid January to May 16. Dan McAvoy was a poor *Blue Beard*, Eddie Foy a good *Sister Anne*, and a nameless chorus girl an effective "mugger" in a sidewalk tough scene.

A new theater, the Majestic, threw open its doors in the middle of January, and aroused admiration by the pillarless condition of its auditorium. The attraction was a musical extravaganza from Chicago called "The Wizard of Oz," an affair without form and void of reason, however full it might be of poor rhymes. It was most elaborately staged, its most effective feature being a field of poppies made out of show girls; but what did more than anything else to give it the vogue that threatens to carry it through the summer was the clever acting of the team of specialists, Montgomery and Stone, the first as the *Tin Woodman*, in search of a heart, and the other as the *Scarecrow*, looking for brains.

One of the frequent changes at the Princess brought Louis Mann there in an odd kind of play called "The Consul," written by Charles Nirdlinger. The public seemed scarcely to know how to take the piece, which did not attract crowds to the box-office. Some thought there was too much Mann in the show, but nobody tired of the very fetching American girl that Olive May made.

A children's play by Mrs. Burnett, "The Little Princess," put on at the Criterion as a matinée attraction, proved one of the events of the season, and renewed for Millie James the hit she had made two years before in another child's part, in "Lovers' Lane." The piece ran at the Criterion for several weeks, and was then taken to the Savoy before starting on tour.

A theater on the next block—the ill-fated Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse—was the scene of a less fortunate experiment. Frank Lea Short's season of Shakespeare as it was played in the days of Elizabeth furnished the merciless reporter with an opportunity to make apt comparisons between the length of the engagement and the name of the manager.

On the 5th of February a big surprise was sprung at the Madison Square—a play that proved a rousing success, a genuine comedy from the pen of Augustus Thomas. The scenes of "The Earl of Pawtucket" were all laid at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the name part was acted by a man who could do it to the life—Lawrance D'Orsay, a Britisher of the

Britishers. Elizabeth Tyree was featured along with him, and did better work in this yokefellowship than when trying to drag the whole load herself. The run at the Madison Square being interrupted by a previous booking for that house, after a week's interval the comedy was put on at the Manhattan, where it is announced to remain through the summer. Lawrance D'Orsay has now become a theatrical name to conjure with.

Amelia Bingham's annual engagement, played this year at the Princess, introduced to New Yorkers the fourth Clyde Fitch effort of the season—and a very weak one it was—labeled "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." An adaptation from the French, it only proved anew that all Fitch is better than a Fitch fricassee made up of German or French scraps. Miss Bingham took exception to the sharp words of the critics, and naturally this did not help matters much. Wilton Lackaye was the only one in the cast of clever people who could "make good," as the players say. Minnie Dupree, Madge Carr Cooke, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and W. L. Abingdon, a new leading man from England, were among the victims offered up on the altar of Fitch's misdirected energy.

Mention must not be omitted of an English musical comedy, "The Silver Slipper." This was no doubt designed as a direct successor to "Florodora," being written by the same men, and produced by the same manager at the Broadway in the early winter. Although the run was extended to more than twenty weeks, the piece was at no time a great favorite, and would have had no vogue at all were it not for a unique "champagne dance" skillfully executed by half a dozen English girls and as many men. Sam Bernard, whose Dutch dialect was rather tiresome, was the comedian, with Edna Wallace Hopper featured and Cyril Scott for leading juvenile.

"Florodora" itself was much more enjoyable, hackneyed as it has become, in a revival at the Academy of Music, with a cast that put the original people to the blush for all-round excellence. Grace Dudley made a very capable *Lady Holyrood*, and Donald Brine, not unlike Cyril Scott in looks, certainly had more voice than that favorite among the young men in the light musical field.

An all too brief engagement of Andrew Mack at the Fourteenth Street showed the best work Theodore Burt Sayre has done in play-writing. In its comedy

scenes especially "The Bold Soger Boy" was very neatly turned.

THE WAVE OF MUSICAL COMEDY.

"The Jewel of Asia" rode in on the wave of musical comedy that struck the metropolis in the late winter, but it was by no means a triumphal passage. James T. Powers was starred in the production, which fell just short of winning out. Just what was the matter with it, it would be hard to say. The movement was certainly sufficiently brisk, but the story lay along lines that have long since grown musty, and the music was not particularly catchy. Blanche Ring was first assistant to Powers, but even between them they could not crowd the theater as Powers himself had been wont to do down at Daly's, and the attendance at the Criterion was very sparse for most of the run. And yet next door, at the New York, Williams and Walker, the colored comedians, in a far inferior show, dubbed "In Dahomey," packed a big auditorium for a long engagement, and are booked to appear with the piece in London.

At the Victoria, Viola Allen was followed by Blanche Walsh in the Tolstoy play, "Resurrection." Miss Walsh did some powerful, if repulsive, work in the prison scene, but Joseph Haworth won almost as many encomiums. The play ran to fair business from February 17 until May 2, when it was succeeded by David Warfield in a revival of "The Auctioneer."

Another musical comedy brought out at this time had a happier fate in store than the "Jewel." This was "Nancy Brown," with Marie Cahill for leading figure. Miss Cahill's easy, fetching way of acting, and the tunefulness of the melodies, many of them by Cole and Johnson, the negro song-writers, brought the same people to the Bijou again and again, and carried the piece on a successful three months' career.

At the Manhattan, James K. Hackett presented William H. Thompson in "The Bishop's Move," a London success, but not just the sort of entertainment New York wanted, even with so clever an impersonator of clerical characters as Thompson for its chief exponent. Scarcely a better outcome befell a really bright little comedy by a new man, Hubert Henry Davies, shown at the Madison Square with Elsie de Wolfe under the name of "Cynthia." A rather false touch in the shape of a dance at the end perhaps jarred the sensibilities of the public, which had laughed heartily at

the well-turned sallies of their earlier scenes. Max Freeman made a striking success as a money-lender, while Arnold Daly was a pleasing and wholly unobjectionable friend of the young married woman who knew naught as to the value of money.

On St. Patrick's Day "The Prince of Pilsen" arrived at the Broadway, where it may stay, from the present outlook, until the Fourth of July, or longer. This was another of the many musical pieces Chicago sent East, and, like "The Sultan of Sulu," is under the management of that lucky individual, Henry W. Savage. "The Prince," although made by the two Chicago men who put together "The Burgomaster" and "King Dodo," was first introduced to the footlights in Boston, and has proved a winning quantity wherever shown. Its popularity is due to some charming music and very original and effective stage groupings. John W. Ransone, as a Cincinnati brewer, headed the cast, and among choice bits in the production might be mentioned a "Song of the Cities," a duet about "The Message of the Violet," and an unaccompanied Stein song by Heidelberg students. The real *Prince of Pilsen* was made a manly fellow by Arthur Donaldson, and Helen Bertram served agreeably as the prima donna.

One of the successful spring engagements was that of Grace George at the Herald Square in "Pretty Peggy," a new version of Peg Woffington's career, written by Frances Aymar Mathews, and owing its vogue more to an incident that took place beyond the stage's boundaries than to what went on upon it. This extra bit was an irruption of actors into the auditorium to simulate a riot scene in old-time Covent Garden, and proved such a novelty that it actually carried a rather commonplace play into popularity. Miss George made an adequate *Peggy*, and her leading man, Robert Loraine, looked imposing as *David Garrick*.

"The Suburban," a melodrama with the record of a long Chicago run behind it, came to the Academy of Music at this time, and caught the popular fancy with a race scene that showed real movement in the horses without any treadmill faking.

At the Savoy, Henry Miller, in "The Taming of Helen," received rather shabby treatment, or rather his author did. This play about a play was not so bad after the first act, but the mere fact that it was written by Richard Harding Davis set the critics to making fun of the thing, and the engagement was neither as

long nor as profitable as it might have been. Jessie Millward did fine work as a London leading woman, and Grace Elliston made a charming sweetheart for Miller.

Apropos of leading women, Charles Hawtrey, the English actor, put an affront on Broadway audiences by selecting a member of the "Florodora" sextet as his chief of support for a spring revival of "A Message from Mars" at the Criterion. She was wholly incompetent for the rôle, and should never have been removed from the ranks of the show girls where he found her.

AFTER EASTER.

To the surprise of everybody, Daly's, lately set aside for musical comedy, opened its doors on Easter Monday to a character-drama from Chicago dubbed "The Starbuck." It was written by Opie Read, and was very well played by members of the Dearborn Theater stock company, late of the Windy City; but it was adapted neither to the house nor to New York, and soon faded from view. The only two players known to the metropolis in the cast were Theodore Roberts, in a part similar to one with which he had scored in "Arizona," and Thomas Coleman, who made an admirable villain.

Almost the same report will answer for another venture of Easter week, made at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse by Edith Ellis Baker, heading a Brooklyn repertoire company. She hired the little theater and brought out there "The Point of View," a temperamental comedy written by herself, in which she sustained the leading rôle. But the chief interest in the piece centered about the hero, who was admirably impersonated by an actor new to Broadway—as were all his associates. Alphonz Ethier aroused the interest even of the critics who had the least good to say of the play, which did not last the week out.

A third Easter failure was the revival of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for a series of matinées at the Casino. It was thought that the great interest in Mrs. Burnett's later work, "The Little Princess," might extend to what was once the rage of both town and country, but the managers found otherwise.

By way of making up for lost time, the Madison Square had another success—again a comedy, "A Fool and His Money," by George H. Broadhurst, and with Jameson Lee Finney properly placed for the first time this season. May

Vokes scored heavily as a slav, and Arnold Daly woke up and forgot his boyish ways in impersonating a voluble Frenchman. The play was scheduled to run from the middle of April until hot weather, and showed anew that if the managers will only give the public something really laughable, they will win out almost without fail.

This same policy was acted on at the Princess, following the run of "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," but it was scarcely a fair test to present an essentially English comedy with an almost complete cast of American players. Still, "There and Back," by George Arliss, the actor, was fairly well received, although its curtain raiser, "The Man Who Stole the Castle," an absurd affair about a child, soon went off the billboards. "There and Back" brought again to the New York stage two comedians who had been absent from it for a considerable time—Charles E. Evans and William H. Hopper. And yet the best work in the piece was done by the wife of the author, an actress new to Broadway—Florence Montgomery.

The Four Cohans, graduates from the vaudeville ranks two seasons ago, returned to the metropolis with a new vehicle, "Running for Office," which, if not so entertaining in itself as was their "Governor's Son," still afforded this clever family an opportunity to ripple along in their pleasant way; and the public signified its approval.

THE BEST AND THE WORST OF THEM ALL.

The most distinct novelty of the season was Charles Frohman's importation from London of the old morality play "Everyman." In order to surround it with the religious atmosphere, this was given first in Association Hall; but although its deep impressiveness was admitted by those who attended, it did not obtain a wide vogue until its return in the spring from a successful tour. Then it ran at the Garden Theater until it had established a record of a hundred representations. There were no names on the program, but it was an open secret that the fine portrayal of *Everyman* was the work of the English actress, Miss Ethel Wynne-Matthison, who also scored as *Rosalind* in an open air performance of "As You Like It" before the company left town in the middle of May.

Preceding "Everyman" at the Garden, E. H. Sothern filled a lengthy season there in revivals of "Hamlet" and "If I Were King," deepening the vivid

impression he had already made in both productions. Miss Cecilia Loftus continued to be his leading woman. The fact that large audiences waited on representations such as these was one of the most cheering signs in a dramatic year which in general proved discouraging to those who cherish high standards for the native playhouse.

These standards were most rudely jarred during the first week in May, when no fewer than three positively inane shows came to town. One of them, an alleged comedy of New York life of today, was by H. J. W. Dam, and was called "Skipper & Co., Wall Street." Maclyn Arbuckle was featured in the affair, which went into retirement after a fortnight's effort to breathe. Another opening on the same night was that of Ezra Kendall in "The Vinegar Buyer" at the Savoy—a venture which only went to show how easy it is to spoil a good vaudeville artist by trying to make even a passable actor out of him. The third untoward event of this fateful May evening was the arrival at Daly's of Miss Cecil Spooner, from Brooklyn, in a play by the author of "Pretty Peggy," cumbersomely entitled "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town." Both play and player were crude and raw in the extreme, and it was surely enough to make the judicious grieve to see the stage of Daly's fallen to such low estate.

The Casino endeavored to find in "The Runaways" a worthy successor to its four hundred times performed "Chinese Honeymoon." The general opinion seemed to be that if more brains and less money had been put into the affair, more satisfying results might possibly have been achieved. But these lines are written soon after the first performance, and nowadays it is difficult to tell which way the public is going to jump in bestowing its favor on extravaganza. It is quite possible that either the old specialty of Walter Stanton, Jr., as the giant rooster, or little Arthur Dun in his kissing act, may pull "The Runaways" into the ranks of the big winners for which the Casino has lately been distinguished.

A GREAT YEAR IN OPERA.

Maurice Grau went back to a seventeen weeks' season, giving thirty-two operas in a total of ninety-nine performances. While he had no new stars of special brilliance, the year was a successful one, and closed his term as impresario at the Metropolitan in a blaze of glory. Wagner led the list of composers

as favorite, with Verdi, oddly enough, a close second. The latter's "Ernani" and "The Masked Ball" were dragged out from the dust that had gathered upon their scores. The one distinct novelty of the season was made a curtain-raiser to the solitary performance of "Trovatore." This novelty was the one act music-drama by an Englishwoman, Ethel M. Smyth, entitled "Der Wald," and sung in German. It was slated by the critics, and received only two representations.

Mr. Grau had Sembrich and Nordica for his strong cards among the women. Eames was on the sick list most of the time. Alvarez, Bispham, and the ever trustworthy Edouard de Reszke were the big guns among the men. The real operatic sensation of the winter was the selection of Heinrich Conried to succeed Mr. Grau next season.

IN STOCK COMPANIES AND MUSIC HALLS.

The American kept to its policy of presenting melodrama and the Murray Hill clung to comedy, including two or three Shakespeare productions in its repertoire. To the surprise of everybody, the abandonment of both companies was announced in the spring, the reason assigned being the impossibility of finding enough plays to make the requisite change of bill weekly. An organization known as the Herbert Stock tried to make a go of it with comedy at the Circle, but after a brief season gave up the ghost, and the house was taken by Percy Williams, of the Brooklyn Orpheum, who kept it open with what he terms a star bill of vaudeville.

Weber & Fields' continued to be New York's only music hall, and while there was perhaps less difficulty in finding vacant seats there than of yore, the house made its enterprising young managers a good return on their investment. Their most striking departure of the season was the purchase of the West End Theater, in Harlem, which they promptly turned into an anti-syndicate house. They also announced the engagement under their direction of Charles Richman for a starring tour. Their own vehicle for the year was called "Twirly-Whirly," and the plays travestied were "The Mummy and the Hummingbird," "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," and "The Little Princess." Fay Templeton was really a wonder in the last named. New people in the company were William Collier with his wife, Louise Allen—who made a hit as *Mary MacLane*—and Charles Bigelow. Pete Dailey also returned to the fold, replacing De Wolf Hopper.

ETCHINGS

THE GOLFOMANIAC.

ATHWART the club-house porch he walks
With earnest, hurried tread;
And out across the turf he stalks
Like herald grimly sped.
Behind is home, behind are cares
Of stocks and bonds and wheat—
What matters wife, or bulls and bears,
When bogey is to beat?

And now he halts beside the box
That marks, anear, the lea;
And now in manner orthodox
He molds his little tee;
And now he draws his driver forth,
Like blade from out a sheath;
And now he gazes west and north,
And stamps upon the heath.

He waggles—with compelling force
His eager club he shakes;
He waggles—and along the course
A stern survey he takes;
He waggles—for the distant hole
Again he keenly sights;
He waggles—and with heart and soul
The waiting sphere he smites.

He's off—a trudging down the green,
O'er smiling hill and plain;
But every tender rural scene
Presents its charms in vain.
Not his the springtime's fragrant lore,
Not his the purple fall;
His mind, egad, is on the score,
His eye is on the ball!

Edwin L. Sabin.

BALLADE OF THE FADDIST'S SPOUSE.

WHEN Rosa told me, lucky sinner,
That she, whate'er befell, was mine,
The struggles I had had to win her
Seemed trifles, the reward divine.
Of whine Rose counted a long line,
And each I toilsomely pursued,
Pretending all her frenzies fine.
Her latest fad is wholesome food!

When she was only a beginner,
“Narcotics” went with pipe and stein.
Next, grease grew potent to chagrin her,
And roast pork was “the flesh of swine.”

Of nuts our cutlets, I opine;
Of crumbs our coffee now is brewed.
For sausages and ale I pine,
But Rosa's fad is wholesome food.

I dare bring no one home to dinner,
For banished are the roast and wine,
I'm growing daily thin and thinner
Upon a diet superfine.
I famish for the wild boar's chine,
For pasties spiced, drinks strong and crude;
Rose deems such appetites malign—
Her latest fad is wholesome food.

L'ENVOL.

Prince, ere you pray her to resign
Her freedom, whom you long have
wooed,
Induce her clearly to define
The views she holds on wholesome food!
William Whitridge.

LISTENING.

THE willow listens to the running water,
And listening, gaineth grace;
The woodland from her higher winds hath
caught her
Half heavenly mood and face.

The meadow listens to the ground-birds
nested
And murmuring to their brood;
And cannot hide her look of ample-breasted
And yearning motherhood.

The flowers listen to love's whisper only,
And wear love's scent and hue;
And I, besieged by voices high and lonely,
Do I grow fairer, too?

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

WELL WISHES.

THROUGHOUT your life may all your days be
bright;
May you and sorrow meet where ways
divide;
May joy come to you with each morning's
light,
And stay until the morrow's night has
died.

May sickness meet you but to pass you by;
 May all your years be good, and full, and
 long;
 May friends, both stanch and true, stand
 ever nigh,
 May all your days be as one glad, sweet
 song.

Harry Clayton Sprague.

A LATTER-DAY FORTUNATUS.

SINCE fortune, in a golden whim,
 Of him her darling made,
 Behold him, grown superior, swim
 Above the walks of trade.
 How soon he shook from off his feet
 Our low plebeian dust,
 To tread the highways, fabled sweet,
 Of fashion's upper crust!

Not as before he parts his name,
 Not as before his hair!
 The cynosure of social fame,
 He's taken on an air.
 He ran, 'tis said, from war's alarms,
 But now he runs a trust,
 And boasts a crest and coat of arms
 In fashion's upper crust.

A slim aristocratic hand
 He'll one day win, we know;
 But love—oh, well, you understand
 That love today's *de trop*.
 He's rather crusty when we bow,
 But then—let us be just—
 He cuts a famous figure now
 In fashion's upper crust!

Sennett Stephens.

A RECIPE.

THE novel of adventure, which is all the
 rage to-day,
 Is sweetly simple to construct when once
 you know the way;
 And if you'll pay attention I will soon
 reveal to you
 The *modus operandi* and the things you
 ought to do.

In England your locale may be, America,
 or France;
 The time, a hundred years ago, or three
 or four, perchance.
 Don't hesitate to language use that is—
 well, slightly broad;
 And let your men wear plumèd hats, and
 every man a sword.

Now, first you get your heroine—a *sine qua non* she;
 Her qualities may suit your mood, but
 lovely she must be.

Your hero must be handsome and his
 sword know how to use,
 And how to baffle ruffians who the heroine
 abuse.

Your villain should be handsome, too, and
 eke most "awful bad,"
 So when his sure demise arrives 'most
 every one is glad.
 On every other page at least they'll fight
 a duel, of course;
 And let your hero ride a most unman-
 ageable horse.

Now sprinkle in a choice array of dukes
 and belles and beaux,
 And bear in mind your characters must
 dwell within châteaux.
 Say "*mon ami*" so folks may see how
 much you know of French;
 But use such words correctly, or you'll
 give us all a wrench.

Refer to silks and satins rare and heaps
 of precious stones,
 And add a little pathos then by way of
 dying groans.
 Kings, princes, cardinals, are quite *en*
 règle in such books,
 And use explosive epithets—Oddsbottoms!
 Gadzooks!

Now, if you'll do as I have said, success
 you'll surely win,
 Until you grow awearied just from raking
 shekels in.

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

LOVE'S COLORS.

HER cheeks are red, her eyes are blue,
 Her brow is white above;
 Unto the flag, oh, heart, be true,
 For it belongs to Love!

Felix Carmen.

THE WAY FREIGHT.

RED semaphores along the line displayed,
 And broad black smoke against the
 sunset bars:
 The way freight, noisy caravan of trade,
 Impeded by its multitude of cars,
 Comes panting up the long and toilsome
 grade.

Engines and men—not all of us may lead
 The fast mail or the meteor express.
 The plodding mogul fills an urgent need
 Where the swift flier would be power-
 less.
 Ofttimes the greater strength hath lesser
 speed.

William Hurd Hillyer.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.*

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

XXVIII.

ALL Plenevec went to Alain Carbonec's trial. If the jury had been drawn from the Plenevec men, Barbe's heart might have been eased of part of its fears. But the trusty panel was all Plouarneec, and Plouarneec knew not Alain, and sat there proud and grim, with determination in its conscious eye, prepared to do its duty to the last letter of the law. Indeed, it had perhaps somewhat of a bias against the accused, or at all events a leaning toward the belief that if he were found guilty the reproach of an undiscovered crime would be wiped out.

When the court had taken its place with all due ceremonies, Alain was led in by the same two gendarmes who had arrested him that day at Plenevec. He was pale still, but no longer pallid. He seemed in better bodily case than when he first issued from his prison in the rock. His bearing was easy and confident, as of a man satisfied of his own innocence and trustful of the law giving him justice. The unjust imprisonment by his fellows had tried him less hardly than the nerve-shattering experiences of the rocks.

His eye swept round the room and settled instantly on Barbe's. A smile of pleasure flashed into his face, and Barbe's pale face filled responsively with momentary color; but this passed and left her pale and anxious as before. Noel Bernardin sat with a face like a hawk and waited for the fray to begin. He looked once at Barbe, and then sat back in his seat and watched the jury.

"Tell me your name, your age, your profession, and where you live," said the president of the court to Alain.

"Alain Carbonec, twenty, sailor, Plenevec."

"Listen to the charges brought against you;" and the clerk of the court proceeded to read them.

"You have heard the crime of which you are accused," said the president. "Answer clearly the questions I shall put to you."

"I am ready, monsieur. I have committed no crime, and I have nothing to fear."

"We shall see. For the present, confine yourself to answering my questions. You knew George Cadoual?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"On what terms were you with him?"

"On good enough terms at first. We were partners in the boat."

"And afterwards?"

"Not so good. He was not too easy to get on with."

"You quarreled?"

"Occasionally, of course."

"What did you quarrel about?"

Alain hesitated.

"Answer," said the president.

"Eh b'en, monsieur, it is known. We both loved Mlle. Barbe of Grand Bayou." Barbe jumped at the mention of her name and went momentarily red again.

"And which of you did the young lady favor?"

"Myself."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure, monsieur."

"Did you ever come to blows?"

"We have done so."

"Why?"

"He used insulting words about her one night, and I struck him."

"What words?"

"Monsieur, I wiped them out. They are forgotten."

"Bien! You had other reasons for hating Cadoual."

"I do not think so."

"He found out your real name and told Pierre Carcassone who you were."

"That is true. But I did not know it till he told me so himself—in the cave, you understand. He told me that and other things, to try to make me angry enough to kill him."

"How, then? He asked you to kill him?"

"He was in terrible pain, all his bones broken, and he cried to me night and day to kill him and end his trouble."

"And how came he there with all his bones broken?"

"That, monsieur, I do not yet understand. He told me it was he who threw me into the cave; but I did not believe him, for I could not see why he should be there himself in that case."

"How did you think you came there?"

"Candidly, *monsieur*, I thought it was Pierre Carcassone got me there;" and Pierre in the audience smiled grimly.

"Mlle. Barbe's father?"

"Yes, *monsieur*."

"And why should he put you there?"

"I do not think he wanted either of us. You see, *monsieur*, Cadoual's being there too made me think it must be some one else put us both in there. If I had been alone, I might have believed it was Cadoual did it; but I could not see why he should be there too if he did it himself."

"Quite so, very ingenious. And how do you suppose he got there?"

"I know no more than how I got there myself, *monsieur*. I swam ashore from the lighthouse after returning the boat——"

"Why had you taken the boat?"

"To take *ma'm'selle* ashore."

"You had carried *mademoiselle* away from her father?"

"Yes and no, *monsieur*, if you will permit me. Pierre, you see, said he was not her father, and if that was so, he had no right to keep her."

"Who did he say was her father?"

"He said she was the daughter of Paul Kervec, whom I then heard of for the first time as *my* father."

"He said you were sister and brother, in fact?"

"Exactly, *monsieur*."

"But you took her away all the same?"

"As her brother I had better right to care for her than a man who said she was not his daughter, and who hated the man whose daughter he said she was."

"And did you believe she was your father's daughter?"

"*Mon dieu*, no, *monsieur*, not for a moment!"

"Why?"

"We did not feel to one another like that."

"But you took advantage of the position to remove her?"

"Assuredly. Would not you have done the same?"

This raised a ripple in the court.

"Don't trouble yourself about me," replied the president. "It is you who are being tried—for your life, remember. Now continue! You took back the boat, you swam ashore. What next?"

"I climbed the Cap by my usual road, and went along the Head among the stones. The next thing I remember I was lying in darkness with great pain in the head, and then by degrees I found myself,

and I was in the upper cave among the doves' nests."

"And Cadoual?"

"I knew nothing of Cadoual. It was two days before I found him in the cave below with all his bones broken."

"And when you found him?"

"*Mon dieu*, *monsieur*, I did what I could for him, as any one else would have done. I bound him together as well as I could. The leg and the arm and the head I could manage, but the breakages inside his body I could not get at, and could not understand."

"He was stabbed in the throat?"

"That was later. He suffered horribly, and begged me night and day to kill him and put him out of his pain. That I could not do, of course. I fed him and gave him water, and did what I could. One night, when I was tending him, he plucked my knife from my belt and stabbed me in the back, here"—and Alain put his hand up behind under his right shoulder blade—"and then plunged it into his own throat."

"That is a strange story. Do you expect us to believe it?"

"It is the truth, *monsieur*."

"You say he told you it was he who threw you into the cave?"

"He said that when he wanted to make me mad enough to kill him."

"Did you believe him?"

"I did not. I believed he said it only to anger me."

"Do you believe it now?"

"I do not know, *monsieur*. It is possible. I know absolutely nothing of how I came into the cave."

"You know there is a cave under the menhir on the Head?"

"We found it the day I got out of the cave."

"You had never seen it before?"

"Never, *monsieur*. If there is an opening from it into the lower cave, that is doubtless the way I was thrown in. It could not have been by the way I came out."

"There is such an opening."

"Ah, then that explains that part of it!"

"And you cannot explain how Cadoual got into the cave?"

"No, *monsieur*, I have no idea."

"However you got in," said the president insinuatingly, "the rest is simple enough and not unnatural. Each of you thought the other had got him there, and you fought about it. Was it not so?"

"No, *monsieur*. Cadoual was in no condition to fight. He was in pieces."

"He was able to stab you, however."

"It was his last effort. The pain had crazed him. He had made up his mind to die. I would not kill him, so he tried to kill me as well as himself."

"And you can cast no further light on the matter?"

"None, monsieur. I have told all I know."

The surgeon was called who had examined both Cadoual's body and Alain's wound. He stated that the breakages of Cadoual's bones and head were apparently the result of a fall from some great height.

"And the wound in the throat?" asked the president.

"That, of course, was from a knife."

"From your observations, would you say it was from the outside, or self-inflicted?"

"It is impossible to say for certain. Ordinarily, however, a blow from one in front would land on the left side—that is to say, the side facing the right side of a right-handed man."

"Is the prisoner right-handed?"

"He is."

"And if Cadoual had inflicted the wound himself it would ordinarily come on the left side also, would it not?"

"Ordinarily, yes, but not invariably so."

"Or, again, if the prisoner had struck round from behind?"

"It might fall anywhere, of course."

"Quite so. What do you say about the prisoner's own wound?"

"It could not possibly have been self-inflicted. It is a blow from above downwards. It ripped open the shoulder blade and went in below."

"Supposing they had fought together?"

"Then the prisoner must have turned his back to receive the blow. Moreover, it is impossible that Cadoual could have fought. Almost every bone in his body was broken."

"Could he have made such an exertion as the prisoner states?"

"As a supreme—a final exertion, he might."

"The wound in the prisoner's head?"

"It might have been from a fall or from a direct blow from behind. It would produce slight concussion of the brain."

"Can you incline one way or the other—to the fall or the blow?"

"I incline to the blow. For this reason—a fall down an incline, such as I understand is the alternative, would produce an abraded wound, tending up or

down according to whether he fell head first or feet first. This blow shows no such symptoms. It was a blow straight from behind, straight in toward the center of the head, so to speak."

"How soon would such a blow produce unconsciousness?"

"Instantly, and it might last for hours or days."

"So that a person receiving such a blow could do nothing after it?"

"Not till he recovered consciousness."

"Returning for a moment to Cadoual's wounds, could a man, so broken, inflict such a wound as that in the prisoner's head?"

"Certainly not—not after he was broken."

The president intimated that he had finished with him, but as the surgeon was stepping down Bernardin desired to ask him a question.

"You examined the body of Cadoual. Had any attempt been made to cure his breakages?"

"Yes, undoubtedly, and it caused me great surprise. The arm and leg had been, and indeed still were, tightly bandaged to keep the broken bones in position."

"Could Cadoual by any possibility have done that himself?"

"Not unless he was left-handed, and then I doubt if his broken ribs would have allowed him to do so."

A score of voices in the audience exclaimed that Cadoual was right-handed, and the president threatened to clear the court. The evidence so far was in the prisoner's favor. So, evidently, was popular feeling.

Mme. Cadoual, a smoldering volcano in black, was briefly examined, and stated that her son and the prisoner were on bad terms because of that girl at the light. Her son had started one morning for Landroel to do some business, and she had never seen him again till his body came ashore. She had employed detectives from Paris, and they had given it as their opinion that Alain Carbonec was responsible for the murder. She never took her eyes off Alain, and they flamed and blazed as if they would scorch him out of existence.

One of the Paris detectives—the other was man-hunting in Algeria—told of their researches in and round Plenevee, and how they had come to the conclusion that the missing man was the murderer. But when Bernardin took him in hand the smart gentleman from Paris had a bad five minutes. With questions that

struck like blows in the face the barrister ripped his assumptions to pieces.

"Can you produce one single iota of fact that you yourself discovered which in any way connects Alain Carbonec with the death of George Cadoual?" asked Bernardin in a scornful voice.

"The fact that Carbonec disappeared on the very same day as M. Cadoual—" began he from Paris.

"We know all about that. Nothing else? Thank you. I will not detain you;" and the detective regretted he was not in Algeria with his colleague.

Then—"Pierre Carcassone!" called the president, and Pierre stepped forward and took the oath.

"You objected to the prisoner coming to the lighthouse after your daughter?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"You forbade him to come?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"But he continued to come all the same?"

"He did."

"And in the end, what?"

"I took my own way of separating them."

"You did not know the prisoner was Paul Kervec's son?"

"Not till Cadoual told me."

"And then?"

"I made use of it. I told them they were brother and sister."

"That was not true?"

"*Mon dieu, monsieur*"—with a shrug—"it might have been. It was good enough to use, anyway."

"The prisoner, however, took advantage of the relationship you ascribed to your daughter and himself to take your daughter away?"

"He did."

"He took her away in the lighthouse boat to Plenevec. What happened when he came back with the boat?"

"We quarreled. He jeered at me for what he called the failure of my plan, and told me I had lied."

"And you?"

"I struck him."

"You fought?"

"No. He went away down the ladder and swam ashore."

"And you?"

"I followed him as soon as I got the boat down."

"What was your idea in following him?"

Pierre hesitated, and then said in a quiet, matter-of-fact way:

"I intended to kill him."

"Well? Continue!"

"He was ashore before I got there. He dressed and climbed the Head, and I followed him."

"You climbed the Head—continue!"

"It was new to me, and I was a long time after him. When I reached the top I could not see him at first. Then of a sudden I caught sight of his head coming up out of a hole in the ground close by one of the stones. His back was toward me, and I lay down behind another stone and watched."

"What did you see?"

"His head was bleeding. He seemed stupid. He looked about till he found his cap. He kicked the grass and bushes about with his feet, and then he went into the hole again."

"How long were you behind him?"

"It might be a quarter of an hour or more."

"The surgeon tells us Carbonec would be unconscious after the blow he had received for a considerable time."

"I know nothing about that. I tell you only what I saw."

"After that?"

"He did not come out again. I went away and went back to the light."

"Now tell me. Did you, while quarreling with the prisoner, tell him who gave you the information as to his name and parentage?"

"I did. It slipped out."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was a fool, and Cadoual was a bigger one."

The president had done with the witness, but Bernardin had not.

"You come here," said he, "telling us that you tried to separate Carbonec and your daughter by a lie which you knew to be a lie—"

"It was likely as true as not," said Pierre gruffly.

"When you brought the children ashore eighteen years ago, after murdering the father of the one and the mother of the other, you took them to Sergeant Gaudriol and said: 'This is my child, and this is his.' Is it not so?"

"*Ma foi, monsieur!* Eighteen years is a long time to recall one's very words."

"Have you ever during those eighteen years hinted, in any way or to any one, that Barbe was not your daughter?"

"I had no occasion to do so."

"And you wish us to believe that for eighteen years you have fed and cared for the child of the man you murdered?"

"She was useful to me."

"For many years she could not possibly be useful to you, and you could easily

have got some one who would have been, and who also would not have had the disadvantage of being Kervec's child."

To that Pierre had nothing to reply beyond a shrug.

" You say you climbed Cap Réhel from the sea and went back the same way. Doubtless you can show us whereabouts you climbed, and could do it again. I ask the court to send you in custody of two gendarmes and an officer of the court to climb it again in their presence. If you succeed and come back alive—but you will not. Your mouth is full of lies. When Sergeant Gaudriol went over to the lighthouse to inquire into the disappearance of Carbonec, you told him you had not seen him when he returned with the boat. Was that true?"

" Obviously not, in view of what I have stated."

" You lied to an officer of the law in the pursuit of his duty?"

" He was trying to fix on me a crime I had not committed."

" So you lied to him?"

" He showed he did not believe me."

" It is to his credit. No sensible man would believe you. I have here," said Bernardin, " the record of your daughter's birth, which took place six months before you parted with your wife, when you started on your last voyage to Newfoundland. This story of Barbe being Kervec's daughter was a lie, and you knew it to be a lie, and used it simply as a means to an end—the getting rid of Kervec's son, whom we know as Alain Carbonec. Your evidence now given is a lie from beginning to end—with the same end in view. You come here with a mouthful of lies, capped by the statement that you followed Carbonec with the intention of killing him, and you expect the jury to believe a single word you say. Faugh! You are rotten—putrid! In the sight of all honest men you stink. In the sight of God——"

" Gently! Gently!" said the president.

" It is not easy, monsieur le president," said Bernardin with warmth, " in the presence of carrion such as this, who came here to swear away the life of an innocent man to satisfy an old grudge against the father——"

" May God strike me dead," cried Pierre, foaming at Bernardin's words, " if——"

And then, in the sight of all of them, his eyes fixed wide in a stare of frozen horror on something behind the barrister—something which was invisible to any other. His face grew white, and then

the color of lead. The arm he had flung up in vehement assertion dropped to his side. He swayed for a second, and fell with a crash like a falling tree.

When they picked him up he was dead.

XXIX.

You may find twenty men this day in Plenevec who saw Pierre Carcassonne fall and die, and they tell of it yet with bated breath. For, you understand, one does not see the good God stretch out his hand like that every day in the week—happily for some folk!

The court adjourned while the doctors gathered over Pierre's body like birds of prey, and debated as to the actual cause of his death. But if all the doctors in Christendom had proclaimed it anything whatsoever other than that which it so manifestly was—the direct reply to Pierre's blasphemous challenge—no single man in Plouarneau or Plenevec would have listened to them. Doctors, after all, are but men, and this was the finger of God. It was like ants arguing about a thunderbolt, as Noel Bernardin tersely put it, when he got over the first shock.

Barbe had sat through it all, growing colder and colder, till her very heart was chilled with fear, and her face was like the face of a Madonna cut out of white marble. She did not believe a word of what Pierre said, but she saw how terribly it must tell against Alain if the jury believed it. And she sat with her dark eyes fixed on them, and learned every line of their faces, and saw them in her dreams for many years after.

Bernardin's voice rang in her ears. His fiery words stirred her heart and chilled it, for every word brought the end nearer. She heard the crash of Pierre's fall. They told her he was dead, and her heart cried " Thank God!" and the color came slowly back into her face.

Alain had stood watching her till Pierre's lying evidence forced his attention. Then he watched Pierre, and his eyes blazed as he saw the net the unhappy man was trying to weave round him. He was watching him intently to the moment when he fell; and when they said he was dead, Alain's heart, too, cried, " Thank God!" for it seemed to him that God had indeed spoken for him.

All the time the doctors were discussing Carcassonne, Noel Bernardin sat with his arms folded, staring before him with gloomy eyes which saw not. It was his attack that had provoked the man to his death, but it was not of Pierre Carcas-

one he was thinking. He did not give one single thought to him.

When the court met again, an hour later, the president intimated that the prosecution would call no more witnesses.

"I call Sergeant Gaudriol," said Bernardin quietly. "My client is innocent, and I will prove his innocence beyond all questioning."

He was very pale and spoke very gravely, and was evidently laboring under strong emotion. The old sergeant stepped up.

"You searched the cave under the stone on Cap Réhel. What did you find there?"

"These," said Gaudriol, and produced from a cardboard box three cigarette ends, a ring of wax on a flat stone, and Alain's stocking cap.

"Tell the jury, if you please, what these things tell you."

"The cigarettes are the same as George Cadoual smoked, and no one else in Plenevec could afford them."

Ordinarily the president would have said:

"Yes, the prisoner took them from Cadoual's pocket and smoked them after felling him."

Gaudriol was prepared for that and waited for it.

"Continue!" said the president.

"M. Cadoual always smoked with a holder," said Gaudriol. "His humor was such that he could not smoke as others do. If he tried, he bit the cigarette to pieces. If you wish, monsieur le président, you can have twenty confirmations of both these facts."

The president only bowed and murmured:

"Continue!"

He had had enough of the business, and desired only to see the end of it.

"If monsieur le président will have the goodness to examine those cigarette ends, he will see that they have been smoked with a holder."

The fag ends were handed up to the president, who glanced at them and passed them on to the jury.

"I say, therefore," said Gaudriol, "that it was George Cadoual who was in the habit of using that cave—not Alain Carbonec. Next I produce a ring of wax, the remains of a candle—that is it, monsieur le président. I found that also in the cave. The wax is similar to the candles used in the Cadoual household. It is of a quality used nowhere else in Plenevec. M. Cadoual, therefore, had light in his cave."

Monsieur le président might have had something to say on that head also. But he only bowed wearily and said again:

"Continue!"

"This," said Gaudriol, handing up the blood-stained cap, "is Alain Carbonec's cap. The dark red stain is the blood from the wound in his head. He was struck from behind, probably by a stone, dragged into the cave, and flung through the opening in the long passage into the lower cave. Why and how Cadoual came to follow him, God only knows."

No word from the president, and Sergeant Gaudriol's evidence stood unopposed.

The prosecution declined to address the jury, and Bernardin took the same course. Without leaving the box, the jury pronounced Alain Carbonec "not guilty," and the two gendarmes fell back and left him a free man.

A buzz of satisfaction ran round the court, but the sense of what had just happened was upon them all, and it scarcely rose above a murmur.

Alain strode across to Barbe, took her white face between his hands, looked into her eyes, and kissed her on both cheeks. He thought the strained whiteness of her face, on which her eyes looked like two great black stains, arose from the shock of her father's sudden death.

There was only one man in the room who knew what it meant, and what anguish of heart lay behind it. He rose quickly, came to them, and took Barbe's cold little hand in his. He felt the agonized throb beat though the coldness of it as she lifted her heavy eyes to his and waited his pleasure. His face was almost as pale as hers, and he spoke through his clenched teeth.

"She is yours, Carbonec," he said. The sharp ring of his voice was gone, and it came huskily through his teeth. "God has spoken. Take her, and be very good to her!"

He placed Barbe's hand in Alain's, and turned and went. Alain never knew why Barbe reeled and almost fell. He had turned to thank Bernardin with his thanks for all he had done for him, when the twitch of Barbe's hand drew him to her. Before he looked up again, the man of law was gone.

Morally he had been guilty of an atrocious wrong, but it was never accomplished. At the very moment when the prize, for which he had been willing to sell his soul, was in his hand, God spoke and turned him from his purpose. I like to think that, even without that, he

might, when it came to the point, have refused the sacrifice to which Barbe had pledged herself. And I like, too, to think that perhaps his training at Merchiston, and the Scottish strain in his blood, might have helped toward that end.

Of the depth and strength of his feeling for Barbe there could be no doubt. Years afterwards, when he had attained to one of the highest positions in the land, and was happily married and had his children growing up about him, I have seen him fall suddenly silent at a casual mention of Barbe Carcassone's name. But I had seen Barbe myself, and I was not surprised. One did not soon forget her.

The Plenevec men gathered round Alain and Barbe and gave them hearty congratulation. Barbe's face was no longer white, for all the warmth of the new-given life beat in it and shone through her eyes.

"And who tends the light to-night?" asked Sergeant Gaudriol, returning from an ineffectual chase after Bernardin.

"*Ma foi, I forgot the light!*" said Alain.

"I will tend it," said Barbe valiantly.

"I will go with you," said Alain.

"But no," she said, with a charming timidity, "that could not be, Alain!"

"*Allons donc, you two,*" cried the jovial Gaudriol. "Come straight away to the *maire*, and we will have you married at once, or something else will be coming between you. The good God intended you for each other from the first, and we're bound to help Him if we can."

The neighbors, in their enthusiasm, clapped the official uniform on the back, a thing no man had ever dreamed of doing in his life before, and Gaudriol did not resent it.

Alain looked at Barbe with a great eagerness in his eyes. Barbe looked up into them, and put her hand trustfully into his, and said:

"I am ready."

The neighbors shouted aloud and streamed out in a vociferous throng to the office of the *maire*. Under the pecu-

liar circumstances of the case, *monsieur le maire* consented to marry them on the spot, and did so, thereby saving himself from possible indignity and the smashing of his windows.

The sun seemed hesitating for his evening plunge when the crowd which escorted them came crunching down the shingly beach at Plenevec. Perhaps, after all, he was only waiting to see these two, who had suffered so much and were at last united, and desired to add his mite to the proceedings.

He did his best, and it was up a shimmering pathway of gold that Alain Carbuncle rowed his bride home, while all the people stood on the beach and watched them go.

Barbe waved her hand to them, and then turned her face to the lighthouse and to her husband; and Alain saw nothing of the black throng behind, but only the face of his girl-wife. Her face shone in the glory of the setting sun, as it had shone that other morning in the glory of the rising sun. But then and always there was in it for Alain a glory and brightness which no suns could put there.

Barbe sat quite still with her hands in her lap till they had passed out of the bay and were approaching the Plenevec side of the Pot. Then she kicked off her unaccustomed shoes, drew off the suffocating stockings, and the little round toes worked comfortably. Alain, with a joyful laugh, drew in his oars, stepped cautiously to her, and knelt before her. He kissed first her feet, and took advantage of her jump of alarm to fold his arms about her and draw her down to him in the bottom of the boat. And he kissed her—hair and eyes and ears and mouth and shielding hands and arms, everywhere where a kiss could be planted.

"Little sister! Little sister!" he cried. "You are mine, mine, mine—the gift of the good God!"

"The good God has been very good to us, Alain," she said, all rosy red with joy at his vehemence.

"We will never forget it," said her husband.

THE END.

WHEN TWO ARE OLD.

THEIR love-light still is shining,
A tranquil afterglow;
They scan the dim, sweet vista
Of joyous Long-Ago;
Where outlived griefs and gladness,
Past many a year and long,
Seem shadows of a shadow
And echoes of a song.

Grace Hodsdon Boutelle.